



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

WIDENER



HN ZMLW 1

8 1/2 112.14

11443.16  
(2)



*The Gift of  
Gideon Munro Davison  
of*

*Saratoga Springs, N.Y.*

*23 August 1858*











①

# **SPECIMENS**

OF THE

## **NOVELISTS AND ROMANCIERS.**

WITH

CRITICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES

OF THE AUTHORS.

---

BY RICHARD GRIFFIN.

---

FIRST AMERICAN FROM THE SECOND EDINBURGH EDITION.

---

IN TWO VOLUMES—VOL. II.

---

NEW-YORK:

PUBLISHED BY J. LANGDON, 210 BROADWAY.

Sold by Collins & Hannay, George Long, G. & C. & H. Carvill, White, Gallaher & White, E. Bliss, A. Hawley, J. Doyle, and C. S. Francis.—*Albany*, O. Steele, and Little and Cummings.—*Philadelphia*, John Grigg, Tower & Hogan, E. L. Carey & A. Hart, T. Desilver, jr, and U. Hunt.—*Boston*, Richardson, Lord & Holbrook, Carter, Hendee & Babcock, and Hilliard, Gray & Co.—*Baltimore*, W. & J. Neal, J. Jewett, and Cushing & Sons.

---

1831.

11443.16  
(2)

1858. Aug. 23.

# CONTENTS.

---

	PAGE.
THOMAS HOPE	5
<i>Euphrosyne</i>	7
STERNE	27
<i>Le Fevre</i>	—
EDWARD NARES	26
<i>A Friendly Visit</i>	—
RICHARDSON	43
<i>Trial Scene in Pamela</i>	46
THOMAS SKINNER SURR	56
<i>The Founder of a Family</i>	57
MATURIN	69
<i>Story of a Parricide</i>	71
FIELDING	85
<i>Jail Scene in Amelia</i>	89
JOHN MOORE	100
<i>The Slave</i>	—
JAMES MORIER	103
<i>Yusuf the Armenian</i>	105
BOCCACCIO	129
<i>Andreuccio of Perugia</i>	—
'ST. JOHNSTOUN'	138
<i>James VI. at Holyrood</i>	140
THEODORE HOOK	152
<i>Danvers</i>	154
MISS EDGEWORTH	159
<i>The Dun</i>	167
LE SAGE.	188
<i>The Archbishop</i>	—
GÆTHE	190
<i>The Minstrel and Mignon</i>	195
WASHINGTON IRVING	205
<i>Von Poffenburgh</i>	208

## INDEX OF AUTHORS.

FIRST VOLUME.		SECOND VOLUME.	
	Page.		Page.
Cervantes, Miguel de Saavedra	- 9	Boccaccio, John	- 129
Ferrier, Miss	- 30	Edgeworth, Maria	- 159
Galt, John	- 66	Fielding, Henry	- 85
Godwin, William	- 191	Goethe, Johann Wolfgang Von	- 190
Goldsmith, Oliver	- 176	Hook, Theodore Edward	- 152
Hawkesworth, John	- 108	Hope, Thomas	- 5
Hoffman, E. T. A.	- 182	Irving, Washington	- 205
Lockhart, John Gibson	- 133	Maturin, Charles Robert	- 69
Mackenzie, Henry	- 143	Moore, Edward	- 100
Moore, Edward	- 42	Morier, James	- 103
Marmontel, John Francis	- 87	Nares, Edward	- 36
Scott, Sir Walter	- 156	Richardson, Samuel	- 42
Smollett, Tobias	- 203	Sage, Alain René le	- 56
Voltaire, Francis Marie Arouet de	- 125	Surr, Thomas Skinner	- 56
Wilson, John	- 51	Sterne, Lawrence	- 27

# SPECIMENS

OF THE

## NOVELISTS AND ROMANCERS.

---

THOMAS HOPE.

WERE he who complained that nature is monotonous because it furnishes *only* earth, air, and water, now to 'revisit the glimpses of the moon,' it is to be hoped that there would be found in the Novels of the present day that which might assist in dispelling his *ennui*. Failing in this, however, from the exhaustless profusion with which they are lavished on the public, he might still draw the melancholy consolation of adding them to his catalogue of reasons for pronouncing this 'goodly frame' to be stale, flat, and unprofitable. To say that a species of composition so popular has produced no bad effects, were to say of it what can never hold true of any thing over which human beings have a controlling power; but, to prove that very different results have also followed from this popularity, we need only refer to the admirable pictures of national manners exclusively given in some of our novels both of the last and present century. What historian can, in this respect, compare with Richardson or Mackenzie? Hume, and Henry, and Turner have writ-

VOL. II.

B



ten learnedly and accurately on the manners of our Saxon and Norman ancestors ; but who of them has written so effectively as the author of *Ivanhoe* ? Without multiplying examples, we assume it as indisputable, that many of our novelists deserve no slight praise for the skill with which they have performed a duty peculiar to the historian,—a duty never more successfully discharged than by the accomplished author of *ANASTASIUS*, which, displaying a fervour of imagination and acquaintance with human character sufficient to render it valuable as a work of fiction, at the same time imparts a livelier conception of the manners of Greece and Turkey, than could ever be derived from all the quartos of all the Sonninis and all the Classical Tourists who ever mused amid the ruins of the Acropolis. Valuable in itself, this work also furnishes a singular proof that genius, like the chameleon, may assume appearances seemingly inconsistent. Its author, THOMAS HOPE, Esq., had been known in the literary world only as a tasteful improver on the internal decoration of houses, or for similar prosaic qualifications ; and it is not surprising though doubts were entertained regarding the identity of the author of a work which betrays the poet in every page, and the compiler of tomes on the costume of the ancients.\* Such pursuits must have been far from congenial to talents capable of producing these *Memoirs of a Greek*, which, for depth of thought, fidelity to nature, and gracefulness of style, may at once challenge comparison with every similar work. Its portraits, besides being original, are moulded into varieties of shade and colouring so agreeable as to ensure to the author a lasting reputation. Though most of the characters are bold and well drawn, the hero, contrary to a practice now become too preva-

\* The titles of his other works are—*Household Furniture and Interior Decorations*, fol.—*The Costume of the Ancients*, roy. 8vo.—*Designs of Modern Costume*, fol.

lent, never fails to engross our attention ; but, usually exhibited in disgusting colours, we contract not affection for one who, the constant sport of all the varying passions that can distract the youthful breast, gives little evidence of an aspiration after better things. That the author possesses no ordinary power over his subject, that his narrative is interesting, and his diction elegant, can appear only to those who have perused his work ; but the pathetic episode which forms our extract will, of itself, bear us out in saying that he has fathomed the depths of the human heart, and drunk copiously of the well of human feeling. It takes up his adventures on the morning after Anastasius, instigated by an engagement rashly entered into with dissolute companions more than by any passion for her whom he despoils, has, through the connivance of Sophia her unprincipled attendant, forcibly accomplished the ruin of Euphrosyne, a Greek maiden of unsullied purity on the eve of being united to Argyropoli, a wealthy Smyrniote.

## EUPHROSYNE.

I HAD scarcely given the last twist to my turban, when a distant clamour in the street drew me to the window, and made me espy a veiled female, whose uncertain gait and faltering steps had attracted the notice of a troop of foolish boys, and made them follow her with loud hootings. It was impossible not to set down in my mind one so carefully wrapped up and so fearful of being recognised, as the partner of my guilt, coming to demand the wages of her iniquity ; and all that baffled my utmost power of conjecture was the change from Sophia's wonted boldness of demeanour, to the apparent timidity and helplessness palpably manifested by my approaching visitor. I could only attribute the phenomenon to Sophia's dismissal from Chrysopulo's family, branded with the marks of public disgrace ; on which account I immediately sallied forth to offer her a safe conduct to my abode. My surprise still increased, when, tendering

my ally the protection of my arm, I first saw her hesitate, then shuddering withdraw her hand already clasped in mine, and at last only suffered herself to be dragged into my habitation, after the terror produced by the insults of the gathering mob had as it were entirely deprived her of consciousness; but my astonishment only rose to its highest pitch, when, tearing off the cumbrous veils, in order to give the fainting maiden some air, I beheld, instead of the daring Sophia, the gentle, the reserved Euphrosyne herself, who scarcely on recovering her senses had time to cast her eyes around her, ere, again sinking down to the ground, she struck her face against the floor, and began wringing her hands with every symptom of the bitterest anguish.

The cause of her having quitted her home I was at a loss to conjecture, but the effect it had of bringing her to mine I hailed at first as a highly fortunate circumstance. Thus would my triumph be blazoned forth without my word being broken. When, however, I witnessed the excess of my fair one's grief, contrasted as it was with my own joy, I too felt, moved, tried to assuage her sorrow by every expression of pity and concern, and, as soon as she seemed able to speak, ventured to inquire what had caused her coming forth thus unattended and forlorn, at the very time when I supposed all Smyrna collected to witness her brilliant nuptials?

'My nuptials,' echoed she with a smile of bitterness,—now first suffering her voice to strike my ear,—'when my dishonour is the universal theme!' 'The universal theme!' repeated I,—truly dismayed in my turn. 'Then may Heaven's direst curse alight upon her who has divulged it!' 'That was myself,' replied Euphrosyne, 'and your curse has struck home!' I remained mute with surprise. 'Could I,' rejoined my mistress, to dishonour add deceit? Could I bring a dower of infamy to the man so noble, so generous, that even after my frightful tale he spurned me not away from him;—to the man who deigned it pity to affirm, that my avowal of my involuntary shame rendered me worthier in his eyes, and gave him a stronger assurance of my fidelity, than if I had come to his arms as spotless in body as in mind?'—'And who,' added I, 'after this sublime speech, ended by rejecting you.' 'Ah no!' cried Euphrosyne, 'it was I who rejected him; it was I who refused to carry reproach into the house of a stranger, and who for that crime

was threatened by my own friends with being cast off, and thrown upon the wide world, helpless and unprotected!—But,' added she, covering her face with her hands, and sobbing more bitterly than before, 'I suffered not the threat to grow into a reality; I waited not to be turned out of doors. I resolved at once upon the only step which was left me; I asked permission to go to our church, in order that in my fervent prayers Heaven might inspire me how to act, and, when alone and in the street, tried to find out your abode, and to seek refuge where alone I had claims!' 'What then,' exclaimed I, 'from your very threshold you had determined—whatever happened—to cross mine? and it was not the shouts of the mob only . . . ? I fancied that I felt you shrieking from my touch, when, in compassion, I seized hold of your hand.' 'And could I execute the resolve which I have owned, and not shudder at the thoughts of its baleful consequences?'

These now began to present themselves to my own mind also, in long and fearful array. At first, indeed, the surprise on beholding Euphrosyne thus unexpectedly, the consciousness of my own iniquities, the exultation at seeing its triumph sealed without the smallest violation of my promise, and the sympathy excited by my mistress's evident sufferings, together with a thousand other mixed and indescribable sensations, had induced a momentary forgetfulness of all those reports against Euphrosyne's character which had encouraged me to prosecute my plan, had made that plan receive its fulfilment, and had in their turn been confirmed by my very success. But on hearing, not only of an act so uncalled for as Euphrosyne's spontaneous disclosure of her shame, so wanton as her refusal of her still urging suitor, and so strange as her deliberately leaving her husband for her despoiler, the truth—dimmed for a moment—seemed again to burst upon me, and with increased evidence, I now conceived that even my crime might only be the pretence, rather than the real reason of Euphrosyne's renouncing an advantageous match. Her former dishonour again rising to my mind, lent even her present conduct the colouring of artifice; and if I thought it hard upon me that an assignation proposed by my mistress herself—and that assignation too, proposed by her as not only the first, but also the last, for which I could hope—should end her inflicting upon me the burden of her permanent support, I thought it

harder still to be thus heavily visited in consequence of the sins of others. That shelter, therefore, which I had gladly granted Euphrosyne, while it only seemed accidental and transient, I now began to grudge her, when it appeared purposely sought as the beginning only of a sojourn which was to have no end; and the burthen of this permanent society was what I determined to ward off to the utmost of my power.

To give my real reasons for so doing, was impossible. On reviewing every past circumstance, I felt that from the first wording of the assignation to the close of the interview the successive incidents had been so conducted as to leave me, with every presumptive evidence, not one positive proof of Euphrosyne's having given her consent to my stolen pleasures. No argument against my compliance with her wishes, founded upon her complying too readily with mine—however valid in itself—I therefore knew would be admitted: and as to the report of her prior guilt with others—even my own vanity shrunk from suffering an imputation so odious to lessen the merit of my victory, or the value of my prize: besides I read in the streaming eyes, piteously fixed upon mine, pangs too acute still to increase them by a reproach which must inflict equal agony whether just or unfounded. Appearing, therefore, to speak more from tenderness for her whom I addressed, than for myself, 'Euphrosyne,' said I, 'it was unwise, methinks, to divulge what but for your own spontaneous avowal might have remained an inscrutable secret; it was a thousand times more unwise still, when you found that by an unexampled privilege this deterred not your suitor, yourself to refuse him; but it seems to me the very height of folly willingly to court every form of disgrace, where, as it appears, you still may enjoy every species of distinction. You cannot justify your conduct in casting without necessity such a stain upon your family. Hasten, then, to repair the mischief while you still are in time; return home immediately, as if you had only offered up a hurried prayer in the church, and obviate by your ready acceptance of the worthy Argyropoli all the impending consequences of your thoughtless and precipitate step.'

: Alas! I addressed one who, wholly bewildered by her own feelings, heeded not, perhaps heard not my words. Euphrosyne, fixing upon me an eye at once vacant and sup-

## EUPHROSYNE.

splashing; continued to preserve an unbroken, and, as I thought, stubborn silence, until at last I deemed it necessary to use terms more decisive and peremptory. Taking two or three hasty strides across the room, as if still to increase the ferment of my already heated blood: 'Euphrosyne,' cried I, 'it is impossible you can stay with me. I myself am a wanderer on the face of the globe,—to-day here,—to-morrow perhaps flying to the earth's furthest extremity. Your remaining under my uncertain roof can only end in total ruin to us both. I must insist upon your quitting my abode, ere your own be no longer accessible to your tardy repentance.'

'Ah no!' now cried Euphrosyne, convulsively clasping my knees: 'be not so barbarous! Shut not your own door against her, against whom you have barred every once friendly door. Do not deny her whom you have dishonoured the only asylum she has left. If I cannot be your wife, let me be your slave, your drudge. No service, however mean, shall I recoil from when you command. At least before you I shall not have to blush. In your eyes I shall not be, what I must seem in those of others: I shall not from you incur the contempt, which I must expect from my former companions; and my diligence to execute the lowest offices you may require, will earn for me, not wholly as a bare alms at your hands, that support which, however scanty, I can elsewhere only receive as an unmerited indulgence. Since I did a few days please your eye, I may still please it a few days longer:—perhaps a few days longer, therefore, I may still wish to live; and when that last blessing, your love, is gone by,—when my cheek, faded with grief, has lost the last attraction that could meet your favour, then speak, then tell me so, that, burdening you no longer, I may retire and die!'

Spite of the tears of sincere sympathy with which I answered this speech, the conviction that all might still be by diligence hushed up, was going to make me urge more strenuously than before Euphrosyne's immediate return, when a new incident took place, which wholly changed my inclinations and my feelings.

This was no less than a sudden and forcible invasion of my lodgings by the maiden's relations. It had soon been discovered by them, that, instead of going to the church, she had come to my abode; and her friends had thereupon walked forth in a body to claim the stray lamb, and to carry it back to the fold.

Chrysopulo himself indeed was not of the party ; it only consisted of a half a dozen of his first and second cousins ;— but this posse broke in upon me unceremoniously enough, just as I was urging my mistress by every motive in heaven and upon earth, not to delay her departure another minute, and immediately proceeded to effect by force, what I was only trying to obtain by persuasion.

My readers already know how little I liked the interference of strangers in my concerns, and how apt I was to act in opposition to their wishes and counsels, from no other motive but to assert my independence, or to show my daring : they will not therefore be much surprised to hear that this unlooked-for incident caused a sudden and entire revolution in my sentiments, and that, from wishing Euphrosyne to go, while she expressed a wish to stay, I now would have detained her by force, even if she had wished to go. Taking hold, therefore, of the maiden by one arm, while Chrysopulo's friends were pulling her away by the other, I swore that nothing short of death should make me give up a persecuted angel, which had thought fit to seek my protection ; and as Euphrosyne herself, when appealed to, seemed to sanction my proceedings, by drawing her veil over her blushing features, her friends were at last induced by the persuasive gestures which accompanied my words, to give up all further attempts at violent measures.

In truth they rejoiced in their vile hearts at having it to say, that an insurmountable resistance had baffled all their efforts. Euphrosyne had early been left an orphan : her nearest of kin were all dead ; and, though the more distant relations, to whose lot it fell to protect her, would have upheld their fair cousin most sedulously in the world, while they had any chance of deriving an additional lustre from her establishment, they were willing enough to drop the connection, as soon as her situation was likely to reflect discredit on their name. However loud and boisterous, therefore, might be the wish they expressed of restoring the fugitive to her family, there lurked not the less satisfaction at the bottom when they found her resolved not to go ; and while they pretended to feel exceedingly hurt at Euphrosyne's refusal, they took her at her word with the utmost alacrity, or rather suffered her mere silence to stand for a denial. Devoutly lifting up their eyes to heaven, and drawing discordant groans from their flinty bosoms, they turned away from one whom

they saw so irreclaimably abandoned, and hurried out of the house, lest she should change her mind ere they were out of hearing. When, however, they found themselves safe, as they thought, in the street, they stopt to announce for the benefit of all who passed by, their determination to renounce so unworthy a namesake. Thenceforth they were to regard the nameless profligate as among the departed, and, happen what might, never more to enquire after her fate; and to their credit be it spoken, they adhered in that instance most religiously to their humane and pious vow.

My undisturbed possession of Chrysopulo's fair cousin, therefore, was now a matter settled; and the lofty, the admired Euphrosyne, who that very morning might still have beheld all Smyrna at her feet, saw herself before mid-day installed in the lodging of a roving adventurer, as his avowed and public mistress! Of her maid Sophia the lovely girl could give no account. While Chrysopulo continued in hopes of seeing the affair hushed up, he abstained from rousing the anger of this fiend, by expressing his suspicions; but the moment Euphrosyne herself had made public her adventure, Sophia, no longer feeling safe in the family, had disappeared: nor had she since been heard of;—but her louring fate was the least of my cares. The foremost at present was the payment of the sums I had won. The addition to my establishment permitted me not to be unmindful of my interest. As soon, therefore, as I had said and performed whatever seemed most calculated to dispel Euphrosyne's settled gloom, I immediately walked to the meeting place of our Society, and found its members in council assembled. My first salutation was a demand upon each; but, to my unutterable dismay, the first answer was a loud and universal burst of laughter at my presumption. As soon as this peal of merriment had subsided a little, I was told that I might think myself well off in having nothing to pay instead of to receive; and on demanding a further explanation, I learned that the infernal Sophia had been beforehand with me, and, the instant she left the house of Chrysopulo, had gone round to all my companions, in the first place indeed to inform them of my success with Euphrosyne, but, in the next, to comfort them with the assurance that neither my vanity nor my fortune could derive any advantage from my triumph, as it had only been the consequence of my fair one's prior frailties,—of those frailties which my confidant had solemn-



ly sworn to me never to divulge. Every person present therefore immediately called out 'a drawn wager!' and I was deemed disqualified from claiming a single para! What could I do with a bad cause, and a parcel of fellows each to the full as sturdy as myself? Only this: to renounce with a good grace what I clearly saw I should never obtain, and join in laugh at my own impudence; 'of which,' I observed, 'it was worth while at any rate to try the effect.' But tolerably as I had contrived to preserve my good humour with my strapping companions, the case became different when, returning to Euphrosyne, I met Sophia coming at full speed, to receive from those who had just mocked me the reward of her treachery. Great as was the disappointment experienced in my purse, it seemed nothing to the wound inflicted on my pride. The fate of a lovely female had been connected with mine by links even more indissoluble than those of matrimony, since a divorce could not restore her to her home,—and this partner of my life had been branded with infamy;—and by her in whom she had most confided!—The insulting epithets still rang in my ear, which had been showered on my mistress, through the spite of the infernal Sophia. So conscious, indeed, was this wicked girl of her iniquity, that, far from seeming to harbour any thoughts of enforcing her still unsettled claims on her first employer, the moment I appeared in her sight she tried to make her escape,—but it was too late! 'Wretch!' cried I, 'thus then you have performed your promise. Now behold in what way I perform mine!' And hereupon I seized her by the wrist, and retorting upon her, in the midst of the gaping crowd, every disgraceful epithet which her malignancy had drawn down upon Euphrosyne, I terrified the vile woman into fainting, and then left her to recover in the filth of Smyrna's foulest kennel! Thanks to this cool immersion she tarried not to revive; but no sooner did the fury think herself safe from my wrath, than setting up a hellish laugh, 'Wipe clean your Euphrosyne,' cried she, 'ere you bespatter others with the dirt which you have gained!' and then walked off with threatening gesture—alternately wishing me joy of my prize, and auguring me the reward of my guilt. Heated as I was with passion, her curses made my blood run cold, and in return I would have chilled for ever the poisonous tide in her own viper veins—with a home thrust of my dagger,—had I not been prevented that time, by the mob, from crushing the reptile!

But its venomous bite left a print in my heart which no power could efface ! To fail in all my schemes both of profit and of pride ; to be burdened with the whole weight of my mistress's existence, while bereft of all esteem for her character ; to feel myself the victim of her deceit or the sport of her caprice, when her real tenderness had already been prostituted ;—and more than that, to find the shame which I had hoped to bury in the inmost recesses of my own bosom, divulged to all the world ; to be pointed at with derision by those very companions over whom I had made sure to triumph—were tortures beyond my strength to bear ; or at least, to bear alone ; and the embers of affection for my new inmate still glowing in my breast, when I last left my home, seemed all extinguished ere I again crossed my threshold. If, however, I only returned to my abode with the determination of making my guest a partaker in all the sufferings drawn down by her last insane act upon myself, it was also with the full intent to keep the cause of my behaviour locked for ever within my own swelling heart ! Why indeed dwell without necessity upon the painful thoughts of an infamy, of which I was unable to bring the proof, and despaired of extorting the confession ! Under her former playfulness of manner Euphrosyne had always concealed great decision of character. She had shrunk from going home to her husband or from staying with friends whose reproach she must fear, or whose forbearance endure. Me alone she had considered as accountable for whatever home and felicity my offence had deprived her of elsewhere ; and to me she had come for refuge, as to the only person who still owed her protection : but she had come oppressed with the sense of her dishonour ; she had come with such deep anguish at the heart, that, had the fruitfulness of her imagination still broke forth amid her glowing shame into the smallest bud of sprightliness or fancy, she would have thought it a duty to crush the tender blossoms, as weeds whose rank luxuriance ill became her fallen state. Nothing but the most unremitting tenderness on my part could in some degree have revived her drooping spirits.

But when after my excursion and the act of justice on Sophia in which it ended, I re-appeared before the still trembling Euphrosyne, she saw too soon that that cordial of the heart must not be expected. One look she cast upon my countenance, as I sat down in silence, sufficed to inform

her of my total change of sentiments ;—and the responsive look by which it was met, tore for ever from her breast the last seeds of hope and confidence. Like the wounded snail she shrunk within herself, and thenceforth cloaked in unceasing sadness, never more expanded to the sunshine of joy. With her buoyancy of spirits she seemed even to lose all her quickness of intellect, nay all her readiness of speech ; so that, not only fearing to embark with her in serious conversation, but even finding no response in her mind to lighter topics, I at last began to nauseate her seeming torpor and dulness, and to roam abroad even more frequently than before a partner of my fate remained at home, to count the tedious hours of my absence ; while she—poor miserable creature—dreading the sneers of an unfeeling world, passed her time under my roof in dismal and heart-breaking solitude.

Had the most patient endurance of the most intemperate sallies been able to soothe my disappointment and to soften my hardness, Euphrosyne's angelic sweetness must at last have conquered : but in my jaundiced eye her resignation only tended to strengthen the conviction of her shame : and I saw in her forbearance nothing but the consequence of her debasement, and the consciousness of her guilt. 'Did her heart,' thought I, 'bear witness to a purity on which my audacity dared first to cast a blemish, she could not remain thus tame, thus spiritless, under such an aggravation of my wrongs ; and either she would be the first to quit my merciless roof, or at least she would not so fearfully avoid giving me even the most unfounded pretence for denying her its shelter,—She must merit her sufferings to bear them so meekly !'

Hence, even when moved to real pity by gentleness so enduring, I seldom relented in my apparent sternness. In order to conquer, or at least to conceal sentiments which I considered as effects only of weakness, I even forced myself on these occasions to increased severity. Unable to go the length of parting from a friendless outcast, even though—conformable to her own terms—the continuance of my love was to have given the measure of her stay, I almost banished myself entirely from my own home, and plunged more headlong than ever into extravagance and dissipation. Unto this period I had quaffed my wine, to enjoy its flavour : I now drank to drive away my senses. Unto this period I had gamed to beguile an idle hour : I now played to pre-

duce in my spirits a brief intoxication. I stayed out while I was able to renew my stake, and only returned home when utterly exhausted by my losses. Nay, when Euphrosyne, after sitting up alone all night, saw me return—pale and feverish—in the broad glare of the next morning, it was often only to be pursued by all the spleen collected during my nocturnal excesses. Yet she tarried on : for to me she had sacrificed her all, and though in me she found nothing but a thorn, yet to that thorn she clung, as to that on which alone now hung her whole existence !

Euphrosyne was wont to keep in readiness for me a hot cup of coffee, when I came in from my nightly revels. After gambling, it served as a restorative ; but after drinking, it was the only thing capable of allaying the sort of temporary madness, with which wine always affected my irritable brain. One morning, when alternate losses at dice and libations to Bacchus had sent me home half frantic, instead of finding my mistress as usual all alacrity to minister the reviving draught, to chafe my throbbing temples, and to perform what other soothing offices her awe of me permitted, I found her lying on the floor in a swoon. I only thought her asleep ; but, on attempting to lift her up, her features were bruised and her face besmeared with blood. Unnerved by excess and shaking with agitation, my arm however was wholly unable to support even her light weight, and I let her drop again. She thought I did so on purpose, for, raising her head with great effort, she fixed on my countenance her haggard tearless eyes, and clasping her hands together, for the first time vented her anguish in audible words.—‘I had been warned,’ she cried, with half stifled emotion.

‘How ?’ said I.

‘That morning,’ answered she, ‘when unexpectedly you appeared among us in the meadow, you were scarcely out of sight when the cause of your coming was discussed. We agreed—foolish girls as we were,—that chance alone had not brought you to that place, and drew lots to find out where lurked the secret attraction. I got the prize, if prize it could be called ! A friend some years older than myself, observing my emotion, “Euphrosyne,” she whispered, “if you care not for that stranger, frolic with him as you like ; but if ever he should gain your affections, O ! avoid him like a pestilence. From the moment that he knows himself the

VOL. II.

C

master of your heart, he will treat it as wayward children do their toys; he will not rest until he has broken it.'

'This was but the first warning, and only given by a human voice,' continued my mistress: 'A higher admonition came straight from heaven! You know the marble image found in our field which now adorns our garden. Once, they say, it was flesh and blood,—a hapless maiden like myself; but, alas, less susceptible, and therefore turned into stone. On the night of your outrage, as I rose from my prayer—from the prayer which at that time I neither neglected nor felt afraid to utter—a deep hollow moan issued from its snowy bosom! another and a louder shriek was heard when I spoke to Argyropoli; and one still more dismal than the former rent the air, when I left my kinsman's roof to fly to your arms!'

'And warned even by an insensible stone,' I cried, 'you would not see the precipice?'

'Ah!' exclaimed Euphrosyne, 'reproach me with anything but my love. It was that which, in spite of every circumstance, that should have opened my eyes, still kept me blind.'

'Your love,' cried I, 'neither merits my reproach, nor yet calls for my praise. It depends not on ourselves to withhold our affections, as it depends not on us to renovate a worn-out passion.'

'Is it then true,' cried Euphrosyne, 'that you love me no more?'

'Has not that question been answered already?' said I peevishly: 'but you will not understand unless all is spoken!'

At these words Euphrosyne put her hands to her ears, as if fearing to hear her formal dismissal; and immediately ran to shut herself in her adjoining chamber. I left the wayward girl to the solitude she sought, and, unable to obtain any refreshment at home, immediately went out again. Exhausted with watching, sleep overcame me in the Coffee-house where I had sought my breakfast, and as soon as I felt somewhat recruited by its welcome intrusion, a detachment of our party carried me away by force, to make me woo afresh fickle fortune at the gaming table. Within the irresistible influence of its magic circle, I stayed, and played, and drank, and slept—and played, and drank, and slept again—till, reeling out in the dark to go home, I fell from the steps, sprained my ankle, cut my face, and lay for

a time senseless on the pavement. Carried in again, as soon as discovered in this plight, it became my fate to be tied by the leg in the very gambling room, where the hazardous shake of the elbow had already kept me spell bound so long.

I was so far an economist of time, as always to devote that of forced confinement to the irksome business of reflection; and I had a great deal of that sort of occupation accumulating on my hands, to employ my present leisure. The unconcern of my pretended friends on seeing me suffer, very soon made me draw unfavourable comparisons of their sentiments with those of Euphrosyne. Granting that she had been too susceptible before she knew me, how patient, how penitent, how devoted had she shown herself ever since! yet how cruel the return I had made, and how deep the last wound I had inflicted!

The thought grew so irksome, that, not daring to send for my mistress among a set of scoffers, and yet impatient to make her amends, I crept, as soon as the dawn again arose, off my couch, stole away, and limped home.

When I knocked at my door, no one answered from within. Louder I therefore knocked and louder; but with no better success. At last my heart sunk within me, and my knees began to totter. Euphrosyne never stirred out—could she?—I dreaded to know the truth, and yet I was near going mad with the delay. She might be ill, and unable to come down, though not yet beyond the reach of succour, or the comfort of kindness. It was possible she heard me, and had not strength to answer, or to let me in. Timely assistance still perhaps might save her: even tardy tenderness, though shown too late to arrest her fleeting soul, might still at least allay the bitterness of its departure. A word, a look of sympathy might solace her last moments, and waft her spirit on lighter wings to heaven!

Frantic with impatience, I endeavoured to break open the sullen door, but could only curse its perverse steadiness in doing its duty. In despair at the delay, I was going for an axe to hew it from its hinges, when an old deaf neighbour, who began to suspect she heard a noise, came down half dressed to lend her assistance. She employed nearly as much time before she let herself out, as I had lost in trying to get in. At last, however, her feeble efforts were crowned with success. Forth she came, and put on her

spectacles to scrutinize my person. A deliberate survey having satisfied her respecting my identity, she thrust her withered arm deep in her ample pocket, and drew out fifty things which neither of us wanted, before she ended by producing the key of my lodging, which she put into my hands with a low courtesy, as having been left in her care by the Lady who had taken her departure.

‘Thank God!—I have not killed her!’ was my first exclamation. ‘That weight at least is off my burdened mind!’ and as soon as I had sufficiently recovered my breath, I inquired of the old woman the time and circumstances of Euphrosyne’s disappearance:—what conveyance had taken her away; in what direction she went; and above all what message she had left?

These were useless queries, and the frequent repetition of them for the purpose of being understood, a fruitless expenditure of breath. It took me half an hour to make my neighbour hear me: and when I succeeded at last, so near was she to dotage, that I could make nothing of her answers. On my asking as the least perplexing question, how long the key had been in the old goody’s possession, she could only say ‘ever since it had been given her.’

Despairing of more explicit intelligence outside my threshold, I went in, and in three strides reached the top of the stairs, and my own empty room. From that I ran into the next, equally empty and desolate; looked upon every table and shelf, under every seat and cushion, in every box and drawer, and behind every chest and wardrobe. My hopes were to find some letter, some note, some scrap of paper, written, if not in kindness, at least in anger, to inform me which way my poor girl had fled; but I looked in vain; there was nothing!

I possessed no clue whatever to a probable solution of my doubts; I could form no opinion on the strange event; I sat down in mute amazement, trying to think, and yet finding no point on which to fix my thoughts. At last, as my eyes continued to wander in total vacancy round the room, they fell upon some writing which assuredly had not been intended to court my sight; for it run along the skirting of the wainscoat, and could only have been written by Euphrosyne, with her pencil as she lay on the ground. I stooped down to read, and only found some broken sentences, probably traced by my mistress when she left me the last time

to seek refuge in solitude. The sense seemed addressed to herself more than to her destroyer, and the words were mostly effaced:—thus ran the few legible lines.

‘At last he has spoken plainly!—I shall go—no matter where!—Let him rejoice. On boasting of his triumphs of unsuspecting innocence, he may now add—“I have ruined Euphrosyne!”—and be proud to think a greater fall from purity to corruption, from honour to infamy, and from happiness to misery, was never achieved by human hands!’ Then followed a string of half obliterated words, among which all I could make out was an invocation to the Almighty, not to withhold from me its blessings, nor to visit on Selim poor Euphrosyne’s wrongs! A thousand daggers seemed on reading this sentence to pierce my heart at once. Every thing remained as I had left it, except Euphrosyne alone! She had taken nothing with her; for she had nothing to take:—the last articles of her apparel, worth any money, had been sold to supply her necessities, or rather my extravagance.

A film now all at once dropped from before my eyes, and my former behaviour presented itself to me in a totally new light. Though I might still believe,—and indeed now most anxiously wished to believe, for the relief of my goaded conscience—that Euphrosyne had not at all times been equally watchful of that perfect purity she boasted; that in some unguarded moment the inexperience of early youth had suffered her virtue to contract a slight speck; that the tale so boldly told by her waiting woman was not wholly without foundation: yet on contemplating her conduct on that eventful day, when she might forever have wrapped every former stain in the ample impenetrability of the nuptial veil, but with a magnanimous disdain of all meanness or subterfuge, resigned herself to poverty, persecution, and disgrace, for the sake of rigid righteousness, I could not doubt that already at that period, at least, the mental corruption, the taint of the soul (if ever it had existed) had been in the eye of supreme mercy washed away by repentance, and had left the whole crime of plunging a noble creature into inextricable ruin chargeable to my account alone!

And supposing that even the tale of Euphrosyne’s early frailty itself—that only sheet anchor of my conscience amid a sea of distracting doubts—should after all turn out a mere



fabrication; as seemed from Sophia's unprincipled conduct a thing not impossible; supposing the whole first chapter of Euphrosyne's short history should have been nothing but a scene of artless innocence; nay, supposing that the thoughtless girl should really have been ignorant even of the assignation whence arose all her sorrows; supposing that when she first came in agony to my abode only to avoid a public expulsion from her own, she should have had nothing with which to reproach her own heart, but some latent sparks of love for her despoiler; supposing I thus had only plunged into everlasting perdition a being, throughout the whole of her once happy career as unexceptionable in conduct as she had been enviable in circumstances; and that for no purpose but to end her race of undeserved sufferings, by turning her out of doors, and forcing her upon the wide world without a friend, a relation, or a home,—and at a time too when her situation demanded more than ordinary tenderness!—the thought was too dreadful even for me to bear; it racked me to the soul; and what rendered my remorse doubly pungent, love itself, that love which I had thought long annihilated, seemed to re-enter at the rents torn in my heart by pity. A thousand excellences in my mistress, before unheeded, now flashed upon my mind. From the embers of a more sensual flame, extinguished almost as soon as raised, now burst forth a brighter intellectual blaze never before experienced; as from a body in dissolution arise flames of pure ethereal fire.

Sorrow, self-reproach, and uncertainty seemed for a while to deprive me of all power of exertion; but the moment a ray of hope roused me from motionless dismay into fresh activity, I ran frantic all over Smyrna in search of my lost mistress. I abruptly stopped in the street every person, high or low, male or female, whom I thought likely to have witnessed her escape; I forcibly invaded every house in which I fancied she might be concealed. No place capable of harbouring any thing in the human shape, and which I dared investigate, did I leave unexplored. Of the individuals assailed by my inquiries, some laughed, some took offence, some reproached me for my inconsistency, and some supposed me to be a maniac broke loose from his confinement. I minded not their surprise or their scoffing, but continued my pursuit while I had strength. Alas! I continued in vain. No Euphrosyne could I find.

Reluctantly I now again turned me to the abhorred Sophia, to assist me in my labour. The wretch had not only deceived me, betrayed my Euphrosyne, and, by divulging all she ought to have concealed, involved the one in ruin and the other in disgrace : she had even, as if on purpose daily to enjoy the shame cast on Chrysopulo's house, hired a lodging directly opposite his gate ; but vast failings are overlooked in those whose aid we want. I hied me to the *ex-servante* full of conciliatory speeches : she met them with assurances of equal contrition, and expressed so much regret for her indiscretion, so much compassion for Euphrosyne, and so much sympathy with me, that, in view of the readiness she showed to second my search, all was, or appeared to be forgiven. We shook hands, I made fresh promises, and Sophia entered upon fresh services.

My resolution this time was formed, and will be allowed to have been unexceptionable. The instant fortune crowned our united labours, Euphrosyne was to receive the meed of her long and patient sufferings, or at least, the offer of every reparation which I could make for my manifold offences. Not only I meant immediately to proclaim her my honoured, my wedded, my inseparable wife ; but what to some might seem more difficult, or more problematical, I intended to become myself the best and most faithful of husbands.

Fate allowed me full time to study the requisites of that new character. Our twofold search did not turn out more successful than it had done before my single-handed endeavours ;—by no means, however, for want of activity in Sophia. Like Satan her master she seemed endowed with the gift of ubiquity. Not a day passed that she did not come to me with a long account of the places she had visited and of those she meant to visit ; of the hopes she had been disappointed of in one quarter and of the expectations she entertained in another ; of her glimpses here and of her surmises there. So often did she drag me after her through every street and lane of Smyrna, that my friends pretended to think that she had herself stepped into Euphrosyne's place, and when the city had been ransacked through to the last garret and cellar, we extended our search to every village and hamlet within ten or fifteen miles round.

When at last I had explored every district within the Mootsellimlik of Ismir, until I no longer could think of any

place unsearched, and found nothing left to do, but to set down in contented ignorance, or rather in calm despair, there flew in at my open window, one evening, a small silken bag, flung by an invisible hand, and conveying a gold ring. It was one which I had put on Euphrosyne's finger, immediately after the memorable farewell visit of her kind-hearted friends, and ere I called upon my companions to claim my bets. On the slip of paper twisted round the ring appeared the following words : ' Cease a pursuit, as vain as it is thankless : nor seek any longer to disturb the peace of Euphrosyne, now cured of a worthless passion ; now at rest from her grief in more merciful hands. The ring you once gave her in proof of your love, reverts to you in sign that she never more can accept your tardy, your unavailing tenderness.'

These words, evidently written by the same hand which had originally pointed Euphrosyne out to me as a desirable conquest, seemed at last fully to explain her motives for leaving me, or at least her conduct since her disappearance. Nothing could be clearer in my opinion, than that the artful schemer who had first instigated me to seduce the lovely girl, had availed himself of my forced absence from home, to take her off my hands. I had been a mere tool to some more designing member of our nefarious brotherhood.

It might however, in one sense, be called considerate, thus at last to relieve me from all further anxiety and trouble ; and nothing but the inherent perverseness of human nature could have changed as it did, the cold indifference with which I had treated my mistress while she depended wholly upon my affection, into the warmth which her image re-kindled in my heart, the moment I supposed her comforted by another : but this new ardour, conceived too late, I kept to myself ; and judging that other individual now preferred to be—though unknown—frequently in my company, I took uncommon pains to evince by my mirth my gratitude for his proceedings. Lest he should have any doubt on this subject, not a day passed without my joining some festive party in excursions to Boornabad, to Sedi-keni, and other places ; and by these means I recovered at last in reality the lightness of heart which I affected ; and that to such a degree, as almost to grow frightened at my own unusual hilarity, and to apprehend it might forbode some new impending sorrow.

An excursion had often been projected, and as often put off, to a village a few miles from Smyrna, celebrated for the beauty of its situation. At last the party took place. We were sitting half a dozen thoughtless souls under the cool shade of a locust tree. I had taken up a lyre, laid down by one of my companions, and was just going to try my long-neglected skill in a Greek ballad which I used to sing to Helena, when a peasant brought me a note of a suspicious appearance.

Determined this time to know the author of this single-handed correspondence, I began by laying hold of its conveyer. The messenger seemed the quintessence of stupidity; my catechising could draw nothing from him, except that the billet had been committed to his care three miles off by a female hidden in her veil come from a distance, and who immediately again took herself off. All that the bearer could, or would say ending there, I turned me to the epistle.

It ran thus :

‘ Did ever you hear of a Greek merchant whose name was Sozimato ? Once he excelled Chrysopulo himself, in riches, in ambition, and in sway ; but fortune turned fickle. Chrysopulo saw new thousands press upon his former thousands, and Sozimato ended a bankrupt : the match contracted between Chrysopulo’s son and Sozimato’s daughter now of course was cancelled : for between the rich and the poor no engagement could subsist. To sharpen the sting of the insult, the humble daughter of the bankrupt was offered a servant’s place in Chrysopulo’s family : for the upstarts exulted in treading on the neck of the fallen ! The offer of arrogance was, however, accepted, and the taunts of insolence were borne without a complaint. A disease, for which there was no cure, carried off Chrysopulo’s infant son ; and Euphrosyne—a distant relation—became the adopted daughter. She too was rendered the victim of just revenge. A set of lawless young men had established a society, for the purpose of ruining the peace of sober families. One member of this noble fraternity was spoken of in the town as more bold and unprincipled than the rest : he was singled out to cast dishonour on Chrysopulo’s house, and to sow misery among its members ; and at least, through his instrumentality—for he was but a tool—that Euphrosyne, most unjustly aspersed in her unsullied virtue, became the keep-mistress of a needy adventurer. Foul disgrace, conjured up from all quarters, thus cast its cloud over Chrysopulo’s name !

‘ Here the work of vengeance might have ended, had not the adventurer too dared to treat with indignity the daughter of Sozimato. It was for this she joined in the search after his departed mistress ; it was for this she permitted not the unfortunate girl to be found ; it was for this she prevented her from being solaced by her lover’s returning tenderness, even when she lay totally destitute in a miserable garret, at the last period of her long protracted labour ; and it was for this finally, that he prepared the infidel wretch a world of endless pangs, by plying his hapless mistress with false accounts of his unrelenting barbarity, unto the last day of her hapless existence !

‘ Great, no doubt, were the difficulties in preventing a meeting between the repentant sinner and his innocent victim. One day he penetrated into the very abode where she lay, writhing under every agony of body and mind. A ragged curtain alone kept her from his sight, and a single cry unstifled must have thrown him in her arms ! Watchfulness, however, triumphed : the adventurer turned back in ignorance ; and his Euphrosyne saw him no more. She was delivered, unaided by any one but the person who had served, had sold her, and now was labouring that she might be sainted. Yet did the angel on earth try to do what she could for her adored Selim’s child. Seeing it ready to perish for want of sustenance, she resolved to save her infant’s life by completing her own shame. Ere, however, the sacrifice could be accomplished, she expired,—expired among strangers, pronouncing Selim’s name ! The more merciful hands in which this miserable man read that his mistress was at rest, were those of her Maker ; the ring he received had been taken from her corpse already cold ; and the sole worker of all this wo, I scarcely need add, was the injured and now satisfied Sophia.’

I do not know how I was able to finish the perusal of this letter, except from a sort of stupor, which for a moment kept all my faculties, save that of mere perception, suspended. The first word, however, which one of our party uttered, broke the fascination, set loose my entranced senses, and with them all the demons of hell which had been gathering all the while in my bosom. What species of violence I committed in breaking away from the convivial scene to pursue the detestable Sophia, is wholly beyond my knowledge. I neither saw, nor heard, nor thought until I reached Smyrna.

Sophia knew me too well to wait my return. Ere I received her note, she had left that place for ever : nor could I trace her flight. It was only some time after, when, hopeless of discovering her abode, I had committed to Heaven the care of her punishment, that in the least likely of places I met the embodied fury. She again tried to avoid me—again commenced the race of conscious guilt ; but this time to no purpose. Her crime was one of those which, more atrocious than many which justice never spares, yet mock its shackled arm. I therefore took into my own hands a punishment too long delayed : nor was it the more lenient from that circumstance.

This unlooked-for event seemed to afford me some refreshment. For a while I felt the thirst of my soul assuaged, the raging fever of my blood somewhat allayed : but the cessation of pain was only transient. The image of Euphrosyne expired on a bed of wretchedness, and in the belief that I was hailing the hour of her departure at the very time when I would have given my own life to have found the poor sufferer—when I only prayed to Heaven for leave to take her back, to cherish her in my now softened bosom, and to make her taste at last, ere yet too late, of happiness—soon began to haunt me incessantly ; and too truly I found that the fury Sophia had insinuated into my heart a canker, which I was destined to carry to the grave.

---

## STERNE.

---

### STORY OF LE FEVRE.

MY uncle Toby was one evening sitting at his supper, when the landlord of a little inn in the village came into the parlour, with an empty phial in his hand, to beg a glass or two of sack ; ‘ ’Tis for a poor gentleman—I think, of the army,’ said the landlord, ‘ who has been taken ill at my house four days ago, and has never held up his head since, or had a desire to taste any thing till just now, that he

has a fancy for a glass of sack and a thin toast ;—I think, said he, taking his hand from his forehead, it would comfort me.

‘If I could neither beg, borrow, or buy such a thing,’ added the landlord, ‘I would almost steal it for the poor gentleman, he is so ill. I hope in God he will still mend,’ continued he,—‘we are all of us concerned for him.’

‘Thou art a good-natured soul, I will answer for thee,’ cried my uncle Toby, ‘and thou shalt drink the poor gentleman’s health in a glass of sack thyself,—and take a couple of bottles, with my service, and tell him he is heartily welcome to them, and to a dozen more if they will do him good.

‘Though I am persuaded,’ said my uncle Toby, as the landlord shut the door, ‘he is a very compassionate fellow, Trim, yet I cannot help entertaining a high opinion of his guest too ; there must be something more than common in him, that in so short a time should win so much on the affections of his host :’—‘And of his whole family,’ added the corporal, ‘for they are all concerned for him.’ ‘Step after him,’ said my uncle Toby, ‘do, Trim, and ask if he knows his name.’

‘I have quite forgot it, truly,’ said the landlord, coming back into the parlour with the corporal ; ‘but I can ask his son again.’ ‘Has he a son with him then ?’ said my uncle Toby. ‘A boy,’ replied the landlord, ‘of about eleven or twelve years of age ; but the poor creature has tasted almost as little as his father ; he does nothing but mourn and lament for him night and day : he has not stirred from the bed side these two days.’

My uncle Toby laid down his knife and fork, and thrust his plate from before him as the landlord gave him the account : and Trim, without being ordered, took it away without saying one word, and in a few minutes after brought him his pipe and tobacco.

‘Stay in the room a little,’ said my uncle Toby. ‘Trim !’ said my uncle Toby, after he had lighted his pipe and smoked about a dozen whiffs—Trim came in front of his master, and made his bow—My uncle Toby smoked on, and said no more. ‘Corporal !’ said my uncle Toby,—the corporal made his bow—my uncle Toby proceeded no farther, but finished his pipe.

‘Trim !’ said my uncle Toby, ‘I have a project in my head, as it is a bad night, of wrapping myself up warm in

my roquelaure, and playing a visit to this poor gentleman.' 'Your honour's roquelaure,' replied the corporal, 'has not once been had on, since the night before your honour received your wound, when we mounted guard in the trenches before the gate at St Nicholas; and besides it is so cold and rainy a night, that what with the roquelaure, and what with the weather, 'twill be enough to give your honour your death, and bring on your honour's torment in your groin.' 'I fear so,' replied my uncle Toby; 'but I am not at rest in my mind, Trim, since the account the landlord has given me. I wish I had not known so much of this affair,' added my uncle Toby, 'or that I had known more of it:—how shall we manage it?'—'Leave it, an' please your honour, to me,' quoth the corporal; 'I'll take my hat and stick, and go to the house apti reconnoitre, and act accordingly; and I will bring your honour a full account in an hour.' 'Thou shalt go, Trim,' said my uncle Toby, 'and here's a shilling for thee to drink with his servants;'—'I shall get it all out of him,' said the corporal, shutting the door.

My uncle Toby filled his second pipe; and had it not been that he now and then wandered from the point, with considering whether it was not full as well to have the curtain of the tenaille a straight line, as a crooked one, he might be said to have thought of nothing else but poor Le Fevre and his boy the whole time he smoked it.

It was not until my uncle Toby had knocked the ashes out of his third pipe that corporal Trim returned from the inn, and gave him the following account:

'I despaired at first,' said the corporal, of being able to bring back to your honour any kind of intelligence concerning the poor sick lieutenant.'—'Is he in the army then?' said my uncle Toby. 'He is,' said the corporal. 'And in what regiment?' said my uncle Toby. 'I'll tell your honour,' replied the corporal; 'every thing straight forwards, as I learnt it.' 'Then, Trim, I'll fill another pipe,' said my uncle Toby, 'and not interrupt thee till thou hast done; so sit down at thy ease, Trim, in the window seat, and begin thy story again.' The corporal made his old bow, which generally spoke as plain as a bow could speak it—*your honour is good*:—and having done that, he sat down as he was ordered, and began the story to my uncle Toby over again, in pretty nearly the same words.



‘I despaired at first,’ said the corporal, ‘of being able to bring back any intelligence to your honour about the lieutenant and his son; for when I asked where his servant was, from whom I made myself sure of knowing every thing which was proper to be asked,’ ‘that’s a right distinction,’ Trim,’ said my uncle Toby. ‘I was answered, and please your honour, that he had no servant with him;—that he had come to the inn with hired horses, which, on finding himself unable to proceed, (to join, I suppose, the regiment) he had dismissed the morning after he came.—If I get better, my dear, said he, as he gave his purse to his son to pay the man, we can hire horses from hence.—But, alas! the poor gentleman will never get from hence, said the landlady to me, for I heard the death-watch all night long;—and when he dies, the youth his son will certainly die with him: for he is broken-hearted already.

‘I was hearing this account,’ continued the corporal, ‘when the youth came into the kitchen, to order the thin toast the landlord spoke of;—but I will do it for my father myself,’ said the youth. Pray let me save you the trouble, young gentleman, said I, taking up a fork for that purpose, and offering him my chair to sit down by the fire, whilst I did it.—I believe, Sir, said he, very modestly, I can please him best myself. I am sure, said I, his honour will not like the toast the worse for being toasted by an old soldier. The youth took hold of my hand and instantly burst into tears.’ ‘Poor youth!’ said my uncle Toby, ‘he has been bred up from an infant in the army, and the name of a soldier, Trim, sounded in his ears like the name of a friend;—I wish I had him here.’

‘I never, in the longest march,’ said the corporal, ‘had so great a mind to my dinner, as I had to cry with him for company; what could be the matter with me, an’ please your honour?’ ‘Nothing in the world, Trim,’ said my uncle Toby, blowing his nose, ‘but that thou art a good-natured fellow.’

‘When I gave him the toast,’ continued the corporal, ‘I thought it was proper to tell him I was captain Shandy’s servant, and that your honour (though a stranger) was extremely concerned for his father: and that if there was any thing in your house or cellar’—(‘and thou mightest have added my purse too,’ said my uncle Toby)—‘he was heartily welcome to it:—he made a very low bow (which was meant

to your honour,) but no answer, for his heart was so full—so he went up stairs with the toast:—I warrant you, my dear, said I, as I opened the kitchen door, your father will be well again. Mr. Yorick's curate was smoking a pipe by the kitchen fire; but said not a word, good or bad, to comfort the youth. I thought it wrong,' added the corporal.—'I think so too,' said my uncle Toby.

'When the lieutenant had taken his glass of sack and toast, he felt himself a little revived, and sent down into the kitchen to let me know that in about ten minutes he should be glad if I would step up stairs. I believe, said the landlord, he is going to say his prayers, for there was a book laid upon the chair by his bed-side, and as I shut the door I saw his son take up a cushion. I thought, said the curate, that you gentlemen of the army, Mr. Trim, never said your prayers at all. I heard the poor gentleman say his prayers last night, said the landlady, very devoutly, and with my own ears, or I could not have believed it. Are you sure of it, replied the curate. A soldier, an' please your reverence, said I, prays as often (of his own accord) as a parson;—and when he is fighting for his king, and for his own life, and for his honour too, he has the most reason to pray to God of any one in the whole world.' 'Twas well said of thee, Trim,' said my uncle Toby. 'But when a soldier, said I, an' please your reverence, has been standing for twelve hours together in the trenches, up to his knees in cold water, or engaged, said I, for months together in long and dangerous marches—harrassed, perhaps, in his rear to-day—harrassing others to-morrow—detached here—countermanded there—resting this night out upon his arms—beat up in his shirt the next—benumbed in his joints—perhaps without straw in his tent to kneel upon—may say his prayers *how* and *when* he can. I believe, said I,—for I was piqued,' quoth the corporal, 'for the reputation of the army,—I believe, an' please your reverence, said I, that when a soldier gets time to pray, he prays as heartily as a parson, though not with all his fuss and hypocrisy.' 'Thou shouldst not have said that,' Trim,' said my uncle Toby,—'for God only knows who is a hypocrite and who is not:—at the great and general review of us all, corporal, at the day of judgment (and not till then,) it will be seen who have done their duties in this world, and who have not; and we shall be advanced, Trim, accordingly.' 'I hope we shall,' said

Trim. 'It is in the scripture,' said my uncle Toby; 'and I will show it thee to-morrow; in the meantime, we may depend upon it, Trim, for our comfort,' said my uncle Toby, 'that God Almighty is so good and just a governor of the world, that if we have but done our duties in it, it will never be inquired into whether we have done them in a red coat or a black one.' 'I hope not,' said the corporal:—'but go on, Trim,' said my uncle Toby, 'with thy story.'

'When I went up,' continued the corporal, 'into the lieutenant's room, which I did not do till the expiration of the ten minutes, he was lying in his bed; with his head raised upon his hand, with his elbow upon the pillow, and a clean white cambric handkerchief beside it. The youth was just stooping down to take up the cushion upon which I supposed he had been kneeling. The book was laid upon the bed; and as he rose, in taking up the cushion with one hand, he reached out his other to take it away at the same time. Let it remain there, my dear, said the lieutenant. He did not offer to speak to me till I had walked up close to his bed-side. If you be captain Shandy's servant, said he, you must present my thanks to your master, with my little boy's thanks along with them for his courtesy to me: if he was of Levens's, said the lieutenant—I told him your honour was—Then, said he, I served three campaigns with him in Flanders, and remember him,—but 'tis most likely, as I had not the honour of any acquaintance with him, that he knows nothing of me. You will tell him, however, that the person his good-nature has laid under obligation to him, is one Le Fevre, a lieutenant in Angus's—but he knows me not, said he a second time, musing:—possibly he may my story, added he—Pray tell the captain I was the ensign at Breda, whose wife was most unfortunately killed with a musket shot, as she lay in my arms in my tent. I remember the story, an' please your honour, said I, very well. Do you so? said he, wiping his eyes with his handkerchief, then well may I. In saying this, he drew a little ring out of his bosom, which seemed tied with a black ribband about his neck, and kissed it twice. Here, Billy, said he—The boy flew across the room to the bed-side, and falling down upon his knee, took the ring in his hand, and kissed it too, then kissed his father, and sat down upon the bed and wept.'

'I wish,' said my uncle Toby, with a deep sigh, 'I wish, Trim, I was asleep.'

'Your honour replied the corporal, 'is too much concerned; shall I pour your honour out a glass of sack to your pipe;—'Do, Trim,' said my uncle Toby.

'I remember,' said my uncle Toby, sighing again, 'the story of the ensign and his wife, with a circumstance his modesty omitted; and particularly well, that he, as well as she, on some account or other (I have forgot what) was universally pitied by the whole regiment;—but finish the story thou art on:—''Tis finished already,' said the corporal, 'for I could stay no longer, so wished his honour a good night: young Le Fevre rose from off the bed, and saw me to the bottom of the stairs; and as we went down together, told me they had come from Ireland, and were on their route to join the regiment in Flanders. But, alas!' said the corporal, 'the lieutenant's last day's march is over.' 'Then what is to become of his poor boy?' cried my uncle Toby.

It was my to uncle Toby's eternal honour,—though I tell it only for the sake of those who, when cooped in betwixt a natural and a positive law, know not, for their souls, which way in the world to turn themselves—that, notwithstanding my uncle Toby was warmly engaged at that time in carrying on the siege of Dendermond, parrallel with the allies, who pressed theirs on so vigorously, that they scarce allowed him time to get his dinner:—that nevertheless he gave up Dendermond, though he had already made a lodgment upon the counterscarp; and bent his whole thoughts towards the private distresses at the inn: and, except that he ordered the garden gate to be bolted up, by which he might be said to have turned the siege of Dendermond into a blockade,—he left Dendermond to itself,—to be relieved or not by the French king, as the French king thought good; and only considered how he himself should relieve the poor lieutenant and his son.

—That kind Being, who is a friend to the friendless, shall recompense thee for this.—

'Thou hast left this matter short,' said my uncle Toby to the corporal, as he was putting him to bed, 'and I will tell thee in what, Trim. In the first place, when thou madest an offer of my services to Le Fevre,—as sickness and travelling are both expensive, and thou knewest he was but a poor lieutenant, with a son to subsist as well as himself out of his pay, that thou didst not make an offer to him of my

purse; because, had he stood in need, thou knowest, Trim, he had been as welcome to it as myself.' 'Your honour knows,' said the corporal, 'I had no orders.' 'True,' quoth my uncle Toby,—'thou didst very right, Trim, as a soldier,—but certainly very wrong as a man.

'In the second place, for which, indeed, thou hast the same excuse,' continued my uncle Toby,—when thou offeredst him whatever was in my house, thou shouldst have offered him my house too. A sick brother officer should have the best quarters, Trim; and if we had him with us,—we could tend and look to him.—Thou art an excellent nurse thyself, Trim, and what with thy care of him, and the old woman's, and his boy's, and mine together, we might recruit him again at once, and set him upon his legs.—

—'In a fortnight or three weeks,' added my uncle Toby, smiling,—'he might march.' 'He will never march, an' please your honour, in this world,' said the corporal. 'He *will* march,' said my uncle Toby, rising up from the side of the bed with one shoe off. 'An' please your honour,' said the Corporal, he *will* never march, but to his grave.'—'He *shall* march, cried my uncle Toby, marching the foot which had ~~an~~ shoe on, though without advancing an inch,—'he shall march to his regiment.' 'He cannot stand it,' said the corporal. 'He shall be supported,' said my uncle Toby. 'He'll drop at last,' said the corporal, 'and what will become of his boy?' 'He shall not drop,' said my uncle Toby, firmly. 'A-well-a-day! do what we can for him,' said Trim, maintaining his point,—'the poor soul will die.' 'He shall not die, by God!' cried my uncle Toby.

—The accusing Spirit, which flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in; and the recording Angel, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever.

—My uncle Toby went to his bureau, put his purse into his breeches procket, and having ordered the corporal to go early in the morning for a physician,—he went to bed, and fell asleep.

The sun looked bright the morning after, to every eye in the village but Le Fevre's and his afflicted son's; the hand of death pressed heavy upon his eye-lids;—and hardly could the wheel at the cistern turn round its circle,—

when my uncle Toby, who had rose up an hour before his wonted time, entered the lieutenant's room, and without preface or apology, sat himself down by the chair at the bedside, and independently of all modes and customs, opened the curtain in the manner an old friend and brother officer would have done it, and asked him how he did,—how he had rested in the night,—what was his complaint,—where was his pain,—and what he could do to help him; and, without giving him time to answer any one of the inquiries, went on and told him of the little plan which he had been concerting with the corporal the night before for him.

—‘You shall go home directly, Le Fevre,’ said my uncle Toby, ‘to my house, and we’ll send for a doctor to see what’s the matter,—and we’ll have an apothecary, and the corporal shall be your nurse;—and I’ll be your servant, Le Fevre.’——

There was a frankness in my uncle Toby,—not the effort of familiarity, but the cause of it,—which let you at once into his soul, and showed you the goodness of his nature. To this, there was something in his looks, and voice, and manner, superadded, which eternally beckoned the unfortunate to come and take shelter under him, so that before my uncle Toby had half finished the kind offers he was making to the father, had the son insensibly pressed up close to his knees, and had taken hold of the breast of his coat, and was pulling it towards him. The blood and spirits of Le Fevre, which were waxing cold and slow within him, and were retreating to their last citadel, the heart—rallied back,—the film forsook his eyes for a moment;—he looked up wishfully in my uncle Toby’s face;—then cast a look upon his boy; and that ligament, fine as it was, was never broken.

Nature instantly rebbed again; the film returned to its place;—the pulse fluttered,—stopped,—went on,—throbbed,—stopped again,—moved,—stopped.—Shall I go on?—No.

## EDWARD NARES.

The following extract is from a clever novel, entitled, *Thinks-I-to-Myself*, written by DR. NARES, Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford, and published in 1811. DR. NARES is author of another one, entitled, *I Says, Says I*:—and we are sorry he has not followed out that line of literature, as these works evince considerable knowledge of life and manners, and may be said to constitute a class of their own.

## A FRIENDLY VISIT.

ONE day, when I was sitting quite snug with my mother, and she was occupied in writing to my sister, who was absent from home, I spied, at the end of the avenue, a group of pedestrians slowly making up to Grumblethorpe Hall, apparently dressed in their best bibs and tuckers for a morning visit: *Thinks-I-to-myself*, here's some agreeable company coming to my dear mamma! how kind it is of her neighbours to call upon her thus, and not leave her to mope away her time by herself, as though she was buried alive! Not being willing, however, to run any risk of disappointing her, I waited patiently to see whether they were really coming to the Hall, for part of the avenue was the high-way to the village; I kept watching them, therefore, with no small anxiety, for fear they should turn away, abruptly, and deceive my expectations; but when I saw them happily advanced beyond the turning to the village, and was therefore certain that they were really coming to see my dear mother, I hastily turned round to her, exclaiming, 'Here's ever so fine people coming, mamma!' thinking to delight her very heart: 'People coming,' says she; 'I hope not!' 'Yes, indeed, there are,' says I: 'one, two, three, four ladies, a little boy, and two pug dogs, I declare!' 'Bless my soul!' says my mother, 'how *provoking*! It is certainly Mrs. Fidget and her daughters, and that troublesome child, and now I can't finish my letter to your sister

before the post goes ! I wish to goodness they would learn to stay at home, and let one have one's time to one's self !' Thinks-I-to-myself, my poor mother seems not much to like their coming ; I am afraid that Mrs. and Miss Fidgets will meet with rather an unkindly reception ! However, I plainly saw that there was no stopping of them ;—they got nearer and nearer ; the walking was not ever clean, and my mother was the neatest woman in the world. Thinks-I-to-myself, the pug-dogs will dirty the room. At last they arrived ; the servant ushered them in ;—sure enough it was Mrs. and Miss Fidgets, and the troublesome child and all ! Mrs. Fidget ran up to my mother as though she would have kissed her, so glad did she seem to see her. My mother, (bless her honest soul ! ) rose from her seat, and greeted them most civilly : ' This is very *kind*, indeed Mrs. Fidget,' says she, ' and I esteem it a great favour ! I had no idea you could have walked so far ; I am *delighted* to see you ! ' Thinks-I-to-myself, she wishes you all to Old Nick ! Mrs. Fidget assured her she might take it as a particular favour, for she had not done such a thing, she believed, for the last six months ; and she could never have attempted it now to visit any body else ! Thinks-I-to-myself, then Mrs. Fidget, you have lost your labour !—' And now,' says she, ' how I am to get home again, I am sure I cannot tell, for I really am thoroughly knocked up.' Thinks-I-to-myself, my dear mother won't like to hear that ;—but I was mistaken ; for, turning to Mrs. Fidget, she said, with the greatest marks of complacency, ' that's good hearing for us ; then we shall have the pleasure of your company to dinner ; Mr. Dermont will be delighted, when he comes home, to find you all here.' ' O, you are very good,' says Mrs. Fidget, ' but I must return whether I can walk or not, only I fear I must trouble you with a longer visit than may be agreeable.' ' The longer the better,' says my dear mother. Thinks-I-to-myself,—that's a —— !

While my mother and Mrs. Fidget were engaged in this friendly and complimentary conversation, the Miss Fidgets were lifting up the little boy to a cage in which my mother's favourite canary bird hung, and the boy was sedulously poking his fingers through the wires of the cage, to the great alarm and annoyance of the poor little animal. Thinks-I-to-myself, my mother will wish you behind the fire presently, young gentleman !—but no such thing !—for just at that



moment, she turned round, and ~~saw~~ how he was occupied, asked if the cage should be taken down to amuse him: 'He is a sweet boy, Mrs. Fidget,' says she, 'how old is he?' 'Just turned of four,' says Mrs. Fidget. 'Only four,' says my mother, 'he is a remarkable fine strong boy for that age!' 'He is indeed a fine child,' says Mrs. Fidget, 'but don't, my dear, do that,' says she, 'you frighten the poor bird.'—As the Miss Fidgets were about to put him down, my mother ventured to assure them, that he would do no harm; 'Pretty little fellow,' says she, 'pray let him amuse himself!'

All this while the two pug-dogs were reconnoitring the drawing-room and furniture, jumping upon the sofa continually with their dirty feet, and repeatedly trying to discern (by the application of their pug-noses to our feet and knees) who my mother and myself could be, barking besides in concert at every movement and every strange noise they heard in the passage and hall:—Mrs. Fidget sometimes pretending to chide them, and my mother as carefully pretending to excuse them with her whole heart:—often did I catch her casting, as I thought, a wishful eye on the letter to my sister, which lay unfinished on the table; nay, once even when her attention had been particularly solicited to some extraordinary attitudes into which the little dogs had been severely bidden to put themselves *for her express amusement*.

But these canine exhibitions were nothing to the one with which we were afterwards threatened; for my mother's high commendations of the little gentleman of four years old, induced his sisters to propose to their mother that he should 'let Mrs. Dermont hear how well he could *spout*!'—Thinks I-to-myself, in some confusion, '*spout* what? where? how?' I soon found, however, that it only meant, that he should entertain us with a specimen of his premature memory and oratorical talents, by *speaking a speech*. Strong solicitations were accordingly made to little Master, to begin the required display of his rhetorical abilities, but whether it were on account of shyness, or indolence, or sulkiness, or caprice, or, in short, merely that little Master was not in a spouting cue, he betrayed such an obstinate repugnance to the task imposed upon him, that it required all the solicitations of the rest of the party to induce him to make the smallest advances towards the exhibition proposed. Each of his sisters went down on her knees to coax him, while Mrs. Fidget

huffed and coaxed, and coaxed and huffed by turns, till she was almost tired of it—now promising such a load of sweetmeats as soon as he got home if he would but begin, and in the same breath threatening the severest application of the rod if he did not instantly comply—at one time kissing him and hugging him, with a ‘Now, do, my dearest love, be a man and speak your speech;’ at another almost shaking his head off his shoulders, with a ‘stupid-boy! how can you be so naughty before company?’ At last, however, upon my mother’s tapping the pretty child under the chin, and taking him kindly by the hand, and expressing (Heaven bless her!) the most ardent wish and desire to be indulged, he did condescend to advance into the middle of the room, and was upon the point of beginning, when Mrs. Fidget most considerately interposed, to procure him to put his right foot a little forwarder, with the toe more out, and to direct him about the proper motion, that is, the up-lifting and down-dropping of his right arm during the performance—one of his sisters, in the mean time, seating herself near him, for fear of any accidental slip or failure in the young gentleman’s miraculous memory.

His first attempt was upon Pope’s Universal Prayer, but unfortunately, of the fourth line, he managed constantly to make but one word, and that so odd a one, that the sound but ill atoned for the manifest ignorance of the sense.

Father of all, in every age,  
In every clime adored,  
By saint, by savage, and by sage,  
Jovajovalord!

*Jovajovalord!* This was the word, and the only word that could be got out of his mouth, and *Thinks-I-to-myself*, it would be well if no greater blunders had ever been committed with regard to that insidious line; however, in consequence of this invincible misnomer, the Universal Prayer was laid by, and other pieces successively proposed, till it was at length unanimously determined, that what he shone most in, was King Lear’s Address to the tempest, and this was accordingly fixed upon as his chef-d’œuvre in the art of oratory. Some preliminaries, however, in this instance, appeared to be necessary. It was not reasonable to suppose young Master could address a storm without some sort of symptoms at least of a real storm. It was agreed upon

therefore, that he should not commence his speech till he heard a rumbling noise proceed from the company present, and we were all desired to bear our part in this fictitious thunder; how we all thundered, I cannot pretend to say, but so it was, that, in due time, by the aid of such noises as we could severally and jointly contribute, the storm began most nobly, when the young orator stepping forward, his eyes and right hand raised, and his right foot protruded, secundum artem, he thus began :

‘ Blow winds and cack your cheeks.’

‘ Crack your cheeks, my love,’ says his sister in great haste and agitation ; ‘ What can you mean by *cack your cheeks* ? What’s that, pray ? ’ ‘ Ay, what is that ? ’ says Mrs Fidgets ; — ‘ but I believe, Ma’am,’ adds she, turning to my mother, ‘ I must make his excuses for him ; you must know he cannot be brought yet to pronounce an *R*, do all we can, so that he always leaves it quite out, as in the case of *cack* for *crack*, or he pronounces it exactly like a *W*. ’ Thinks-I-to-myself, many do the like. ‘ We choose speeches for him, therefore,’ continues Mrs. Fidget, ‘ in which there are many *R*’s, on purpose to conquer the difficulty, if we can ; begin again, my dear,’ says she, ‘ and pray remember not to leave out your *R R*’s.’—So he began afresh ;

‘ Blow winds and ctwack your cheeks ! ’

‘ *Cwack*,’ says Mrs. Fidget, ‘ why that is almost as bad ; try again. ’

This stop and impediment, however, was fatal to the young orator’s progress, and therefore at last, Mrs. Fidget being rested; they all proposed to go. Thinks-I-to-myself, now my poor mother will be happy again ! but she, good soul, seemed to have got quite fond of them, in consequence of the extraordinary length of their stay—she could not now so easily part with them :—she was sure Mrs. Fidget could not be thoroughly rested—the clock had but just struck two : if they would but stay a little longer, my father would be come home from his ride, and he would be greatly mortified to miss seeing them ; but nothing would do :—go they must.—Thinks-I-to-myself, now a fig for your friendship, Mrs. Fidget :—what ! not stay when my mother so earnestly presses it ! not stay, when she declares your going will

justify my worthy father ! No, nothing would stop them ; —away they went ;—not, however, indeed, without sundry promises on their part soon to call again, and divers most earnest entreaties on my mother's, on no account to forget it.

They were scarce got out of the front door before my father entered : ' Are they really all gone at last ? ' says he, ' I thought they would have staid till dooms-day : Who, in the world, were they all ? ' ' O dear,' says my mother, ' why Mrs. Fidget and all her tribe ; girls and boy, and two pugs-dogs.' ' Thank my stars, I escaped them,' says my father. Thinks-I-to-myself, great symptoms of mortification my dear father shows at having had the misfortune to miss seeing them ! ' I declare,' says my mother, it is abominable to break in upon one in this manner : It was impossible to entertain such a group ; so while Mrs. Fidget and I were in conversation, her young people and the dogs had nothing to do but to tease the bird, and dirty the furniture ; that little monkey of a boy is always in mischief ; I could freely have boxed his ears ; I thought he would have killed my poor bird ; I was in the midst of a letter to Caroline, and now it's too late for the post ; how Mrs. Fidget can spend all her time in visiting and walking about in the manner she does, I cannot conceive : I am to take it as a great and singular favour, she tells me, as she always does every time she comes, thinking, I suppose, that I don't know she is never at home,—I think she'll lose that boy ; I never saw such a puny sickly child in my life !—Thinks-I-to-myself,—O poor Mrs. Fidget :—*fine stout boy of its age !*

My father, with a great deal of good breeding in general, was a plain blunt man in the mode of expressing his sentiments ; so that my mother had scarcely finished what she had to say, but my father burst out—' Tiresome woman,' says he, ' she ought to be confined ; she's always wandering about with a tribe of children and dogs at her heels :—there's poor Mrs. Creepmouse is quite ill from her visits ; you know what a nervous creature she is.' My father would have gone on ever so long, probably in this strain, had not the servant entered with a note ; which my mother immediately opened, and read aloud ; the contents being to the following effect :—' Mr. and Mrs. Meekin present their compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Dermont, and shall be extremely happy to have the honour of their company to dinner on Saturday next at five o'clock.' Thinks-I-to-myself, how

civil, how polite, and obliging! The servant was ordered to withdraw, and tell the messenger to wait. As soon as he was gone, 'Good God!' says my father, 'these people will never let us alone;—surely we dined there last:—'my mother thought not;—my father thought they were forever dining there;—my mother convinced him by a reference to her pocket-book, that Mr. and Mrs. Meekin were quite right as to the balance of debtor and creditor;—'Well, only take care,' says my father, 'that we do not get into a habit of dining there above once or twice a year at the utmost; it is really too great a sacrifice.' 'What, do you mean to go, then?' says my mother. 'Go,' says my father, 'why I suppose we must.' 'I wish they were further,' says my dear mother; 'I wish they were at Jericho,' says my dear father: 'I had rather do any thing than go on Saturday,' says my mother: 'I had rather be hanged than ever go,' says my father, 'it is such an intolerable bore.' 'Well,' says my mother, 'but the servant's waiting.' So she took the pen, and away she wrote two or three lines in a moment: 'There,' says she to my father, 'will that do?' Thinks-I-to-myself, *short* and *sharp* probably! My father, happily for me, read it aloud: 'Mr. and Mrs. Dermont return their compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Meekin, and will wait upon them with the greatest pleasure on Saturday to dinner.' Thinks-I-to-myself, well done my sweet-tempered mamma! how mild and how forgiving! but my father surprised me most; instead of throwing it into the fire as I expected, he declared it would not only do, but do vastly well:—he therefore sealed it himself, rang the bell, gave it to the servant, and desired that they would give their best compliments:—'And mind,' says he, 'you ask the servant how they all do; be sure you make him understand.' Thinks-I-to-myself, what heavenly mindedness! what christian charity!

I expected the servant every moment to return with an account of our friends' health; but no such thing; my father and mother seemed to have quite forgot they had made the inquiry. I ventured to remind them of the servant's neglect. 'Ah!' says my father, 'my boy, *you don't know the world.*'

## RICHARDSON.\*

SAMUEL RICHARDSON is an extraordinary *male* writer. Had he belonged to the other sex, there would have been little puzzle about his character—we could have set him down as a clever gossip; but as it stands, he is quite an anomaly in literature, and must forever excite our wonder how a gentleman with a wife and family—a gentleman in a brown coat and top-boots—could possibly write such interesting *womanish* works as *Clarissa Harlowe*, and *Pamela*.

PAMELA was his first work, and it was the first novel *we* ever read. We remember we were mere schoolboys when our grandmother was persuaded by an intolerable bore to take it out in numbers. She (good woman) was no novel-reader—she would not have read one for the world,—but how could she ever imagine that a book was one which bore such a title as—“*Pamela, or Virtue Rewarded: In a series of familiar Letters from a beautiful young Damsel to her Parents: Published in order to cultivate the principles of Virtue and Religion in the minds of both sexes: A narrative which has its foundation in Truth; and, at the same time that it agreeably entertains, by a variety of curious and affecting incidents, is entirely divested of all those images which, in too many pieces calculated for amusement only, tend to inflame the minds they should instruct: By Mr. Samuel Richardson.*”—She believed every word of it, as she did her Bible: and in the winter evenings, after tea, when the household was assembled, she

\* Richardson was born in Derbyshire, in 1689, and was for many years a respectable printer in London, to which business he served an apprenticeship. He died in 1761, leaving a considerable fortune, and the character of a plain, industrious, good man. His *Pamela* was published in 1751-2;—*Clarissa Harlowe* in 1751;—and *Charles Grandison* in 1754.

would read aloud to the listening family, page after page, with the most supreme satisfaction—snuffing and commenting at every paragraph—and never stopping short, except when she lighted upon some thrilling passage of the bewitching author, where her voice would fail her, and her lip would quiver, and she could not go on for very fulness of heart. On these evenings, seated on our little stool, at her feet, how we drank every word that fell from her lips!—And then, in the mornings, we would be up long before the family, gorging the overnight's fragments, until we became lost to every thing else—our sports as well as our lessons—and went dreaming about all day long of Mrs. Jervis, and Mrs. Jewkes, and Lady Davers, and Sir Jacob Swynford, and Miss Darnford, and Lord H., and Polly, and old Jonathan, and Colbrand, and the whole family down to the scullion.

It will not be expected, therefore, that we speak otherwise than favourably of our 'first love'—of the book which has given a bent to all our future studies,—and indeed we still recur to its pages with delight, heightened by the recollections of memory,—yet, in reasonable moments, we see its imperfections as others do, and are, in particular, not insensible to the prominent fault of holding *her* up as a pattern of virtue, who was ready to unite herself to a notorious rake, that had made a series of mean attempts upon her honour, *provided the union was in a legal way*. Richardson lost himself by attempting too much. In his endeavours to heighten the character of Pamela, he makes her unnatural; and the same may be said of his Sir Charles Grandison, 'that prince of coxcombs.' He thought it was best to make his amiable characters superlatively good, as those who might follow them were more likely to go farther in their imitation than if the characters were merely amiable—just as a marksman by aiming at the stars, would be more likely to shoot higher than

if his aim were less ambitious; but he should have considered that, by placing the mark beyond our reach, the attempt to gain it would never be made—that, as an archer would never think of making a star his popinjay, neither would we think of making Sir Charles our pattern. Sir Charles cannot be imitated, because he goes beyond any thing in human nature, and he cannot be loved for the same reason. The praises, indeed, which the author unceasingly lavishes upon him become loathsome: we can scarcely read a page without being teased with the never-ending strain of laudation. In looking over a single volume out of a seven-volume copy, we find such exclamations as these:—‘Wonderful man’—‘Noble-minded man’—‘The best of men’—‘What a man is this?’—‘The best of men’ (again)—‘Excellent man’—‘A good man’—‘The dear man’—‘The loveliest and the most undaunted, yet noblest looking of youths’—‘Excellent Sir Charles Grandison’—‘The tender husband’—‘The domestic man, the cheerful friend, the kind master, the enlivening companion, the polite neighbour’—‘The most delicate-minded of men’—‘The most just, the most generous of men’—‘The dearest, best of men’—‘Dearest of men’—‘The good man’—‘The best of men and of husbands’—‘Such a man’—‘The generous man’—‘The life of every company and of every individual’—‘The dear man’—‘The next to divine man’—‘Tenderest of husbands, kindest and most considerate of men’—‘The penetrating man’—‘The politest of men’—‘The best of husbands’—‘The soul of us all’—‘The most dutiful of sons, the most affectionate of brothers, the most faithful of friends.’ But these are not quite so distasteful as other expressions which we find in the same volume, some of which border upon blasphemy:—‘Charming behaviour’—‘All condescension’—‘Cheerful goodness’—‘How did he shine’—



‘Every person in raptures’—‘Unaffected dignity’—  
 ‘So pious; so good’—‘Oh, how he charmed them  
 all’—‘His beneficence’—‘Excellent heart’—‘Never  
 was there a more expanded heart’—‘Blessings  
 on his benevolence’—‘All the graces of gentle per-  
 suasion are his’—‘*He imitates God*’—‘*Divine phil-  
 anthropy*’—‘*Godlike instances of goodness*,’ &c. &c.

We must not, however, dwell on the faults of a  
 writer whose excellences are so many and so great.  
 The Lady Clementina is a character that would re-  
 deem a novel infinitely more objectionable than Sir  
 Charles Grandison. The two volumes that relate  
 to her are, perhaps, the best of Richardson’s works.  
 Then there is CLARISSA HARLOWE, which, as a  
 whole, is certainly the greatest of the author’s ef-  
 forts; and it may be questioned, if, in the whole  
 range of fictitious writing, two characters claim  
 more interest, or take deeper hold on the sympathy  
 of the reader, than the hero and heroine of that  
 work. Still in this, as in all his writings, the au-  
 thor overdoes his scenes, and dwells so minutely on  
 trifles, that, if he has not been read in early life,  
 he has little likelihood of being read when one has  
 entered upon the business and cares of mature  
 years.

#### TRIAL SCENE IN PAMELA.

I AM commanded, my dear lady, now to write particu-  
 larly my trial. The reason will appear in its place. And,  
 Oh! congratulate me, my dear, dear lady! for I am hap-  
 py, and shall be happier than I ever was; and that I  
 thought, so did every body, was impossible. But I will  
 not anticipate the account of my trial, and the effects, the  
 blessed effects it has produced. Thus, then, it was:

Mr. B. came up, with great impatience in his looks. I  
 met him at my chamber-door, with as sedate a countenance  
 as I possibly could put on, and my heart was high with my  
 purpose, and supported me better than I could have expect-  
 ed. Yet on recollection, now I impute to myself something

of that kind of magnanimity, that was wont to inspire the innocent sufferers of old, for a still worthier cause than mine; though their motives could hardly be more pure, in that one hope I had, to be an humble means of saving the man I love and honour, from errors that might be fatal to his soul.

I took his hand with boldness:—‘Dear Sir,’ leading him to my closet, ‘here is the bar, at which I am to take my trial,’ pointing to the back of three chairs, which I had placed in a joined row, leaving just room to go by on each side. ‘You must give me, Sir, all my own way; this is the first, and perhaps the last time, that I shall desire it. Nay, dear Sir,’ turning my face from him, ‘look not upon me with an eye of tenderness: if you do, I may lose my purposes, important to me as they are; and however fantastic my behaviour may seem to you, I want not to move your passions (for the good impressions made upon them, may be too easily dissipated, by the winds of *sense*)—but *your reason*, and if that can be done, I am safe, and shall fear no relapse.’ ‘What means all this parade, my dear? Let me perish,’ that was his word, ‘if I know how to account for *you* or your *humour*.’ ‘You *will* presently, Sir. But give me all my way—I pray you do, this once—this one time only!’ ‘Well, so, this is your bar, is it? There’s an elbow-chair, I see; take your place in it, Pamela, and here I’ll stand to answer all your questions.’ ‘No, Sir, that must not be.’ So I boldly led him to the elbow-chair. ‘You are the judge, Sir; it is I that am to be tried. Yet I will not say I am a criminal. I know I am not. But that must be proved, Sir, you know.’ ‘Well, take your way; but I fear for your head, my dear, in all this.’ ‘I fear only my heart, Sir, that’s all! but there you must sit—So here,’ (retiring to the three chairs, and leaning on the backs,) ‘here I stand. And now, my dearest Mr. B. you must begin first: when you showed me the House of Peers, their bar, at which causes are heard, and sometimes peers are tried, looked awful to me; and the present occasion requires that this should. Now, dear Sir, you must be my accuser, as well as my judge.’ ‘I have nothing to accuse you of, my dear, if I must give into your moving whimsy. You are every thing I wish you to be. But for the last month you have seemed to be uneasy, and have not done me the justice to acquaint me with your reasons for it.’

‘I was in hopes my reasons might have proved to be no reasons; and I would not trouble you with my ungrounded apprehensions. But now, Sir, we are come directly to the point; and methinks I stand here as Paul before Felix; and, like that poor prisoner, if I Sir, reason of *righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come*, even to make you, as the great Felix did, tremble, don’t put me off to *another day*, to a *more convenient season*, as that governor did Paul; for you must bear patiently with all I have to say.’ ‘Strange, uncommon girl! how unaccountable is all this!—Pr’ythee, my dear,’ and he pulled a chair by him, ‘come and sit down by me, and without these romantic airs let me hear all you have to say; and tease me not with this parade.’ ‘No, Sir, let me stand, if you please while I *can* stand; when I am weary, I will sit down at my bar. Now, Sir, since you are so good as to say, you have nothing but change of temper to accuse me of, I am to answer to that, and assign a cause; and I will do it without evasion or reserve: but I beseech you say not one word, but Yes or No, to my questions, till I have said all I have to say, and then you shall find me all silence and resignation.’ ‘Well, my strange dear! But sure your head is a little turned! What is your question?’ ‘Whether, Sir, the Nun—I speak boldly; the case requires it—who followed you at the Masquerade every where, is not the Countess of——?’ ‘What then, my dear?’—(speaking with quickness)—‘I *thought* the occasion of your sullenness and reserve was this!—But, Pamela——’ ‘Nay, Sir,’ interrupted I, ‘only Yes or No if you please; I will be all silence by-and-by.’ ‘Yes, then.’ ‘Well, Sir, then let me *tell* you, for I *ask* you not, (it may be too bold in me to multiply questions) that she *loves* you; that you correspond by letters with her—Yes Sir, *before* that letter from her ladyship came, which you received from my hand in so short and angry a manner, for fear I should have had a curiosity to see its contents, which would have been inexcusable in me, I own, if I had. You have talked over to her all your polygamy notions, and her ladyship seems so well convinced of them, that she has declared to her noble uncle, (who expostulated with her on the occasions she gave for talk) that she had rather be a certain gentleman’s second wife, than the first to the greatest man in England: and you are but just returned from a journey to Tunbridge in which that lady was a party; and the motive for it, I am acquainted with, by a letter here in my hand.’

He was displeased and frowned: I looked down, being resolved not to be terrified if I could help it. 'I have cautioned you, Pamela—' 'I know you have, Sir, interrupted I; but be pleased to answer me. Has not the Countess taken a house or lodgings at Tunbridge?' 'She has:—and what then?' 'And is her ladyship there or in town?' 'There—and what then?' 'Are you to go to Tunbridge, Sir, soon, or not?—Be pleased to answer me but that one question.' 'I *will* know,' rising up in anger, 'your informants, Pamela.' 'Dear Sir, so you shall, in proper time: you shall know all, as soon as I am convinced, that your wrath will not be attended with bad consequences to yourself and others. That is wholly the cause of my reserve in this point; for I have not a thought, and never had, since I have been yours, that I wish to be concealed from you. But, dear Sir, your knowledge of the informants make nothing at all as to the truth of the information—Nor will I press you too home. I doubt not, you are soon to go down to Tunbridge again.' 'I *am*, and what then? Must the consequence be crime enough to warrant your jealousy?'

'Dear Sir, don't be so very angry,' still looking down; for I durst not trust myself to look up. 'I don't do this as you charged me in your letter, in a spirit of matrimonial re- crimination: if you don't tell me, that you see the Countess with pleasure, I *ask* it not of you; nor have I any thing to say by way of upbraiding. 'Tis my misfortune, that she is too lovely, and too attractive: and it is the less wonder that a fine young gentleman as you are, and a fine young lady as she is, should engage one another's affections. I knew every thing, except what this letter, which you shall read presently, communicates, when you brought the two noble sisters to visit me: hence proceeded my grief; and should I, Sir, have deserved to be what I am, if I was not grieved? Religion has helped me, and God has answered my supplications and enabled me to act this new and uncommon part before you at this imaginary bar. You shall see, Sir, that as, on one hand, I want not, as I said before, to move your passions in my favour; so, on the other, I shall not be terrified by your displeasure, dreaded by me as it used to be, and as it will be again, the moment that my raised spirits sink down to their usual level, or are diverted from this my long meditated purpose, to tell you all my mind. I repeat then, Sir, that I knew all this when the two noble sisters came to

visit your poor girl, and to see your Billy. Yet, *grave* as the Countess called me, (dear Sir! might I not well be grave, knowing what I knew?) did I betray any impatience of speech or action, or any discomposure? No Sir,' patting my hand on my breast, '*here* all my discomposure lay, struggling, vehemently struggling, now-and-then, and wanting that vent of my eyes, which it seems (overcome by my joy, to hear myself favourably spoken of by you and the lady) it *too soon* made itself. But I could not help it—You might have seen, Sir, I could not. But I want neither to recriminate or expostulate; nor yet, Sir, to form excuses for my general conduct; for that you accuse not in the main—but be pleased, Sir, to read this letter. It was brought by the penny-post, as you'll see by the mark. Who the writer is, I know not. And did *you*, Sir, that knowledge, and your resentment upon it, will not alter the fact, or give it a more favourable appearance.'

I stepped to him, and giving him the letter, came back to my bar, and sat down on one of the chairs while he read it, drying my eyes; for they would overflow as I talked, do what I could. He was much moved at the contents of this letter: called it damned malice, and hoped he might find out the author of it, saying he would advertise 500 guineas reward for the discoverer. He put the letter in his pocket. 'Well, Pamela, you believe all that you have said, no doubt; and this matter has a black appearance. indeed, if you do. But who was your *first* informant? Was that by letter or personally? That damned Turner, I doubt not, is at the bottom of all this. The vain coxcomb has had the insolence to imagine the Countess would favour an address of his; and is enraged to meet with a repulse; and has taken liberties upon it, that have given birth to all the scandals which have been scattered about on this occasion. Nor do I doubt but he has been the Serpent at the ear of my Eve.' I stood up at my bar, and said—'Don't be too hasty, Sir, in your judgment—You *may* be mistaken.' 'But *am* I mistaken, Pamela? You never yet told me an untruth in cases the most important to you to conceal. *Am* I mistaken?' 'Dear Sir, if I should tell you it is *not* Mr. Turner, you'll guess at somebody else: and what avails all this to the matter in hand? You are your own master, and must stand or fall by your own conscience. God grant that *that* may acquit you! But my intention is not either to accuse or upbraid

you.' 'But, my dear, to the fact, then:—This is a malicious and a villainous piece of intelligence, given you, perhaps, for the sake of designs and views, that may not yet be proper to be avowed.' 'By God's grace, Sir, I defy all designs and views of any one upon my honour!' 'But, my dear, the charge is basely false; we have not agreed upon any such way of life.' 'Well, Sir, all this only proves, that the intelligence may be a little premature. But now let me, Sir, sit down one minute or two, to recover my failing spirits, and then I'll tell you all I propose to do, and all I have to say, and that with as much brevity as I can, for fear neither my head nor my heart should perform the parts I have been so long endeavouring to prevail upon them to perform.'

I sat down then, he taking the letter out of his pocket, and looking upon it again, with much vexation and anger in his countenance, and after a few tears and sobs, that would needs be so officious as to offer their services unbidden and undesired, to introduce what I had to say; I rose up, my feet trembling, as well as my knees; which, however, leaning against the seats of the chairs, which made my bar, as my hand held by the back, tolerably supported me, I cleared my voice, wiped my eyes, and said—

'You have all the excuses, dear Mr. B., that a gentleman can have in the object of your present passion.' 'Present passion, Pamela!' 'Dear Sir, hear me out without interruption.—The Countess is a charming lady. She excels your poor girl in all those outward graces of form, which your kind fancy (more valued by me than the opinion of all the world besides) had made you attribute to me. And she has all those additional advantages, as nobleness of birth, of alliance, and deportment, which I want, (happy for you, Sir, that you had known her ladyship some months ago, before you disgraced yourself by the honours you have done me!) This therefore frees you from the aggravated crime of those, who prefer to their own ladies less amiable and less deserving persons; and I have not the sting which those must have, who are contemned and ill treated for the sake of their inferiors. Yet cannot the Countess love you better than your girl loves you, not even for your person, which must, I doubt, be *her* principal attachment; when I can truly say, all noble and attracting to the outward eye as it is, that is the least consideration by far with me; no, Sir, it is your mind, your generous and beneficent mind, that is

the principal object of my affection; and the pride I took in hoping that I might be an humble means, in the hands of Providence, to bless you *hereafter* as well as *here*, gave me more pleasure than all the blessings I reaped from your name or your fortune. Judge then, my dearest Mr. B., what my grief and my disappointment must be! But I will not expostulate, I *will not*, because it *must* be to no purpose; for could my fondness for you, and my watchful duty to you, have kept you steady, I should not *now* have appeared before you in this solemn manner; and I know the charms of my rival are too powerful for me to contend with. Nothing but divine grace can touch your heart; and that I expect not, from the nature of the case, should be instantaneous. I will, therefore, Sir, dear as you are to me (—Don't look with such tender surprise upon me!) give up your person to my happier, to my *worthier* rival. For, since such is your will, and such seem to be your engagements, what avails it to me to oppose them? I have only to beg, therefore, that you will be so good as to permit ~~me~~ to go down to Kent, to my dear parents, who, with many more, are daily rejoicing in your favour and bounty. I will there, (holding up my folded hands) 'pray for you every hour of my life; and for every one who shall be dear to you, not excepting your charming Countess. I will never take your name into my lips, nor suffer any other in my hearing, but with reverence and gratitude, for the good I and mine *have* reaped at your hands; nor will I wish to be freed from my obligations to you, except you shall choose to be divorced from me; and if you should, I will give your wishes all the forwardness that I honourably can, with regard to my own character and yours, and that of your beloved baby. But you must give me something worth living for along with me; your Billy and mine;—unless it is your desire to kill me quite! and then, 'tis done, and nothing will stand in your happy Countess's way if you tear from my arms my *second* earthly good after I am deprived of you my *first*. I will there, Sir, dedicate all my time to my first duties; happier far, than once I could have hoped to be! And if, by any accident, and misunderstanding between you, you should part by consent, and you will have it so, my heart shall be ever yours, and my hopes shall be resumed of being an instrument still for your future good, and I will receive your returning ever-valued heart, as if nothing had happened, the moment I can

be sure it will be wholly mine. For, think not, dear Sir, whatever be your notions of polygamy, that I will, were my life to depend upon it, consent to live with a gentleman, dear as, God is my witness,' (lifting up my tearful eyes) 'you are to me, who lives in what I cannot but think open sin with another ! You *know*, Sir, and I appeal to you for the purity, and I will aver piety, of my motives, when I say this, that I *would not* ; and as you do know this, I cannot doubt, but my proposal will be agreeable to you both. And I beg of you, dear Sir, to take me at my word ; and don't let me be tortured, as I have been so many weeks, with such anguish of mind, that nothing but religious considerations can make supportable to me.'

'And are you in earnest, Pamela ?' coming to me, and folding me in his arms over the chair's back, the seat of which supported my trembling knees—'Can you so easily part with me ?'

'I can, Sir, and I will !—rather than divide my interest in you, knowingly, with any lady upon earth. But say not, however, can I part with you, Sir ; it is you that part with me ; and tell me, Sir, tell me but what you had intended should become of me ?'

'You talk to me, my dearest life, as if all you had heard against me was true ; and you would have me answer you, (would you ?) as if it was.'

'I want nothing to convince me, Sir, that the Countess loves you ; you know the rest of my information ; judge for me, what I can, what I ought to believe !—You know the rumours of the world concerning you : even I, who stay so much at home, and have not taken the least pains to find out my wretchedness, nor to confirm it, since I knew it, have come to the hearing of it ; and if you know the license taken with both your characters, and yet correspond so openly, must it not look to me, that you value not your honour in the world's eye, nor my lady hers ? I told you, Sir, the answer she made to her uncle.'

'You told me, my dear, as you were told. Be tender of a lady's reputation—for your own sake. No one is exempted from calumny ; and even words said, and the occasion of saying them not known, may bear a very different construction from what they would have done, had the occasion been told.'

'This may be all true, Sir : I wish the lady would be as  
Vol. II. F



tender of her reputation as I would be, let her injure me in your affections as she will. But can you say, Sir, that there is nothing between you, that should *not* be according to *my* notions of virtue and honour, and according to your *own*, which I took pride in, before that fatal masquerade?

‘You answer me not,’ continued I; ‘and may I not fairly presume you are not able to answer me as I wish to be answered? But come, dearest Sir,’ (and I put my arms round his neck) ‘let me not urge you too boldly. I will never forget your benefits and your past kindnesses to me. I have been a happy creature: no one, till within these few weeks, was ever so happy as I. I will love you still with a passion as ardent as ever I loved you. Absence cannot lessen such a love as mine: I am sure it cannot. I see your difficulties. You have gone too far to recede. If you can make it easy to your conscience, I will wait with patience my happier destiny; and I will wish to live, (if I can be convinced you wish me not to die) in order to pray for you, and to be a directress to the first education of my dearest baby. You sigh, dear Sir; repose your beloved face next to my fond heart. ’Tis all your own: and ever shall be, let it, or let it not, be worthy of the honour in your estimation. But yet, my dear Mr. B., if one could as easily, in the prime of sensual youth, look twenty years forward, as one can twenty years backward, what an empty vanity, what a mere nothing, will be all those grosser satisfactions, that now give wings of desire to our debased appetites! Motives of religion will have their due force upon *your* mind one day, I hope; as, blessed be God, they have enabled *me* to talk to you on such a touching point (after infinite struggles, I own) with so much temper and resignation; and then, my dearest Mr. B., when we come to that last bed, from which the piety of our friends shall lift us, but from which we shall never be able to raise ourselves; for, dear Sir, your Countess, and you, and your poor Pamela, must all come to this!—we shall find what it is will give us the true joy, and enable us to support the pangs of the dying hour.—Think you, my dearest Sir,’ (and I pressed my lips to his forehead, as his head was reclined on my throbbing bosom,) ‘that *then*, in that important moment, what now gives us the greatest pleasure, will have any part in our consideration, but as it may give us *wo* or comfort in the reflection? But I will not, I will not, O best beloved of my soul, afflict you farther.—

Why should I thus sadden all your gaudy prospects? I have said enough to such a heart as yours, if divine grace touches it. And if not, all I can say will be of no avail!—I will leave you therefore to that, and to your own reflections. And after giving you ten thousand thanks for your kind, your indulgent patience with me, I will only beg, that I may set out in a week for Kent, with my dear Billy; that you will receive one letter at least, from me, of gratitude and blessings; it shall not be of upbraidings and exclamations. But my child you must not deny me; for I shall haunt, like his shadow, every place wherein you shall put my Billy, if you should be so unkind to deny him to me!—And, if, moreover, you will permit me to have the dear Miss Goodwin with me, as you had almost given me room to hope, I will read me over all the books of education, and digest them, as well as I am able, in order to send you my scheme, and to show you how fit I hope your *indulgence*, at least, will make you think me, of having two such precious trusts reposed in me!’

I was silent, waiting in tears his answer. But his generous heart was touched, and seemed to labour within him for expression. He came round to me at last, and took me in his arms. ‘Exalted creature!’ said he; ‘noble minded Pamela! Let no bar be put between us henceforth! No wonder, when one looks back to your first promising dawn of excellence, that your faller day should thus irresistibly dazzle such weak eyes as mine. Whatever it costs me, and I have been inconsiderately led on by blind passion for an object too charming, but which I never thought equal to my Pamela, I will (for it is yet, I bless God, in my power) restore to your virtue a husband all your own.’

‘O Sir, Sir!’ (and I should have sunk down with joy, had not his kind arms supported me) ‘what have you said?—Can I be so happy as to behold you innocent as to deed! God, of his infinite goodness, continue you both so! And Oh! that the dear lady would make me as truly love her, for the graces of her mind, as I admire her for the advantages of her person!’

‘You are virtue itself, my dearest life; and from this moment I will reverence you as my tutelary angel. I shall behold you with awe, and implicitly give up myself to all your dictates: for what you *say*, and what you *do*, must be ever right.—But I will not, my dearest life, too lavishly

promise, lest you should think it the sudden effect of passions thus movingly touched, and which may subside again, when the soul, as you observed in your own case, sinks to its former level; but this I promise you, (and I hope you believe me, and will pardon the pain I have given you, which made me fear, more than once, that your head was affected, so *uncommon*, yet so *like yourself*, has been the manner of your acting) that I will break off a correspondence that has given you so much uneasiness; and my Pamela may believe, that if I can be as good as my word in this point, she will never more be in danger of any rival whatever.

‘But say, my dear love,’ (added he) ‘say you forgive me; and resume but your former cheerfulness, and affectionate regards to me; else I shall suspect the sincerity of your forgiveness: and you shall indeed go to Kent; but not without me nor your boy either; and if you insist upon it, the poor child you have wished so often and so generously to have, shall be given up absolutely to your disposal.’

Do you think, Madam, I could speak any one distinct sentence? No indeed I could not—‘Pardon, pardon you dear Sir!’—and I sunk down on my knees, from his arms—‘All I beg—All I hope—Your pardon—*my* thankfulness.—O spare me—spare me but words’—And indeed I was just choked with my joy; I never was so in my whole life before. And my eyes were in a manner fixed, as the dear man told me afterwards; and that he was a little startled, seeing nothing but the whites; for the sight was out of its orbits, in a manner lifted up to heaven—in ecstasy for a turn so sudden, and so unexpected!

---

### THOMAS SKINNER SURR.

ABOUT twenty years ago, SURR was a fashionable and popular novelist; and it is but proper to give a specimen of him. His novels had the merit of being readable at a time when scarcely any thing but trash filled that department of literature. The titles of them are: ‘Consequences,’ 2 vols.—‘George Barnwell,’ 3 vols.—‘Splendid Misery,’ (his most popular

one) 3 vols.—‘*Magic of Wealth*,’ 3 vols.—and ‘*Winter in London*,’ 3 vols. These are still to be found in every circulating library. Our extract is from the last work, which was published in 1806, and although it is not quite characteristic of the author, we prefer it as a very clever piece of biography—resembling some of the spirited sketches of Miss Edgeworth.

### THE FOUNDER OF A FAMILY.

Mr. Sawyer Dickens was universally known as one of the wealthiest commoners in England. There was not wanting, however, some persons with strong memories who recollected that the origin of the wealthy banker was far from splendid. In truth, the first property acquired by the father of Mr. Dickens was obtained by the application of his talents and industry to the useful employments of cleaning boots and shoes, and knives and forks at a public house in the neighborhood of Newgate Market. Ned Dickens was indebted to Yorkshire for his birth, parentage, and education, and was a firm and sincere professor of that celebrated creed, ‘that pence get shillings, and shillings get pounds.’ This faith enabled him to endure with patience and humility, many a cuff and kick, and cheered him under many a cloud of brick-dust. Thus, a few years’ devotion to these pursuits enabled Ned Dickens to become a creditor of the nation, to the amount of fifty pounds five per cent. stock, and promoted him to the rank of waiter. The same saving faith still urged him onward in the rich man’s progress, and shielded him from all temptation to turn aside. ‘A penny saved’s a penny got,’ often rang in his ears, as he cast his little eyes upon the spruce garment of a brother waiter at a neighboring coffee-house, and then surveyed his own old suit of corderoy. To all this personal merit, Fortune added her blind boon, by rendering the existing circumstances precisely such as best agreed with his peculiar genius and disposition. His master died, and bequeathed all his right and title to the house and the good-will of the trade, to his beloved widow, and his hopeful heir Tommy Jones.

Tommy was what at that period was termed a natty  
VOL. II. F 2

spark of eighteen, and the widow Jones was one of the numerous class of foolishly good-natured mothers. Ned was three years older than Tommy, and was at the death of his master, worth nearly two hundred pounds. Vauxhall, Saddler's Wells, and the Dog-and-Duck, became the exchequers into which Tommy Jones, assisted by certain fair friends, regularly paid the receipts of his mother's bar. These, however, were soon found inadequate to support the frolics of this spirited youth; and Ned Dickens's coffers became the budget from which his young master, with due humility and at ample discount, drew his supplies. The thrifty Dickens kept a good account. Thus the idleness and folly of the master enriched the servant; and by the time that Tommy was two and twenty he had broken his mother's heart and spent his last shilling. He then enlisted himself as an East-India soldier, and Mr. Edward Dickens succeeded him as landlord of that house, which, a few years before, he had entered a pennyless and almost naked boy.

With the attainment of such an eminence as this above the level of his ancestors, many a plodder would have been content. Not so Edward Dickens: He was destined to be the *founder of a family*; and this little elevation served only to open to him the brighter paths that still towered above him. He did not halt. At five and twenty he considered that matrimony would have been an expensive clog in his progress, and he consequently resisted, with a Joseph's virtue, all the bewitching lures of widows and maids who were daily surrounding him. To discover poor butchers, poor bakers, poor distillers, and poor excisemen, was Ned's constant study, from a persuasion that his own ready cash would produce more profit in proportion to the greater need of those with whom he bargained.

The scene of action now grew confined, in comparison with his stimulus to exertion. Fortune again befriending him, soon opened a wider field to his talents. Adjoining to his own house was that of Mr. Barton, an eminent man in his trade, which was that of importing rum and brandy in puncheons and pieces, and retailing the same commodities, with a little British addition, in quarters of gills, to the gardeners, butchers, fish-mongers, and their fair assistants, who resorted to Newgate Market. In this traffic Mr. Barton was rapidly acquiring wealth; he was already a common-councilman of the ward, and would, in all probability,

have been lord-mayor of London, but for the carelessness of his housekeeper, who one night forgetting to take off his cravat after his return from a turtle feast, the poor man paid his life a forfeit for an inordinate indulgence of his appetite.

Next morning, no sooner was Edward Dickens informed why the shop of his neighbor was not opened, than he flew to the nephew, who was his heir at law; and who, being a thoughtless young man, then an ensign in the guards, very good naturedly promised that, if he had the power, Mr. Dickens should have the lease and good will of his uncle's house at a fair valuation. This lucky hit, as some called it, but this quick foresight, as he himself justly thought it, proved a considerable advancement in the fortune of Mr. Dickens; for as young Barton lived chiefly at an hotel in St James's Street, he knew nothing of the value of his uncle's concern, and very confidently left the regulation of the whole transaction to a fashionable auctioneer, who in his turn being engaged to sell some pictures and porcelain at the west end of the town, sent a young disciple of seventeen to value the concern, against a deep old practitioner in the city, whom Dickens had engaged. It is an axiom in mercantile morality, to buy as cheap and sell as dear as possible. Therefore though the stock and business of Mr. Barton was certainly worth three thousand pounds, it is not right to infer that any thing like a bribe was the cause of their being assigned over to Mr. Dickens for one. Such was the fact; and from that moment the thrifty Yorkshireman acquired hundreds with more facility than he had before gained pounds.

On his fortieth birth-day Edward Dickens arose worth forty thousand pounds. His residence was then a small house on Garlick Hill; where, with an establishment consisting of a housekeeper, one man-servant, and a clerk whom he had taken from a charity-school as an apprentice, he transacted more business, and gained more thousands, than many of his fraternity who kept their country house and carriages, and left the cares of their business to sixteen careless clerks, and an idle fagging partner.

It was at that epoch of his life that business introduced Mr. Dickens to the acquaintance of Hannah Sawyer, a well looking woman, about his own age, the widow of the chief partner in a Bank at Bristol. He soon discovered that her

husband had died worth at least twice as much as he himself possessed, and he instantly persuaded himself that he had never seen so desirable a woman as this widow. Expensive as it was, he insisted upon lodging the fair prize in his own house during her stay in London, and, for more reasons than he confessed, persisted in accompanying her and one of the surviving partners to Doctors' Commons, with poor Mr. Sawyer's will. His visage lengthened as he heard the clauses read, which condemned fifty thousand pounds of the widow's property to the strong boxes of the bank at Bristol, during the continuation of the present partnership, (which could only be dissolved by unanimous consent), and for which she was only to receive a proportionate rate of the profit arising from the bank. Still, however, there remained thirty thousand pounds unappropriated, and the whole was at her own disposal, with only the above restriction. In vain the gentleman who accompanied the widow from Bristol crossed in between the object of his own hopes and the brandy merchant;—the latter was the favoured admirer.

Mrs. Sawyer had been advanced to the honours of a bride to the Bristol banker from the capacity of a menial servant. In one of those deliriums, which sometimes seize old bachelors, who have scoffed all the days of their youth at matrimony, old Sawyer, at the age of three score and ten, took Hannah his house-maid to wife. She had tenderly nursed the old man in his fits of the gout, for the space of twelve years, and was rewarded for her attention by a bequest of eighty thousand pounds. This fortune, and her own fair hand, Hannah, in less than a month, was prevailed upon to bestow on the 'discreet,' the 'sober,' the 'jolly-looking' Dickens, in preference to the 'conceited,' 'boyish,' 'pragmatical' Mr Willis, the junior partner in the house of Sawyer and Co.

Thus invested with the privileges of a master, the bridegroom repaired to the bank at Bristol, and was in all due form introduced to the partners. Though the education of Mr. Dickens had not extended beyond reading the catechism, he had taught himself to write the word 'Received,' and could sign his own name. For a slight knowledge of figures he was indebted to his love of money, which rendered it indispensable to know how to keep or check his accounts. His interest in the banking concern now caused him to re-

gret the want of a more liberal education, as it puzzled him exceedingly at first to comprehend the arcana of the innermost counting-house. So powerful, however, was his love of gain that his naturally keen penetration, and quickness of apprehension, soon enabled him to form a just estimate of the value of the opportunity which fortune had thus again bestowed on him. The first use he made of his knowledge was to cajole the two junior partners of the house into an abandonment of their shares in his favour, for what appeared to them a splendid remuneration. The two others, he calculated, were old, and though they both had children, he strenuously objected to the admission of any of their progeny into the Bristol bank.

In the meantime his bride, who was a woman of plain good sense, without any thing remarkably vicious or virtuous in her composition, brought this man of wealth a son and heir, who was baptized, in honour of his mother's first husband, by the name of Sawyer. In paying this compliment to his spouse, Dickens, however, had a latent motive; for, as the firm of the bank was still Sawyer & Co. he looked forward the fifth part of a century, when it might still be Sawyer Dickens and Co. with his son at the head of the house. The same cunning made him appear to yield to his wife, in consenting to retain the coach and black geldings, which old Sawyer had sported before him. For though the provender of coachman and horses often cost him a sigh, yet he understood enough of banking, to know that it would ensure his credit to put down an equipage, and he was therefore compelled to go to church in his coach. Similar motives induced him to retain the same household establishment, and to cultivate the same expensive connections which his predecessor had courted.

The experience of every day now brought fresh joy to Mr. Dickens. Seated in his counting-house, with all the consequence of wealth, this Bristol Plutus, who, a few years back, had followed, almost barefoot, the York-waggon to London, now received the bows and the cringing applications of merchants, peers, and even statesmen, for the loan of small parts of that wealth which he had accumulated and acquired. With what rapture did his keen eyes regale themselves upon the bonds, deeds, mortgages, and other securities, which the folly, the extravagance, or the misfortunes of others, poured into his coffers! Every sigh which the embarrassed man breathed in his hearing was a plaudit



to his produce, and the tears which repentant prodigality shed in his sight, proved nutriment to the selfishness which had inspired him with the love of hoarding.

The climax of his prosperity, however, was yet to come. One of the oldest and wealthiest banking houses in the metropolis was reduced to the most imminent danger of bankruptcy, by the imprudent speculations of one of the partners, who had employed immense sums in a foreign concern, which sums accident prevented from recurring to the bank at the expected period. The same cause which occasioned this disastrous disappointment operated upon the mercantile interest in general, and money was not to be obtained at any premium or on any security. The expedient of the government becoming pawnbrokers had not at that time been thought of: no influence, however powerful, at that period, would have availed the unprincipled or unfortunate speculator, by procuring from the country at large a loan of commercial exchequer bills, to prop an individual's credit. The general dismay and distress of that period were, to men like Mr. Dickens, subjects of self-gratulation, and sources of still further gain. He, among the few whose hoards enabled them to avail themselves of such an opportunity, and who had knowledge enough of money affairs to perceive it, aware that the gloom was temporary, purchased the national funds, then beyond all precedent depressed, at such prices as almost doubled his immense property. To crown the whole, the chief partner in the banking-house alluded to, as a last resource to save his tottering credit, applied to Mr. Dickens. Estates in Cumberland, of far greater value than the amount of all their wants, were pledged as a security that the borrowers should replace, at a stated time, in the funds, as much stock, at whatever price it might be purchased, as was now disposed of to supply their need, and for the use of which a premium was given so infamously usurious that it was never named. By this transaction the credit of the banking-house was saved; and, while many of lesser note were shattered to irremediable ruin by the pressure of the times, the house of Darlington and Co. stood firm, or rose, if possible, more proudly eminent than it was before the general shock.

Mr. Darlington was a man of worth and honour. He was descended from the younger branch of a noble family, and was in every respect worthy of his nobility. He had a

son a partner in the bank, whose sanguine temper had been the cause of their embarrassment, and he had a young and lovely daughter. Time, in his ceaseless flight, soon stole away the months between the day of borrowing and the day of payment. The younger Darlington, whose indiscretion had so nearly proved fatal to the house, with a zeal honourable to his memory, determined to repair as much as possible the injury he had occasioned, by visiting, in person, the plantations he had purchased in the West Indies, and inspecting, with his own eyes, the accounts of his agents, which his hopes prompted him to believe exaggerated, if not false. These shadowy hopes, however, vanished before the fatal truth. He found his affairs even worse than they had been represented; still greater losses threatened him—his ardent spirit could not submit to the blow of stern adversity, remorse was followed by despair, he sickened and died upon the plantation. This calamity in a moment dissolved for ever all the fond hopes of the unfortunate father. The bonds to Mr. Dickens thus were forfeited; the mortgaged lands, the mansion of his forefathers, and, in fact, the key to all the property which Darlington possessed, was then in the custody of Dickens, for on his mercy the credit of the bank now poised. The Bristol banker was soon apprised of the state of Darlington's affairs. He felt no surprise: in fact, excepting the death of young Darlington, he had looked to just such a termination of the transaction. Without loss of time he repaired to London, taking with him his son Sawyer Dickens. Knowing by experience the importance of a good education, Dickens had determined to bestow upon this his only child as much learning as he had capacity to receive. For this purpose he had provided him, at home, with the best tutors in all the branches of education, fearing that at a school he might imbibe habits of expense, and idle notions of generosity, a danger from which he well knew he was secure at home.

Thus, at the age of eighteen, Sawyer Dickens was as well stored with acquirements as most boys of the same age educated even at the best public schools. His disposition was marked by nothing remarkably vicious, nor did it display itself in any acts of generosity or kindness. If any trait of his mind was at that early period more conspicuous than another, it was that sort of feeling which has frequently been denominated purse-pride, and which, perhaps, cannot

be more significantly expressed. From his father and his mother he received lessons upon the importance of wealth; and indeed, from all that he saw and heard around him under their roof, he could not fail to imbibe a conviction of the omnipotence of riches. Such was the youth whom Mr. Dickens conveyed with him to town. Their chaise stopped at Mr. Darlington's house, in Cavendish Square, just as the unfortunate man was endeavouring to console his daughter for the death of her brother, and the probable consequences of his debt to Mr. Dickens. He heard the carriage draw up, and saw from the window his unwelcome visitors. 'Good God!' exclaimed the agonized father, drawing his trembling girl to his bosom, 'he is here: the wolf is already here, my child; he is come to devour your father!' Ere he had recovered from the shock, the servant announced Mr. Dickens. Politeness and delicacy were *caviare* to the Bristol banker: he followed the servant, and in a moment he and his son were in the room. Amelia clung round her father, and looked with terror on the intruders. Darlington held his hand to his forehead, and was dumb. Dickens, without ceremony, walked up to him, and taking the other hand, shook it in a friendly manner, while Sawyer riveted to the spot where he entered, was struck with awe at the sight of distress and beauty. Repulsing this freedom, Mr. Darlington, with an effort concealing his tenderer feelings, said, with dignity, 'You are here, Mr. Dickens, rather unexpectedly.' 'Mr. Darlington, I am not a man of words,' replied Mr. Dickens; 'I know your situation, and I am come here on purpose to save the credit of your house.' 'Sir,' said Mr. Darlington, with an emphasis full of meaning, and an expressive glance of the eye. 'You doubt,' said Dickens. 'Yes, Sir,' said Darlington, 'both your will and your power. Could the credit of a banker be sustained in London while his family domains are in the hands of his creditors?' 'Certainly not, replied the other; 'but these are not subjects for children,' looking on Amelia. 'My daughter's distress, Sir, is for a loss that can never be retrieved: my poor boy's zeal has cost him dear.' He was compelled to cover his face with his handkerchief for a moment, then continued:—'Mr. Dickens, you are a father, and—' 'I have my feelings as well as others, as my actions shall prove; but, in this world, Sir, we all know feelings must submit to circumstances.' 'Sir,' said Mr. Darlington,

with mingled sorrow and contempt. 'I would be plainer with you replied Dickens; 'but ——' and again he cast his eyes on Amelia.

'Retire my love, a few minutes,' said Mr. Darlington, handing his daughter to the door. 'Go into another room, Sawyer,' said Mr. Dickens to his son; and the two fathers were alone. 'Mr. Darlington,' said Dickens, smoothing his chin with his right hand, while he placed the other in his breeches pocket—'Mr. Darlington, as I said before, I am not a man of words: I know precisely your situation, Mr. Darlington, and every twist and turn of your affairs, Mr. Darlington. I grieve for the loss of your son, who was certainly a very promising young man, but for this unlucky business. But to the point, Mr. Darlington, you have still a daughter left, Mr. Darlington, and a very fine young creature to be sure she is. Now, Mr. Darlington, two hundred thousand pounds is not to be picked up in the streets; and if it not be forthcoming, why, you know, I may foreclose in a few days, and the thing would soon get wind; and then I leave you to judge, Mr. Darlington, what would be the consequence: bad news flies apace, and a run on the bank would be the upshot, as you must be aware, Mr. Darlington. Now I have been calculating and reckoning these points, and what's the end on't? Why, this, to be sure: that if it was not necessary to raise this sum of two hundred thousand pounds directly, why, in time, things might come round: next year's crop in the West Indies might not be so bad as the last, and the year after that may be better still: so that, if appearances could keep as they are,—why people need be no wiser than they are, you know, Mr. Darlington; and they will bring their money to your counter the same as if it was safe as ever, Mr. Darlington.' The various emotions which this harangue created in the breast of Mr. Darlington are indescribable. Frequently was he upon the point of stopping it short; but desirous of hearing the conclusion, he suffered him to proceed thus far, when the insinuation contained in the last sentence, put him off his guard, and he exclaimed—'Oh, Harry! Oh, my son! now, now I feel the wounds you have inflicted: I am compelled to listen to an insinuation against my honour and my honesty. Your wealth, Sir, and my misfortunes, have given you the power of ruining me, but not of insulting me with impunity.' 'Insult you, Mr. Darlington! Why, your misfortunes have

VOL. II. G

turned your brain. Insulted you!—I came a hundred and twenty miles to hush up matters, and put things straight—and this is called insulting! This may be fine logic, for aught I know, Mr. Darlington; but I'm sure it's not according to my notions of business.' 'What is it but insult, Sir, to suppose that the house of Darlington would receive the money of its customers, when I know that its bankruptcy may take place at any hour you please? No, Sir—no: if such is your intended clemency, I refuse it. Foreclose, instantly, Sir: take possession of Darlington-Hall as soon as you please; advertise it for sale by auction, if you will. It may occasion me to shut up my doors in Lombard-street; but it shall not make me a villain!'

Mr. Dickens stared with astonishment at the warmth of Mr. Darlington; for, in truth, he never meant to convey that meaning by his speech, which the quick sense of honour in Darlington attached to it. 'One word, one word, Mr. Darlington, and I have done,' said Dickens. 'You have run your head against a post, as the saying is; that's no fault of mine; I had no meaning to offend you. To come to the point, for I have always found plain dealing the best road, my meaning was this—You are under bond to pay me two hundred thousand pounds next month, or the estates in Cumberland are mine. Now, I know you can't pay me without shutting your doors in Lombard-street, as you say; and if it comes to be known that I have foreclosed the mortgage, because you can't redeem it, why, it comes to the same thing; for your credit is gone, and then where's your bank? Now, Mr. Darlington, don't be offended again, Mr. Darlington; though I am what I am, through hard working and close-saving,—and though your family, as I have heard, become of lords and earls,—yet Mr. Darlington, my two hundred thousands are as good as a Duke's; and all I say is, Why there it is, and more to that if it is wanted; there's the use of the Bristol bank besides. And for what? you will say. Why for a fair share of the profits; a fair honest share, Mr. Darlington; Edward Dickens is not the man to want more than his own.' Mr. Darlington was staggered. 'If, Sir,' said he, 'I have misconstrued your meaning, I beg your pardon. Now, if I understand you rightly, you are willing to let the money advanced remain in the bank, upon being admitted to a proportional share of the profits; that is, you propose yourself as a partner.' 'Not quite so: I am in years, Mr.

Darlington; my son is coming on apace—eighteen years old last March the fourth. He is a sharp lad, has the best of learning, the very best, Mr. Darlington, that money could buy. You have a daughter ——’ ‘Sir, forgive the interruption,’ said Mr. Darlington, ‘you do not mean, perhaps, to wound me; but a proposal so abrupt, to place the son of another in the situation which the death of my own has so recently made vacant, is not of a nature to be attended to immediately. I thank you, however, for the confidence your proposal evinces. Nay, I will not absolutely refuse it; but I see so many obstacles to it, that in requesting a little time for consideration, I would by no means have you withhold such proceedings as your judgment directs, from any notion of my consent which such a request might imply. You shall hear from me, Sir, as soon as possible; but for the present you must excuse me.’ These sentences were uttered with the interruption of sobs; and then ringing the bell for a servant, he left the room without waiting an instant for Mr. Dickens’ reply. The anguish of the worthy man was extreme, and the appearance of his daughter, who sought to alleviate his sorrow, increased his distress.

In the meantime Dickens and his son quitted the house: the former with no slight degree of astonishment at the conduct of Mr. Darlington. ‘The thing, however, must take that course,’ said he to his son; ‘I am sure it must, Sawyer.—There’s no loop hole. Pride’s in the way: he thinks we are not grand enough in family connections:—But we are in possession of that that will buy titles, boy.—He is a good meaning man that Darlington, but a little weak in the noddle: crying and pouting about what can’t be helped; all idle nonsense. Well, let him alone a bit;—must come to, Sawyer. We have him in a bag; of two evils he’ll choose the least, I warrant. Won’t relish bankruptcy. See if any of his grand cousins will raise two hundred thousand—not amongst them all together. Let him try the city—many a one willing to catch at such an opening; but where’s their hundred thousands? Yes, yes, I foresaw this; must come to us at last, and then, Sawyer, you are made forever. The best accounts in all the city—receivership of the county—government accounts; I know what I am about, my boy; and I am sure Sawyer Dickens is not the undutiful son, or the snivelling fool, that would balk the plans of his father.’

As this votary of wealth now prophesied, precisely so it came to pass. After a variety of struggles between pride and shame—between the instant disgrace and ruin of bankruptcy, and the more remote humiliation of adding Sawyer Dickens to the firm, the heart broken Darlington, acceded at length to the latter. Sawyer Dickens was immediately admitted upon the most liberal terms, as an inmate in the house of Mr. Darlington, and attended the banking house in the capacity of a pupil, who was hereafter to become a principal in the concern. It was the substance of one clause in the articles of this agreement, that if, on or before a certain day, Sawyer Dickens married Amelia Darlington, then and in that case the said sum of two hundred thousands pounds, now belonging to Edward Dickens, with all other share, interest, and concern whatever, which he now possessed in the house of Darlington and Dickens, should be and become the joint property of the said Sawyer Dickens and Augustus Darlington, and the survivors of them for ever. The intent of this clause was obvious, and that intent was answered. The credit, the fortunes of Darlington, now rested entirely on the connection with Dickens, and the filial anxiety of Amelia soon discovered that important secret.

At the same time, Sawyer Dickens, with his father, perceived the numerous advantages that must accrue from a relationship with the family of Darlington, in the event of his death, and urged with importunity his pretensions to the gentle Amelia.—They were married. Mr. Darlington lived to bless their nuptials, and then sunk to that grave, which the indiscretions of a beloved son had prematurely prepared.

The heart of old Dickens was now without a wish : he beheld the work of his hand, and rejoiced. From penury itself, he had risen to a level, in point of fortune, with the richest men of his age, and he saw his son firmly established in a concern that added every year immense accumulation to his already overgrown fortune. He lived to see that son the father of a son, and then his career of avarice was closed for ever. Through life he had suffered no pain, he had enjoyed no pleasure from the intellectual part of his being : for in him the accumulation of wealth was not a passion, but merely an instinct, which afforded him only a similar enjoyment to that which the indulgence of gluttony yields to its groveling votaries. In death he experienced neither mental terror nor hope ; his corporeal sufferings engrossed his whole ex-

sence of being, except that in short intervals of ease, he would exhort his son to preserve and to increase that wealth, which it had been the chief end of his existence to create. The widow Dickens survived her husband only a few months ; and these three deaths left Mr. Sawyer Dickens, as before stated, one of the wealthiest commoners in England.

## MATURIN.

IT does not generally hold that an author is characteristic of his country ; but in the case of *Ireland*, with one or two exceptions—Swift and Sir Richard Steele, for instance,\* who were pure English writers and *thinkers*—almost all her authors are strongly marked with the peculiar qualities that distinguish her as a nation. At this time, we have Moore among our poets—Philips among our orators—and (till lately) Maturin among our romance writers—three authors thoroughly and unequivocally *Irish*—with all the faults and excellences that are supposed to characterize their countrymen—ardent and imaginative to the last degree—full of pointed sentiment and brilliant imagery—bold and rapid in their conceptions—fervent and exaggerated in their diction—always straining at effect, and at times reaching the height of powerful writing, though as often, by their extravagance, falling into the ludicrous—generally bearing the reader impetuously on in a state of dazzled and feverish enthusiasm, but leaving him at last oppressed and fatigued, by a glare to which there is no relief, and an excitement to which there is no cessation. The latter of these writers did not, in his life time, attain that celebrity which his works entitled him to ; and it is grievous that this reading

\* Goldsmith, too. But though Goldsmith was a pure English writer, his character as a man was Irish.



age should have to add *one* of unquestionable genius to the list of unfortunate and ill-rewarded authors. He was a clergyman of the Irish Episcopal Church, and held the cure of St. Peter's, Dublin. With the frankness of his countrymen, he tells us in one of his prefaces that none of his prose works had been successful, and in another of his prefaces hints that necessity made him take to romance-writing. It is certain, his strength lay in that branch of literature, and in all probability his inclination also; yet he would not have pled necessity for betaking himself to it, without cause. What we have to regret is, that his merit was tardily appreciated, and that he was cut off just as he was gaining that notoriety and distinction which was so deservedly his due.

*Montorio, or The Fatal Revenge*, was his first attempt in romance-writing, and, though composed at an early age, evinces great strength of fancy and feeling, and shows how decidedly his mind was at this time bent to the course which it afterwards followed. Not only are the incidents and situations striking and romantic, but they are supported and executed with a force and talent equal to their conception. *The Milesian Chief* and *The Wild Irish Boy* succeeded *Montorio*—the former a romance, laid in Ireland, of powerful interest, and from which, we conjecture, the hint of *The Bride of Lammermoor* has been taken—the latter rather a novel than romance, displaying considerable knowledge of fashionable life both in Dublin and London. Then followed his tragedy of *Bertram*; and in 1818, his *Women, or Pour et Contre*, a novel with many faults of style and story, but with numberless beauties to overbalance them. Next succeeded his *Melmoth*, by far the best, in our opinion, of all his romances,—that can yield to no similar work in the interest and sensations it creates: and last of all came his *Albigensis*, his only attempt at historical romance, and by no means a failure.

Our specimen of Maturin must be from *Melmoth*. The extract which follows is a story which a wretched parricide tells a noble Spaniard, as they lie in a subterraneous passage, waiting the fall of evening, on purpose to make their escape from a monastery. The parricide, after the commission of his dreadful crime, had found shelter in this monastery, and by the most depraved cruelty endeavoured to numb the stings of conscience, and to glut his fiendish passions by making others as miserable as himself. This is a relation from his own mouth of *one* of his deeds, while a servant in the monastery.

## STORY OF A PARRICIDE.

‘I was desired to attach myself to a young monk of distinguished family, who had lately taken the vows, and who performed his duties with that heartless punctuality that intimated to the community that his heart was elsewhere. I was soon put in possession of the business; from their ordering me to *attach* myself to him, I instantly conceived I was bound to the most deadly hostility against him. The friendship of convents is always a treacherous league—we watch, suspect, and torment each other, for the love of God. This young monk’s only crime was, that he was suspected of cherishing an earthly passion. He was, in fact, the son of a distinguished family, who (from the fear of his contracting what is called a degrading marriage, i. e. of marrying a woman of inferior rank whom he loved, and who would have made him happy, as fools, that is, half mankind, estimate happiness) forced him to take the vows. He appeared at times broken-hearted, but at times there was a light of hope in his eye, that looked somewhat ominous in the eyes of the community. It is certain, that hope not being an indigenous plant in the parterre of a convent, must excite suspicion with regard both to its origin and its growth.

‘Some time after, a young novice entered the convent. From the moment he did so, a change the most striking took place in the young monk. He and the novice became inseparable companions—there was something suspicious in

that. My eyes were on the watch in a moment. Eyes are particularly sharpened in discovering misery when they can hope to aggravate it. The attachment between the young monk and the novice went on. They were for ever in the garden together—they inhaled the odours of the flowers—they cultivated the same cluster of carnations—they entwined themselves as they walked together—when they were in the choir, their voices were like mixed incense. Friendship is often carried to excess in conventual life, but this friendship was too like love. For instance, the psalms sung in the choir sometimes breathe a certain language; at these words, the young monk and the novice would direct their voices to each other in sounds that could not be misunderstood. If the least correction was inflicted, one would intreat to undergo it for the other. If a day of relaxation was allowed, whatever presents were sent to the cell of one, were sure to be found in the cell of the other. This was enough for me. I saw that secret of mysterious happiness, which is the greatest misery to those who never can share it. My vigilance was redoubled, and it was rewarded by the discovery of a secret—a secret that I had to communicate and raise my consequence by. You cannot guess the importance attached to the discovery of a secret in a convent, (particularly when the remission of our own offences depends on the discovery of those of others.)

‘One evening as the young monk and his darling novice were in the garden, the former plucked a peach which he immediately offered to his favourite; the latter accepted it with a movement I thought rather awkward—it seemed like what I imagined would be the reverence of a female. The young monk divided the peach with a knife; in doing so, the knife grazed the finger of the novice, and the monk, in agitation inexpressible, tore his habit to bind up the wound. I saw it all—my mind was made up on the business—I went to the Superior that very night. The result may be conceived. They were watched, but cautiously at first. They were probably on their guard; for, for some time, it defied even my vigilance to make the slightest discovery. It is a situation incomparably tantalizing when suspicion is satisfied of her own suggestions, as of the truth of the gospel, but still wants the *little fact* to make them credible to others. One night that I had, by direction of the Superior, taken

my station in the gallery, (where I was contented to remain hour after hour, and night after night, amid solitude, darkness, and cold, for the chance of the power of retaliating on others the misery inflicted on myself)—One night I thought I heard a step in the gallery—I have told you that I was in the dark—a light step passed me. I could hear the broken and palpitating respiration of the person. A few moments after, I heard a door open, and knew it to be the door of the young monk. I knew it; for by long watching in the dark, and accustoming myself to number the cells, by the groan from one, the prayer from another, the faint shriek of restless dreams from a third, my ear had become so finally graduated, that I could instantly distinguish the opening of *that door* from which (to my sorrow) no sound had ever before issued. I was provided with a small chain, by which I fastened the handle of the door to a contiguous one, in such a manner, that it was impossible to open either of them from the inside. I then hastened to the Superior, with a pride of which none but the successful tracer of a guilty secret in convents can have any conception. I believe the Superior was himself agitated by the luxury of the same feelings, for he was awake and up in his apartment, attended by four monks. I communicated my intelligence with a voluble eagerness, not only unsuited to the respect I owed these persons, but which must have rendered me almost unintelligible, yet they were good enough not only to overlook this violation of decorum, which would in any other case have been severely punished, but even to supply certain pauses in my narrative, with a condescension and facility truly miraculous. I felt what it was to acquire importance in the eyes of a Superior, and gloried in all the dignified depravity of an informer. We set out without losing a moment,—we arrived at the door of the cell, and I pointed out with triumph the chain unremoved, though a slight vibration, perceptible at our approach, showed the wretches within were already apprized of their danger. I unfastened the door,—how they must have shuddered! The Superior and his satellites burst into the cell, and I held the light. You tremble,—why? I was guilty, and I wished to witness guilt that palliated mine, at least in the opinion of the convent. I had only violated the laws of nature, but they had outraged the decorum of a convent, and, of course, in the creed of a convent, there was no proportion.

between our offences. Besides, I was anxious to witness misery that might perhaps equal or exceed my own, and this is a curiosity not easily satisfied. It is actually possible to become *amateurs in suffering*. I have heard of men who have travelled into countries where horrible executions were to be daily witnessed, for the sake of that excitement which the sight of suffering never fails to give, from the spectacle of a tragedy, or an *auto da fe*, down to the writhings of the meanest reptile on whom you can inflict torture, and feel that torture is the result of your own power. It is a species of feeling of which we never can divest ourselves,—a triumph over those whose sufferings have placed them below us—and no wonder : suffering is always an indication of weakness,—we glory in our impenetrability. I did, as we burst into the cell. The wretched husband and wife were locked in each others arms. You may imagine the scene that followed. Here I must do the Superior reluctant justice. He was a man (of course from his conventual feelings) who had no more idea of the intercourse between the sexes, than between two beings of a different species. The scene that he beheld could not have revolted him more, than if he had seen the horrible loves of the baboons and the Hottentot women, at the Cape of Good Hope ; or those still more loathsome unions between the serpents of South America and their human victims, when they can catch them, and twine round them in folds of unnatural and ineffable union. He really stood as much astonished and appalled, to see two human beings of different sexes, who dared to love each other in spite of monastic ties, as if he had witnessed the horrible conjunctions I have alluded to. Had he seen vipers engendering in that frightful knot which seems the pledge of mortal hostility, instead of love, he could not have testified more horror,—and I do him the justice to believe he felt all he testified. Whatever affectation he might employ on points of conventual austerity, there was none here. Love was a thing he always believed connected with sin, even though consecrated by the name of a sacrament, and called marriage, as it is in our church. But, love in a convent !—Oh, there is no conceiving his rage ; still less is it possible to conceive the majestic and overwhelming extent of that rage, when strengthened by principle, and sanctified by religion. I enjoyed the scene beyond all power of description. I saw those wretches, who had triumphed over

me, reduced to my level in a moment,—their passions all displayed, and the display placing me a hero triumphant above all. I had crawled to the shelter of their walls, a wretched degraded outcast, and what was my crime? Well,—you shudder: I have done with that. I can only say want drove me to it. And here were beings whom, a few months before, I would have knelt to as to the images round the shrine,—to whom, in the moments of my desperate penitence, I would have clung as to the ‘horns of the altar,’ all brought as low, and lower than myself. ‘Sons of the morning,’ as I deemed them in the agonies of my humiliation, ‘how were they fallen!’ I feasted on the degradation of the apostate monk and novice,—I enjoyed, to the core of my ulcerated heart, the passion of the Superior,—I felt that they were all men like myself. Angels, as I had thought them, they had all proved themselves mortal; and, by watching their motions, and flattering their passions, and promoting their interest, or setting up my own in opposition to them all, while I made them believe it was only theirs I was intent on, I might make shift to contrive as much misery to others, and to carve out as much occupation to myself, as if I were actually living in the world. Cutting my father’s throat was a noble feat certainly’ (I ask your pardon, I did not mean to extort that groan from you,) but here were hearts to be cut,—and to the core, every day, and all day long, so I never could want employment.

‘I do not quite like to go through the details by which this wretched pair were deluded into the hope of effecting their escape from the convent. It is enough that I was the principal agent,—that the Superior connived at it,—that I led them through the very passages you have traversed to-night, they trembling and blessing me at every step.

‘They were conducted *here*. I had suggested the plan, and the Superior consented to it. He would not be present, but his dumb nod was enough. I was the conductor of their (intended) escape; they believed they were departing with the connivance of the Superior. I led them through those very passages that you and I trod. I had a map of this subterranean region, but my blood ran cold as I traversed it; and it was not at all inclined to resume its usual temperament, as I felt what was to be the destination of my attendants. Once I turned the lamp, on pretence of trimming it, to catch a glimpse of the devoted wretches. They were em-

bracing each other,—the light of joy trembled in their eyes. They were whispering to each other hopes of liberation and happiness, and blending my name in the interval they could spare from their prayers for each other. That sight extinguished the last remains of compunction with which my horrible task had inspired me. They dared to be happy in the sight of one who must be for ever miserable,—could there be a greater insult? I resolved to punish it on the spot. This very apartment was near,—I knew it, and the map of their wanderings no longer trembled in my hand. I urged them to enter this recess, (the door was than entire,) while I went to examine the passage. They entered it, thanking me for my precaution,—they knew not they were never to quit it alive. But what were their lives for the agony their happiness cost me? The moment they were enclosed, and clasping each other, (a sight that made me grind my teeth,) I closed and locked the door. This movement gave them no immediate uneasiness,—they thought it a friendly precaution. The moment they were secured, I hastened to the Superior, who was on fire at the insult offered to the sanctity of his convent, and still more to the purity of his penetration, on which the worthy Superior piqued himself as much as if it had ever been possible for him to acquire the smallest share of it. He descended with me to the passage,—the monks followed with eyes on fire. In the agitation of their rage, it was with difficulty they could discover the door after I had repeatedly pointed it out to them. The Superior, with his own hands, drove several nails, which the monks eagerly supplied, into the door, that effectually joined it to the staple, *never to be disjoined*; and every blow he gave, doubtless he felt as if it was a reminiscence to the accusing angel, to strike out a sin from the catalogue of his accusations. The work was soon done,—the work never to be undone. At the first sound of steps in the passage, and blows on the door, the victims uttered a shriek of terror. They imagined they were detected, and that an incensed party of monks were breaking open the door. These terrors were soon exchanged for others,—and worse,—as they heard the door nailed up, and listened to our departing steps. They uttered another shriek, but O how different was the accent of its despair!—they knew their room.

‘It was my penance (no,—my delight) to watch at the

door, under the pretence of precluding the possibility of their escape, (of which they knew there was no possibility;) but, in reality, not only to inflict on me the indignity of being the convent jailer, but of teaching me that callosity of heart, and induration of nerve, and stubbornness of eye, and apathy of ear, that were best suited to my office. But they might have saved themselves the trouble,—I had them all before ever I entered the convent. Had I been the Superior of the community, I should have undertaken the office of watching the door. You will call this cruelty, I call it curiosity,—that curiosity that brings thousands to witness a tragedy, and makes the most delicate female feast on groans and agonies. I had an advantage over them,—the groan, the agony, I feasted on, were real. I took my station at *the door*—that door which, like that of Dante's hell, might have borne the inscription, 'Here is no hope,'—with a face of mock penitence, and genuine, cordial delectation. I could hear every word that transpired. For the first hours they tried to comfort each other,—they suggested to each other hopes of liberation,—and as my shadow, crossing the threshold, darkened or restored the light, they said, 'That is he;'—then, when this occurred repeatedly, without any effect, they said, 'No,—no, it is not he,' and swallowed down the sick sob of despair, to hide it from each other. Towards night a monk came to take my place, and to offer me food. I would not have quitted my place for worlds; but I talked to the monk in his own language, and told him I would make a merit with God of my sacrifices, and was resolved to remain there all night, with the permission of the Superior. The monk was glad of having a substitute on such easy terms, and I was glad of the food he left me, for I was hungry now, but I reserved the appetite of my soul for richer luxuries. I heard them talking within. While I was eating, I actually lived on the famine that was devouring them, but of which they did not dare to say a word to each other. They debated, deliberated, and, as misery grows ingenious in its own defence, they at last assured each other that it was impossible the Superior had locked them in there to perish by hunger. At these words I could not help laughing. This laugh reached their ears, and they became silent in a moment. All that night, however, I heard their groans,—those groans of physical suffering that laugh to scorn all the sentimental sighs that are



exhaled from the hearts of the most intoxicated lovers that ever breathed. I heard them all that night. I had read French romances, and all their unimaginable nonsense. Madame Sevigne herself says she would have been tired of her daughter in a long *tete-a-tete* journey, but clap me two lovers into a dungeon, without food, light, or hope, and I will be damned (that I am already, by the bye) if they do not grow sick of each other within the first twelve hours. The second day hunger and darkness had their usual influence. They shrieked for liberation, and knocked loud and long at their dungeon door. They exclaimed they were ready to submit to any punishment; and the approach of the monks, which they would have dreaded so much the preceding night, they now solicited on their knees. What a jest, after all, are the most awful vicissitudes of human life!—they supplicated now for what they would have sacrificed their souls to avert four-and-twenty hours before. Then the agony of hunger increased, they shrunk from the door and grovelled apart from each other. *Apart!*—how I watched that. They were rapidly becoming objects of hostility to each other,—Oh, what a feast to me! They could not disguise from each other the revolting circumstances of their mutual sufferings. It is one thing for lovers to sit down to a feast magnificently spread, and another for lovers to couch in darkness and famine,—to exchange that appetite which cannot be supported without dainties and flattery, for that which would barter a descended Venus for a morsel of food. The second night they raved and groaned, (as occurred;) and, amid their agonies, (I must do justice to women, whom I hate as well as men,) the man often accused the female as the cause of all his sufferings, but the woman never,—never reproached him. Her groans might indeed have reproached him bitterly, but she never uttered a word that could have caused him pain. There was a change which I well could mark, however, in their physical feelings. The first day they clung together, and every movement I felt was like that of one person. The next the man alone struggled, and the woman moaned in helplessness. The third night,—how shall I tell it?—but you have bid me go on. All the horrible and loathsome excruciations of famine had been undergone; the disunion of every tie of the heart, of passion, of nature, had commenced. In the agonies of their famished sickness they

loathed each other,—they could have cursed each other, if they had had breath to curse. It was on the fourth night that I heard the shriek of the wretched female,—her lover, in the agony of hunger, had fastened his teeth in her shoulder ;—that bosom on which he had so often luxuriated, became a meal to him now.’——‘ Monster ! and you laugh ?’——‘ Yes, I laugh at all mankind, and the imposition they dare to practice when they talk of hearts. I laugh at human passion and human cares,—vice and virtue, religion and impiety ; they are all the result of petty localities, and artificial situation. One physical want, one severe and abrupt lesson from the tintless and shrivelled lip of necessity, is worth all the logic of the empty wretches who have presumed to prate it, from Zeno down to Burgersdicius. Oh ! it silences in a second all the feeble sophistry of *conventional* life, and asceticious passion. Here were a pair who would not have believed all the world on their knees, even though angels had descended to join in the attestation, that it was possible for them to exist without each other. They had risked every thing, trampled on every think human and divine, to be in each other’s sight and arms. One hour of hunger undeceived them. A trivial and ordinary want, whose claims at another time they would have regarded as a vulgar interruption of their spiritualized intercourse, not only, by its natural operation, sundered it for ever, but, before it ceased, converted that intercourse into a source of torment and hostility inconceivable, except among cannibals. The bitterest enemies on earth could not have regarded each other with more abhorrence than *these lovers*. Deluded wretches ! you boasted of having hearts, I boast I have none, and which of us gained most by the vaunt, let life decide. My story is nearly finished. When I was last here I had something to excite me ;—talking of those things is poor employment to one who has been a witness to them. On the *sixth* day all was still. The door was unnailed ; we entered,—they were no more. They lay far from each other, farther than on that voluptuous couch into which their passion had converted the mat of a convent bed. She lay contracted in a heap, a lock of her long hair in her mouth. There was a slight scar on her shoulder,—the rabid despair of famine had produced no farther outrage. He lay extended at his length,—his hand was between his lips ; it seemed as if he had not strength to ex-

ecute the purpose for which he had brought it there. The bodies were brought out for interment. As we removed them into the light, the long hair of the female, falling over a face no longer disguised by the novice's dress, recalled a likeness I thought I could remember. I looked closer; she was my own *sister*,—my only one,—and I had heard her voice grow fainter and fainter. I had heard——' And his own voice grew fainter—it ceased.

[We must now give an account of the *death* of this parricide—a death worthy of the wretch. It is in the words of the Spaniard, to whom the above story was told, and who now was residing in a Jew's house at Madrid, under hiding from the Inquisition. The parricide had, by this time, got into office in the Inquisition; and it is in a grand procession of the Holy Cross, that the Spaniard witnesses the dreadful judgment overtake him, which is narrated in the following powerful manner.]

The evening came on—the Jew left me; and, under an impression at once unaccountable and irresistible, I ascended to the highest apartment in his house, and with a beating heart listened for the toll of the bells that was to announce the commencement of the ceremony. I had not long to wait. At the close of twilight, every steeple in the city was vibrating with the tolls of their well-plied bells. I was in an upper room of the house. There was but one window; but, hiding myself behind the blind, which I withdrew from time to time, I had a full view of the spectacle. The house of the Jew looked out on an open space, through which the procession was to pass, and which was already so filled, that I wondered how the procession could ever make its way through such a wedged and impenetrable mass. At last, I could distinguish a motion like that of a distant power, giving a kind of indefinite impulse to the vast body that rolled and blackened beneath me, like the ocean under the first and far-felt agitation of the storm.

The crowd rocked and reeled, but did not seem to give way an inch. The procession commenced. I could see it approach, marked as it was by the crucifix, banner, and taper—(for they had reserved the procession till a late hour,

to give it the imposing effect of torch-light). And I saw the multitude at a vast distance give way at once. Then came on the stream of the procession, rushing, like a magnificent river, between two banks of human bodies, who kept as regular and strict distance, as if they had been ramparts of stone,—the banners, and crucifixes, and tapers, appearing like the crests of foam on advancing billows, sometimes rising, sometimes sinking. At last they came on, and the whole grandeur of the procession burst on my view, and nothing was ever more imposing, or more magnificent. The habits of the ecclesiastics, the glare of the torches struggling with the dying twilight, and seeming to say to heaven, We have a sun though yours is set ;—the solemn and resolute look of the whole party, who trod as if their march were on the bodies of kings, and looked as if they would have said, What is the sceptre to the cross ?—the black crucifix itself, trembling in the rear, attended by the banner of St. Dominick, with its awful inscription—It was a sight to convert all hearts, and I exulted I was a Catholic. Suddenly a tumult seemed to arise among the crowd—I knew not from what it could arise—all seemed so pleased and so elated.

I drew away the blind, and saw, by torch-light, among a crowd of officials who clustered round the standard of St. Dominick, the figure of my companion the parricide. His story was well known. At first a faint hiss was heard, then a wild and smothered howl. Then I heard voices among the crowd repeat, in audible sounds, 'What is this for? Why do they ask why the Inquisition has been half-burned?—why the virgin has withdrawn her protection?—why the saints turn away their faces from us?—when a parricide marches among the officials of the Inquisition. Are the hands that have cut a father's throat fit to support the banner of the cross?' These were the words but of a few at first, but the whisper spread rapidly among the crowd; and fierce looks were darted, and hands were clenched and raised, and some stooped to the earth for stones. The procession went on, however, and every one knelt to the crucifixes as they advanced, held aloft by the priests. But the murmurs increased too, and the words 'parricide, profanation, and victim,' resounded on every side, even from those who knelt in the mire as the cross passed by. The murmur increased—it could no longer be mistaken for that of

adoration. The foremost priests paused in terror ill concealed—and this seemed the signal for the terrible scene that was about to follow. An officer belonging to the guard at this time ventured to intimate to the chief Inquisitor the danger that might be apprehended, but was dismissed with the short and sullen answer, ‘Move on—the servants of Christ have nothing to fear.’ The procession attempted to proceed, but their progress was obstructed by the multitude, who now seemed bent on some deadly purpose. A few stones were thrown; but the moment the priests raised their crucifixes, the multitude were on their knees again, still, however, holding the stones in their hands. The military officers again addressed the chief Inquisitor, and intreated his permission to disperse the crowd. They received the same dull and stern answer, ‘The cross is sufficient for the protection of its servants—whatever fears you may feel, I feel none.’ Incensed at the reply, a young officer sprang off his horse, which he had quitted from respect while addressing the Suprema, and was in a moment levelled by the blow of a stone that fractured his skull. He turned his blood-swimming eyes on the Inquisitor, and died. The multitude raised a wild shout, and pressed closer. Their intentions were now too plain. They pressed close on that part of the procession among which their victim was placed. Again, and in the most urgent terms, the officers implored leave to disperse the crowd, or at least cover the retreat of the obnoxious object to some neighbouring church, or even to the walls of the Inquisition. And the wretched man himself, with loud outcries, (as he saw the danger thickening around him,) joined in their petition. The Suprema, though looking pale, bated not a jot of his pride. ‘These are my arms!’ he exclaimed, pointing to the crucifixes, ‘and their inscription is *ἡ τοῦτο νικᾷ*. I forbid a sword to be drawn, or a musket to be levelled. On, in the name of God.’ And on they attempted to move, but the pressure now rendered it impossible. The multitude, unrepressed by the military, became ungovernable; the crosses reeled and rocked like standards in a battle; the ecclesiastics, in confusion and terror, pressed on each other. Amid that vast mass, every particle of which seemed in motion, there was but one emphatic and discriminate movement—that which bore a certain part of the crowd straight on to the spot where their victim, though inclosed and inwrapt by all that is formida-

ble in earthly, and all that is awful in spiritual power—sheltered by the crucifix and the sword—stood trembling to the bottom of his soul. The Suprema saw his error too late, and now called loudly on the military to advance, and disperse the crowd by any means. They attempted to obey him; but by this time they were mingled among the crowd themselves. All order had ceased; and, besides, there appeared a kind of indisposition to his service, from the very first, among the military. They attempted to charge, however; but, entangled as they were among the crowd, who clung round their horses' hoofs, it was impossible for them even to form, and the first shower of stones threw them into total confusion. The danger increased every moment, for one spirit now seemed to animate the whole multitude. What had been the stifled growl of a few, was now the audible yell of all—'Give him to us—we must have him;' and they tossed and roared like a thousand waves assailing a wreck. As the military retreated, a hundred priests instantly closed round the unhappy man, and with generous despair exposed themselves to the fury of the multitude. While the Suprema, hastening to the dreadful spot, stood in the front of the priests, with the cross uplifted,—his face was like that of the dead, but his eye had not lost a single flash of its fire, nor his voice a tone of its pride. It was in vain; the multitude proceeded calmly, and even respectfully, (when not resisted,) to remove all that obstructed their progress; in doing so, they took every care of the persons of priests whom they were compelled to remove, repeatedly asking their pardon for the violence they were guilty of. And this tranquillity of resolved vengeance was the most direful indication of its never desisting till its purpose was accomplished. The last ring was broken—the last resister overcome. Amid yells like those of a thousand tigers, the victim was seized and dragged forth, grasping in both hands fragments of the robes of those he had clung to in vain, and holding them up in the impotence of despair.

The cry was hushed for a moment, as they felt him in their talons, and gazed on him with thirsty eyes. Then it was renewed, and the work of blood began. They dashed him to the earth—tore him up again—flung him into the air—tossed him from hand to hand, as a bull gores the howling mastiff with horns right and left. Bloody, defaced,

blackened with earth, and battered with stones, he struggled and roared among them, till a loud cry announced the hope of a termination to a scene alike horrible to humanity, and disgraceful to civilization. The military, strongly reinforced, came galloping on, and all the ecclesiastics with torn habits, and broken crucifixes, following fast in the rear,—all eager in the cause of human nature—all on fire to prevent this base and barbarous disgrace to the name of Christianity and of human nature.

Alas ! this interference only hastened the horrible catastrophe. There was but a shorter space for the multitude to work their furious will. I saw, I felt, but I cannot describe, the last moments of this horrible scene. Dragged from the mud and stones, they dashed a mangled lump of flesh right against the door of the house where I was. With his tongue hanging from his lacerated mouth, like that of a baited bull ; with one eye torn from the socket, and dangling on his bloody cheek ; with a fracture in every limb, and a wound for every pore, he still howled for ‘life—life—life—mercy!’ till a stone, aimed by some pitying hand, struck him down. He fell, trodden in one moment into sanguine and discoloured mud by a thousand feet. The cavalry came on, charging with fury. The crowd, saturated with cruelty and blood, gave way in grim silence. But they had not left a joint of his little finger—a hair of his head—a slip of his skin. Had Spain mortgaged all her reliques from Madrid to Monserrat, from the Pyrennees to Gibraltar, she could not have recovered the pairing of a nail to cannonize. The officer who headed the troop dashed his horse’s hoofs into a bloody formless mass, and demanded, ‘Where was the victim?’ He was answered, ‘Beneath your horse’s feet ;’ and they departed.

It is a fact, that while witnessing this horrible execution, I felt all the effects vulgarly ascribed to fascination. I shuddered at the first movement—the dull and deep whisper among the crowd. I shrieked involuntarily when the first decisive moments began among them ; but when at last the human shapeless carrion was dashed against the door, I echoed the wild shouts of the multitude with a kind of savage instinct. I bounded—I clasped my hands for a moment—then I echoed the screams of the thing that seemed no longer alive, but still could scream ; and I screamed aloud and wildly for life—life—and mercy ! One face was

turned towards me as I shrieked in unconscious tones.—The glance, fixed on me for a moment, was in a moment withdrawn. The flash of the well-known eyes made no impression on me then. My existence was so purely mechanical, that, without the least consciousness of my own danger, (scarce less than that of the victim, had I been detected,) I remained uttering shout for shout, and scream for scream—offering worlds in imagination to be able to remove from the window, yet feeling as if every shriek I uttered was as a nail that fastened me to it—dropping my eye-lids, and feeling as if a hand held them open, or cut them away—forcing me to gaze on all that passed below, like Regulus, with his lids cut off, compelled to gaze on the sun that withered up his eye-balls—till sense and sight and soul failed me, and I fell grasping by the bars of the window, and mimicking, in my horrid trance, the shouts of the multitude, and the yell of the devoted. I actually for a moment believed myself the object of their cruelty. The drama of terror has the irresistible power of converting its audience into its victims.

---

### FIELDING.\*

THE following excellent observations upon FIELDING are from the same source to which we were indebted for the remarks upon SMOLLETT.—

“There is very little to warrant the common idea, that Fielding was an imitator of Cervantes,—except his own declaration of such an intention, in the title-

\* HENRY FIELDING was born in Somersetshire, in 1707, and educated first at Eton school, and afterwards at Leyden, where he studied under the most celebrated civilians for about two years. On his return to London, he commenced writer for the stage, and produced several dramatic pieces, none of which were very successful. At the same time, he addicted himself to all the follies and intemperances of a town life, and soon dissipated a respectable fortune—leaving himself, at the age of thirty, no dependance but on his own abilities. Not discouraged, however, he applied himself vigorously to the study of the law, and, after the customary time of probation at the Temple, was called to the bar, and made no inconsiderable figure in Westminster-hall. But violent attacks from the gout, to which he was very early liable, soon rendered him unable to give such constant attendance at the bar as the laboriousness of that pro-



page of Joseph Andrews,—the romantic turn of the character of Parson Adams (the only romantic character in his works,)—and the proverbial humour of Partridge, which is kept up only for a few pages. Fielding's novels are, in general, thoroughly his own; and they are thoroughly English. What they are most remarkable for, is neither sentiment, nor imagination, nor wit, nor humour, though there is a great deal of this last quality; but profound knowledge of human nature—at least of English nature—and masterly pictures of the characters of men as he saw them existing. This quality distinguishes all his works, and is shown almost equally in all of them. As a painter of real life, he was equal to Hogarth: as a mere observer of human nature, he was little inferior to Shakspeare, though without any of the genius and poetical qualities of his mind. His humour is less rich and laughable than Smollett's;—his wit as often misses as hits;—he has none of the fine pathos of Richardson or Sterne:—But he has brought together a greater variety of characters in common life,—marked with more distinct peculiarities, and without an atom of caricature, than any other novel writer whatever. The extreme subtilty of observation on the springs of human conduct in ordinary characters, is only equalled by the ingenuity of contrivance in bringing those springs into play in such a manner as to lay open their smallest irregularity. The detection is always complete—and made with the certainty and skill of a philosophical experiment, and the ease and simplicity of a casual observation.

fession requires, and he was therefore obliged to accept of the office of an acting magistrate in the commission of the peace for the county of Middlesex, in which station he continued till near the time of his death. While holding this office he published his three great works—Joseph Andrews, Tom Jones, and Amelia—the first in 1742, the second in 1749, and the last in 1752. In 1754, he was advised by his physicians to set out for Lisbon, as a last effort to support a broken constitution; but he did not survive his arrival there above two months. The 'Journal of his Voyage' to that place was published in 1755, and contains the last gleams of his wit and humour.

The truth of the imitation is indeed so great, that it has been argued that Fielding must have had his materials ready-made to his hands, and was merely a transcriber of local manners and individual habits. For this conjecture, however, there seems to be no foundation. His representations, it is true, are local and individual; but they are not the less profound and natural. The feeling of the general principles of human nature operating in particular circumstances, is always intense, and uppermost in his mind: and he makes use of incident and situation, only to bring out character.

“It is perhaps scarcely necessary to give any illustration of these remarks. *Tom Jones* is full of them. The moral of this book has been objected to, and not altogether without reason—but a more serious objection has been made to the want of refinement and elegance in the two principal characters. We never feel this objection, indeed, while we are reading the book: but at other times, we have something like a lurking suspicion that Jones was but an awkward fellow, and Sophia a pretty simpleton. We do not know how to account for this effect, unless it is that Fielding’s constantly assuring us of the beauty of his hero, and the good sense of his heroine, at last produces a distrust of both. The story of *Tom Jones* is allowed to be unrivalled: and it is this circumstance, together with the vast variety of characters, that has given the *History of a Foundling* so decided a preference over Fielding’s other novels. The characters themselves, both in *Amelia* and *Joseph Andrews*, are quite equal to any of those in *Tom Jones*. The account of *Miss Matthews* and *Ensign Hibbert*—the way in which that lady reconciles herself to the death of her father—the inflexible *Colonel Bath*, the insipid *Mrs. James*, the complaisant *Colonel Trent*—the demure, sly, intriguing, equivocal *Mrs. Bennet*—the lord who is her seducer, and who attempts afterwards to seduce *Amelia* by the same

mechanical process of a concert ticket, a book, and the disguise of a great coat—his little, fat, short-nosed, red-faced, good-humoured accomplice the keeper of the lodging house, who, having no pretensions to gallantry herself, has a disinterested delight in forwarding the intrigues and pleasures of others, (to say nothing of honest Atkinson, the story of the miniature-picture of Amelia, and the hashed mutton, which are in a different style,) are master-pieces of description. The whole scene at the lodging-house, the masquerade, &c. in *Amelia*, is equal in interest to the parallel scenes in *Tom Jones*, and even more refined in the knowledge of character. For instance, Mrs. Bennet is superior to Mrs. Fitzpatrick in her own way. The uncertainty in which the event of her interview with her former seducer is left, is admirable. Fielding was a master of what may be called the *double entendre* of character, and surprises you no less by what he leaves in the dark, (hardly known to the persons themselves,) than by the unexpected discoveries he makes of the real traits and circumstances in a character with which, till then, you find you were unacquainted. There is nothing at all heroic, however, in the style of any of his delineations. He never draws lofty characters or strong passions;—all his persons are of the ordinary stature as to intellect; and none of them trespass on the angelic nature, by elevation of fancy, or energy of purpose. Perhaps, after all, Parson Adams is his finest character. It is equally true to nature, and more ideal than any of the others. Its unsuspecting simplicity makes it not only more amiable, but doubly amusing, by gratifying the sense of superior sagacity in the reader. Our laughing at him does not once lessen our respect for him. His declaring that he would willingly walk ten miles to fetch his Sermon on Vanity, merely to convince Wilson of his thorough contempt of this vice, and his consoling himself for the loss of his *Æschylus*, by

suddenly recollecting that he could not read it if he had it, because it is dark, are among the finest touches of *naïveté*. The night-adventures at Lady Booby's with Beau Didapper, and the amiable Slipslop, are the most ludicrous; and that with the huntsman, who draws off the hounds from the poor Parson, because they would be spoiled by following *vermin*, the most profound. Fielding did not often repeat himself: but Dr. Harrison, in *Amelia*, may be considered as a variation of the character of Adams: so also is Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield; and the latter part of that work which sets out so delightfully, an almost entire plagiarism from Wilson's account of himself, and Adams's domestic history."

## JAIL SCENE IN AMELIA.

ON the first of April, in the year——, the watchmen of a certain parish (I know not particular which) within the liberty of Westminster, brought several persons, whom they had apprehended the preceding night, before Jonathan Thrasher, Esq., one of the justices of the peace for that liberty.

Mr. Thrasher, the justice before whom the prisoners were now brought, had some few imperfections in his magisterial capacity. I own, I have been sometimes inclined to think, that this office of a justice of peace requires some knowledge of the law: for this simple reason; because in every case which comes before him, he is to judge and act according to law. Again, as these laws are contained in a great variety of books, the statutes which relate to the office of a justice of peace making of themselves at least two large volumes in folio, and that part of his jurisdiction which is founded on the common law being dispersed in above a hundred volumes, I cannot conceive how this knowledge should be acquired without reading; and yet certain it is, Mr. Thrasher never read one syllable of the matter. This perhaps was a defect; but this was not all: for where mere ignorance is to decide a point between two litigants, it will always be an even chance whether it decides right or wrong: but sorry am I to say, right was often in a much worse situation than this,

and wrong hath often had five hundred to one on his side before that magistrate ; who, if he was ignorant of the law of England, was yet well versed in the laws of nature. He perfectly well understood that fundamental principle so strongly laid down in the institutes of the learned Rochefoucault ; by which the duty of self love is so strongly enforced, and every man is taught to consider himself as the centre of gravity, and to attract all things thither. To speak the truth plainly, the justice was never indifferent in a cause, but when he could get nothing on either side. Such was the justice to whose tremendous bar Mr. Gotobed the constable, on the day above mentioned, brought several delinquents, who, as we have said, had been apprehended by the watch for divers outrages.

The first who came upon his trial, was as bloody a spectre as ever the imagination of a murderer or a tragic poet conceived. This poor wretch was charged with a battery by a much stouter man than himself ; indeed the accused person bore about him some evidence that he had been in an affray, his clothes being very bloody : but certain open sluices on his own head sufficiently showed whence all the scarlet streams had issued : whereas the accuser had not the least mark or appearance of any wound. The justice asked the defendant, what he meant by breaking the king's peace—To which he answered, ' Upon my shoul I do love the king very well, and I have not been after breaking any thing of his that I do know : but upon my shoul this man hath brake my head, and my head did break his stick ; that is all, gra.' He then offered to produce several witnesses against this improbable accusation ; but the justice presently interrupted him, saying, ' Sirrah your tongue betrays your guilt. You are an Irishman, and that is always sufficient evidence with me.'

The second criminal was a poor woman, who was taken up by the watch as a street-walker. It was alleged against her that she was found walking the streets after twelve o'clock, and the watchman declared he believed her to be a common strumpet. She pleaded in her defence (as was really the truth) that she was a servant, and was sent by her mistress, who was a little shop-keeper, and upon the point of delivery, to fetch a midwife ; which she offered to prove by several of the neighbours, if she was allowed to send for them. The justice asked her why she had not

done it before. To which she answered, she had no money, and could get no messenger. The justice then called her several scurrilous names ; and declaring she was guilty within the *statute* of street-walking, ordered her to Bridewell for a month.

A genteel young man and woman were then set forward, and a very grave looking person swore he caught them in a situation which we cannot as particularly describe here as he did before the magistrate ; who having received a wink from his clerk, declared with much warmth that the fact was incredible and impossible. He presently discharged the accused parties, and was going, without any evidence, to commit the accuser for perjury ; but this the clerk dissuaded him from, saying, He doubted whether a justice of peace had any such power. The justice at first differed in opinion ; and said, He had seen a man stand in the pillory about perjury ; nay, he had known a man in jail for it too ; and how came he there, if he was not committed thither ? ‘ Why, that is true, Sir,’ answered the clerk, ‘ and yet I have been told by a very great lawyer, that a man cannot be committed for perjury before he is indicted ; and the reason is, I believe, because it is not against the peace before the indictment makes it so.’ ‘ Why that may be,’ cries the justice ; ‘ and indeed perjury is but scandalous words, and I know a man cannot have no warrant for those, unless you put for rioting them into the warrant.’ The witness was now about to be discharged, when the lady whom he had accused, declared she would swear the peace against him ; for that he had called her a whore several times. ‘ Oho ! you will swear the peace, Madam, will you ?’ cries the justice, ‘ give her the the peace presently : and pray, Mr. Constable secure the prisoner, now we have him, while a warrant is made to take him up.’ All which was immediately performed, and the poor witness, for want of sureties, was sent to prison.

A young fellow, whose name was Booth, was now charged with beating the watchman in the execution of his office, and breaking his lanthorn. This was deposed by two witnesses ; and the shattered remains of a broken lanthorn, which had been long preserved for the sake of its testimony, were produced to corroborate the evidence. The justice, perceiving the criminal to be but shabbily dressed, was going to commit him without asking any further questions.

At length, however, at the earnest request of the accused, the worthy magistrate submitted to hear his defence. The young man then alleged, as was in reality the case, 'That as he was walking home to his lodging, he saw two men in the street cruelly beating a third, upon which he had stopt and endeavoured to assist the person who was so unequally attacked; that the watch came up during the affray, and took them all four into custody; that they were immediately carried to the round-house, where the two original assailants, who appeared to be men of fortune, found means to make up the matter, and were discharged by the constable; a favour which he himself, having no money in his pocket, was unable to obtain. He utterly denied having assaulted any of the watchmen, and solemnly declared, that he was offered his liberty at the price of half-a-crown.' Though the bare word of an offender can never be taken against the oath of his accuser; yet the matter of this defence was so pertinent, and delivered with such an air of truth and sincerity, that, had the magistrate been endued with much sagacity, or had he been very moderately gifted with another quality very necessary to all who are to administer justice, he would have employed some labour in cross-examining the watchmen: at least he would have given the defendant the time he desired to send for the other persons who were present at the affray; neither of which he did. In short, the magistrate had too great an honour for truth to suspect that she ever appeared in sordid apparel; nor did he ever sully his sublime notions of that virtue, by uniting them with the mean ideas of poverty and distress.

There remained now only one prisoner, and that was the poor man himself in whose defence the last mentioned culprit was engaged. His trial took but a very short time. A cause of battery and broken lanthorn was instituted against him, and proved in the same manner; nor would the justice hear one word in defence: but though his patience was exhausted, his breath was not; for against this last wretch he poured forth a great many volleys of menaces and abuse.

The delinquents were then all despatched to prison, under a guard of watchmen; and the justice and the constable adjourned to a neighbouring ale-house to take their morning repast.

Mr. Booth (for we shall not trouble you with the rest) was no sooner arrived in the prison, than a number of persons

gathered round him, all demanding garnish ; to which Mr. Booth not making a ready answer, as indeed he did not understand the word, some were going to lay hold of him, when a person of apparent dignity came up, and insisted that no one should affront the gentleman. This person then, who was no less than the master or keeper of the prison, turning towards Mr. Booth, acquainted him, that it was the custom of the place for every prisoner upon his first arrival there, to give something to the former prisoners to make them drink. This, he said, was what they called garnish ; and concluded with advising his new customer to draw his purse upon the present occasion. Mr. Booth answered, that he would very readily comply with this laudable custom, were it in his power : but that in reality he had not a shilling in his pocket, and what was worse, he had not a shilling in the world.—‘Oho ! if that be the case,’ cries the keeper, ‘it is another matter, and I have nothing to say.’ Upon which he immediately departed, and left poor Booth to the mercy of his companions, who, without loss of time, applied themselves to uncasing, as they termed it, and with such dexterity, that his coat was not only stripped off, but out of sight in a minute.

Mr. Booth was too weak to resist, and too wise to complain of this usage. As soon, therefore, as he was at liberty, and declared free of the place, he summoned his philosophy, of which he had no inconsiderable share, to his assistance, and resolved to make himself as easy as possible under his present circumstances. Could his own thoughts indeed have suffered him a moment to forget where he was, the dispositions of the other prisoners might have induced him to believe that he had been in a happier place : for much the greater part of his fellow-sufferers, instead of wailing, and repining at their condition, were laughing, singing, and diverting themselves with various kinds of sports and gambols.

The first person who accosted him was called Blear-Eyed Moll ; a woman of no very comely appearance. Her eye (for she had but one) whence she derived her nick-name, was such as that nick-name bespoke ; besides which, it had two remarkable qualities ; for first, as if nature had been careful to provide for her own defect, it constantly looked towards her blind side ; and secondly, the ball consisted almost entirely of white or rather yellow, with a little grey



spot in the corner, so small that it was scarce discernible. Nose she had none; for Venus, envious perhaps at her former charms, had carried off the gristly part: and some earthly damsel, perhaps from the same envy, had levelled the bone with the rest of her face; indeed it was far beneath the bones of her cheeks, which rose proportionally higher than is usual. About half a dozen ebony teeth fortified that large and long canal, which nature had cut from ear to ear, at the bottom of which was a chin, preposterously short, nature having turned up the bottom, instead of suffering it to grow to its due length. Her body was well adapted to her face; she measured full as much round the middle as from head to foot; for besides the extreme breadth of her back, her vast breasts had long since forsaken their native homes, and had settled themselves a little below the girdle. I wish certain actresses on the stage, when they are to perform characters of no amiable cast, would study to dress themselves with the propriety with which Blear-Eyed Moll was now arrayed. For the sake of our squeamish reader, we shall not descend to particulars. Let it suffice to say, nothing more ragged, or more dirty, was ever emptied out of the round house at St. Giles's. We have taken the more pains to describe this person, for two remarkable reasons; the one is, that this unlovely creature was taken in the fact with a very pretty young fellow; the other, which is more productive of moral lesson, is, that, however wretched her fortune may appear to the reader, she was one of the merriest persons in the whole prison.

Blear-Eyed Moll, then, came up to Mr. Booth with a smile or rather grin on her countenance, and asked him for a dram of gin; and when Booth assured her that he had not a penny of money, she replied—'Damn your eyes, I thought by your look you had been a clever fellow, and upon the snaffling lay at least; but damn your body and eyes, I find you are some sneaking budge rascal.' She then launched forth a volley of dreadful oaths, interlarded with some language not proper to be repeated here, and was going to lay hold on poor Booth, when a tall prisoner, who had been very earnestly eyeing Booth for some time, came up, and taking her by the shoulder, flung her off at some distance, cursing her for a bitch, and bidding her let the gentleman alone. This person was not himself of the most inviting aspect. He was long visaged, and pale, with a red

beard of about a fortnight's growth. He was attired in a brownish black coat, which would have showed more holes than it did, had not the linen, which appeared through it, been entirely of the same colour with the cloth. This gentleman, whose name was Robinson, addressed himself very civilly to Mr. Booth, and told him he was sorry to see one of his appearance in that place: 'For as to your being without your coat, Sir,' says he, 'I can easily account for that; and indeed dress is the least part which distinguishes a gentleman.' At which words he cast a significant look on his own coat, as if he desired they should be applied to himself. He then proceeded in the following manner: 'I perceive Sir, you are but just arrived in this dismal place, which is, indeed, rendered more detestable by the wretches who inhabit it, than by any other circumstance; but even these a wise man will soon bring himself to bear with indifference; for what is, is: and what must be, must be. The knowledge of this, which, simple as it appears, is in truth the height of all philosophy, renders a wise man superior to every evil which can befall him. I hope, Sir, no very dreadful accident is the cause of your coming hither; but whatever it was, you may be assured that it could not be otherwise: for all things happen by an inevitable fatality; and a man can no more resist the impulse of Fate, than a wheelbarrow can the force of its driver.'

Besides the obligation which Mr. Robinson had conferred on Mr. Booth, in delivering him from the insults of Blear-Eyed Moll, there was something in the manner of Robinson, which, notwithstanding the meanness of his dress, seemed to distinguish him from the crowd of wretches who swarmed in those regions; and above all, the sentiments which he had just declared, very nearly coincided with those of Mr. Booth.

It can be no wonder, therefore, that Mr. Booth did not decline the acquaintance of this person, in a place which could not promise to afford him any better. He answered him with great courtesy, as indeed he was of a very good and gentle disposition; and after expressing a civil surprise at meeting him there, declared himself to be of the same opinion with regard to the necessity of human actions; adding, however, that he did not believe men were under any blind impulse or direction of fate; but that every man acted merely from the force of that passion which was uppermost in his mind, and could do no otherwise.

A discourse now ensued between the two gentlemen, on the necessity arising from the impulse of fate, and the necessity arising from the impulse of passion, which, as it will make a pretty pamphlet of itself, we shall reserve for some future opportunity. When this was ended, they set forward to survey the jail, and the prisoners, with the several cases of whom Mr. Robinson, who had been some time under confinement, undertook to make Mr. Booth acquainted.

The first persons whom they passed by were three men in fetters, who were enjoying themselves very merrily over a bottle of wine, and a pipe of tobacco. These, Mr. Robinson informed his friend, were three street-robbers, and were all certain of being hanged the ensuing sessions. 'So inconsiderable an object,' said he, 'is misery to light minds, when it is at any distance.'

A little farther they beheld a man prostrate on the ground, whose heavy groan, and frantic actions, plainly indicated the highest disorder of mind. This person was, it seems, committed for a small felony; and his wife, who then lay in, upon hearing the news, had thrown herself from a window two pair of stairs high, by which means he had, in all probability, lost both her and his child. A very pretty girl then advanced towards them, whose beauty Mr. Booth could not help admiring the moment he saw her; declaring at the same time, he thought she had great innocence in her countenance. Robinson said she was committed thither as an idle and disorderly person, and a common street-walker. As she passed by Mr. Booth she damned his eyes, and discharged a volley of words, every one of which was too indecent to be repeated. They beheld now a little creature sitting by herself in a corner, and crying bitterly. This girl, Mr. Robinson said, was committed, because her father-in-law, who was in the grenadier guards, had sworn that he was afraid of his life, or of some bodily harm, which she would do him, and she could get no surety for keeping the peace: for which reason Justice Thrasher had committed her to prison. A great noise now arose, occasioned by the prisoners all flocking to see a fellow whipped for petty larceny, to which he was condemned by the court of quarter-sessions; but this soon ended in the disappointment of the spectators; for the fellow, after being stripped, having advanced another sixpence, was discharged untouched.

This was immediately followed by another bustle. Blear-

Eyed Moll, and several of her companions, having got possession of a man who was committed for certain odious unmanlike practices, not fit to be named, were giving him various kinds of discipline, and would probably have put an end to him, had he not been rescued out of their hands by authority.

When this bustle was a little allayed, Mr. Booth took notice of a young woman in rags sitting on the ground, and supporting the head of an old man in her lap, who appeared to be giving up the ghost. These, Mr. Robinson informed him, were father and daughter; that the latter was committed for stealing a loaf, in order to support the former, and the former for receiving it knowing it to be stolen.

A well dressed man then went surlily by them, whom Mr. Robinson reported to have been committed on an indictment found against him for a most horrid perjury; 'but,' says he, 'we expect him to be bailed to-day.' 'Good heaven!' cries Booth, 'can such villains find bail, and is no person charitable enough to bail that poor father and daughter?' 'Oh! Sir,' answered Robinson, 'the offence of the daughter, being felony, is held not to be bailable in law; whereas perjury is a misdemeanour only; and therefore persons who are even indicted for it, are, nevertheless, capable of being bailed. Nay, of all perjuries, that of which this man is indicted is the worst: for it was with an intention of taking away the life of an innocent person by form of law. As to perjuries, in civil matters, they are not so very criminal.' 'They are not,' said Booth: 'and yet even these are a most flagitious offence, and worthy the highest punishment.' 'Surely they ought to be distinguished,' answered Robinson, 'from the others: for what is taking away a little property from a man compared to taking away his life, and his reputation, and ruining his family into the bargain?—I hope there can be no comparison in the crimes, and I think there ought to be none in the punishment. However, at present, the punishment of all perjury is only pillory, and transportation for seven years; and as it is a traversable and bailable offence, methods are often found to escape any punishment at all.'

Booth expressed great astonishment at this, when his attention was suddenly diverted by the most miserable object that he had yet seen. This was a wretch almost naked, and who bore in his countenance, joined to an appearance of

honesty, the marks of poverty, hunger, and disease. He had, moreover, a wooden-leg, and two or three scars on his forehead. 'The case of this poor man is, indeed, unhappy enough,' said Robinson. 'He hath served his country, lost his limb, and received several wounds at the siege of Gibraltar. When he was discharged from the hospital abroad, he came over to get into that of Chelsea, but could not immediately, as none of his officers were then in England. In the mean time, he was one day apprehended and committed hither on suspicion of stealing three herrings from a fish-monger. He was tried several months ago for this offence, and acquitted; indeed his innocence manifestly appeared at the trial; but he was brought back again for his fees, and here he hath lain ever since.'

Booth expressed great horror at this account, and declared, if he had only so much money in his pocket, he would pay his fees for him; but added, that he was not possessed of a single farthing in the world. Robinson hesitated a moment, and then said, with a smile, 'I am going to make you, Sir, a very odd proposal after your last declaration; but what say you to a game at cards? It will serve to pass a tedious hour, and may divert your thoughts from more unpleasant speculations.' I do not imagine Booth would have agreed to this: for though some love of gaming had been formerly amongst his faults; yet he was not so egregiously addicted to that vice, as to be tempted by the shabby plight of Robinson, who had, if I may so express myself, no charms for a gamester. If he had, however, any such inclinations, he had no opportunity to follow them; for before he could make any answer to Robinson's proposal, a strapping wench came up to Booth, and taking hold of his arm, asked him to walk aside with her; saying, 'what a pox, are you such a fresh cull that you do not know this fellow! why, he is a gambler, and committed for cheating at play. There is not such a pickpocket in the whole quad.' A scene of altercation now ensued, between Robinson and the lady, which ended in a bout at fisticuffs, in which the lady was greatly superior to the philosopher.

While the two combatants were engaged, a grave-looking man, rather better dressed than the majority of the company, came up to Mr. Booth, and taking him aside, said, 'I am sorry, Sir, to see a gentleman, as you appear to be, in such intimacy with that rascal, who makes no scruple of dia-

owning all revealed religion. As for crimes, they are human errors, and signify but little; nay, perhaps the worse a man is by nature, the more room there is for grace. The spirit is active, and loves best to inhabit those minds where it may meet with the most work. Whatever your crime be, therefore, I would not have you despair; but rather rejoice at it: for perhaps it may be the means of your being called.' He ran on for a considerable time with this cant, without waiting for an answer, and ended in declaring himself a methodist.

Just as the methodist had finished his discourse, a beautiful young woman was ushered into the jail. She was genteel and well dressed, and did not in the least resemble those females whom Mr. Booth had hitherto seen. The constable had no sooner delivered her at the gate, than she asked, with a commanding voice, for the keeper; and, when he arrived, she said to him, 'Well, Sir, whither am I to be conducted? I hope I am not to take up my lodgings with these creatures.' The keeper answered with a kind of surly respect, 'Madam, we have rooms for those that can afford to pay for them.' At these words, she pulled a handsome purse from her pocket, in which many guineas chinked, saying, with an air of indignation, that 'she was not come thither on account of poverty.' The keeper no sooner viewed the purse, than his features became all softened in an instant; and with all the courtesy of which he was master, he desired the lady to walk with him, assuring her that she should have the best apartment in his house.

Mr. Booth was now left alone; for the methodist had forsaken him, having, as the phrase of the sect is, searched him to the bottom. In fact, he had thoroughly examined every one of Mr. Booth's pockets; from which he had conveyed away a penknife, and an iron snuff-box, these being all the moveables which were to be found.

## JOHN MOORE.\*

OF DR. MOORE, the author of *Zeluco*, *Edward*, and *Mordaunt*, three novels of considerable merit and popularity, it is necessary to give some specimen. As a novelist, he is not remarkable for variety of character, ingenuity of plot, or interesting description; but he discovers an intimate acquaintance with life and human nature, and, in particular, a fund of sarcastic wit and judicious observation, that tends to support a style otherwise tedious and stiff.—The following short extract is from *Zeluco*, the best of his novels.

## THE SLAVE.

HANNO, the slave, allowed symptoms of compassion; perhaps of indignation, to escape from him, on hearing one of his brother slaves ordered to be punished unjustly. *Zeluco* having observed this, swore that Hanno should be the executioner, otherwise he would order him to be punished in his stead. Hanno said, He might do as he pleased; but as for himself he never had been accustomed to that office, and he would not begin by exercising it on his friend. *Zeluco*, in a transport of rage, ordered him to be lashed severely, and renewed the punishment at *legal* intervals so often, that the poor man was thrown into a languishing disease, which confined him constantly to his bed. Hanno had been a favour-

\* MOORE was the son of a Scotch Episcopal clergyman, and born at Stirling, in 1730. On the death of his father, he removed to Glasgow, where he received his education, and went through the regular study of medicine. After spending several years abroad as military surgeon, he returned to Glasgow, and practised there, until he was engaged to accompany the late Duke of Hamilton on a tour through the continent. On his return he removed his family to London, where (with little exception) he spent the rest of his days. He died in 1802, leaving the following works:—*A View of Society and Manners in France, Switzerland, and Germany*, 1779, 2 vols.—*View of Society and Manners in Italy*, 1781, 2 vols.—*Medical Sketches*, 1786—*Zeluco*, 1789, 2 vols.—*Journal during a residence in France in 1792, 1793-4*, 2 vols.—*A View of the Causes and Progress of the French Revolution*, 1795, 2 vols.—*Edward*, a novel, 1796, 2 vols.—*Mordaunt*, a novel, 1799, 3 vols.—Dr. Moore was the father of the gallant Sir John Moore, who fell at Corunna.

He servant of his lady's before her marriage with Zeluco ; he was known to people of all ranks on the Island, and esteemed by all who knew him. An Irish soldier in that gentleman's service, and who remained constantly in his family, had long been acquainted with Hanno, and had a particular esteem for him. As soon as he heard of his dangerous situation, he hastened to see him, carried him wine and other refreshments, and continued to visit and comfort him during his languishing illness. Perceiving at last that there was no hope of his recovery, he thought the last and best good office he could do him was to carry a priest to give him absolution and extreme unction.

As they went together,—‘I should be very sorry, father,’ said the soldier, ‘if this poor fellow missed going to heaven; for, by Jesus ! I do not believe there is a worthier soul there, but the other who he pleases.’ ‘He is a black,’ said the priest, who was of the order of St. Francis. ‘His soul is whiter than a skinned potato,’ said the soldier. ‘Do you know whether he believes in all the tenets of our holy faith ?’ said the priest. ‘He is a man who is always ready to do as he would be done by,’ replied the soldier. ‘That is something,’ said the Capuchin, ‘but not the most essential. Are you certain that he is a Christian ?’ ‘O, I’ll be damned, if he is not as pretty a Christian as your heart can desire,’ said the soldier ; ‘and I’ll give you a proof that will rejoice your soul to hear. A soldier of our regiment was seized with the cramp in his leg when he was bathing ; so he hol-laed for assistance, and then went plump to the bottom like a stone. Those who were near him, Christians and all, swam away as fast as their legs could carry them, for they were afraid of his catching hold of them. But honest Hanno pushed directly to the place where the soldier had sunk, dived after him, and without more ado, or so much as saying, By your leave, seized him by the hair of the head, and hauled him ashore ; where, after a little rubbing and rolling, he was quite recovered, and is alive and merry at this blessed moment. Now, my dear father, I think this was behaving like a good Christian, and, what is much more, like a brave Irishman too.’ ‘Has he been properly instructed in all the doctrines of the catholic church ?’ said the priest. ‘That he has’ replied the soldier, ‘for I was after instructing him yesterday myself ; and as you had told me very often that believing was the great point, I pressed that

VOL. II.

K



home. By Jesus, says I, Hanno, it does not signify making wry faces, but you must believe, my dear honey, as fast as ever you can, for you have no time to lose ;—and, poor fellow, he entreated me to say no more about it, and he would believe whatever I pleased.'

This satisfied the father. When they arrived at the dying man's cabin, 'Now, my dear fellow,' said the soldier, 'I have brought a holy man to give you absolution for your sins, and to show your soul the road to heaven ; take this glass of wine to comfort you, for it is a hellish long journey.' They raised poor Hanno, and he swallowed the wine with difficulty. 'Be not dismayed, my honest lad,' continued the soldier, 'for although it is a long march to heaven, you will be sure of glorious quarters when you get there. I cannot tell you exactly how people pass their time, indeed ; but by all accounts there is no very hard duty, unless it is that you will be obliged to sing psalms and hymns pretty constantly : that, to be sure, you must bear with : but then the devil a scoundrel who delights in tormenting his fellow-creatures will be allowed to thrust his nose into that sweet plantation ; and so, my dear Hanno, God bless you ! all your sufferings are now pretty well over, and I am convinced you will be as happy as the day is long in the other world all the rest of your life.' The priest then began to perform his office ;—Hanno heard him in silence,—he seemed unable to speak.

'You see, my good father,' said the soldier, 'he believes in all you say. You may now, without any further delay, give him absolution and extreme unction, and every thing needful to secure him a snug birth in paradise.'

'You are fully convinced, friend,' said the priest, addressing the dying man in a solemn manner, 'that it is only by a firm belief in all the tenets of the holy catholic church that—' 'God love your soul, my dear father,' interrupted the soldier, 'give him absolution in the first place, and convince him afterwards ; for, upon my conscience, if you bother him much longer, the poor creature's soul will slip through your fingers.' The priest, who was a good natured man, did as the soldier requested. 'Now,' said the soldier, when the ceremony was over. 'now, my honest fellow, you may bid the devil defiance, for you are as sure of heaven as your master is of hell ; where, as this reverend father will assure you, he must suffer to all eternity.' 'I hope he will not suffer so

long,' said Hanno in a faint voice, and speaking for the first time since the arrival of the priest. 'Have a care of what you say, friend,' said the priest, in a severe tone of voice; 'you must not doubt of the eternity of hell torments. If your master goes once there, he must remain for ever.' 'Then I'll be bound for him,' said the soldier, 'he is sure enough of going there.' 'But I hope in God he will not remain for ever,' said Hanno—and expired. 'That was not spoken like a true believer,' said the priest; 'if I had thought that he harboured any doubts on such an essential article, I should not have given him absolution.' 'It is lucky then that the poor fellow made his escape to heaven before you knew any thing of the matter,' said the soldier.

As the soldier returned home from Hanno's cabin, he met Zeluco, who, knowing where he had been, said to him, 'How is the damned scoundrel now?' 'The damned scoundrel is in better health than all who know him could wish,' replied the soldier. 'Why they told me he was dying,' said Zeluco. 'If you mean poor Hanno, he is already dead, and on his way to heaven,' said the soldier; 'but as for the scoundrel who murdered him, he'll be damned before he gets there.'

---

## JAMES MORIER.

WHEN the literature of the present day is sweepingly characterized as ephemeral, it were well to except from this charge such performances as that which furnishes the following extract. *The Adventures of Hajji Baba of Ispahan*\* must long retain a distinguished place among works descriptive of national manners. Its author, in selecting the unri-

\* Said to be from the pen of JAMES MORIER, Esq., His Majesty's Secretary of Embassy to the Court of Persia, and since private secretary to the Earl of Aberdeen, Ambassador to the Court of Vienna. This gentleman is nephew to Admiral Lord Radstock, and is distinguished by his diplomatic talents, which are rendered peculiarly useful by his uncommon knowledge of the languages of the East and West. He has published, *A Journey through Persia, Armenia, and Asia Minor, to Constantinople*, in 1808, 2. Lond. 1811.

valled *Gil Blas* for a model, has availed himself of perhaps the only plan by which a European could be enabled to form a just idea of the vicissitudes attendant on the fortunes of an adventurer in a kingdom where every thing is subject to the nod of a despot. It will at once be acknowledged that no ordinary talent is requisite for one who would attempt to give, after the manner of *Le Sage*, a faithful picture of oriental manners as they now exist, and to select facts on which to found a continued narrative;—who must invent a hero that shall pass, with some appearance of probability, through the various ranks and stations in a Mussulman community, and bring before us an account of his conduct in private life, as well as of the feelings with which he may be supposed to regard the customs and institutions of his country. To the accomplishment of this difficult task, besides abundance of enthusiasm for his subject, our author has brought extensive knowledge, aided by genius which, if neither dazzling nor profound, is far above mediocrity. If he often neglects to turn to the best advantage excellent opportunities for moving our feelings, he is never guilty of tiring us by appeals to their sympathy. While every illustration and all that can be termed imagery are strictly Persian, nothing is overstrained or pedantic;—no despicable qualifications in an author possessed of such accurate local experience, and familiar with Persia, as if ‘native’ there, and ‘born’ to their manners. To-day relying on the casual bounty of his brethren, to-morrow pluming himself in all the insolence of office,—now the rigorous anchorite arrayed in all the externals of sanctimony, again the overbearing soldier decked in all the borrowed fierceness which art can supply,—now little more than master of his alphabet, before long composing what is laid before his sovereign as a *History of Europe*,—at first his father’s humble assistant as a knight of the razor at *Ispahan*, afterwards the lordly possessor of a

splendid mansion in the Turkish capital,—Hajji, volatile and aspiring, unprincipled though not void of feeling, now hording with the tribes of the desert and now basking in the sunshine of a court, is exhibited in every imaginable position a son of Islam can assume. The easy humour, felicitous satire, and vigorous delineation of character, displayed in relating his adventures, are scarcely sufficient to restrain the contempt with which his character is likely to be regarded. With all his faults, however, Hajji is good natured, and, upon the whole, fully as conscientious as his Spanish prototype already mentioned, and not such a lady-killer as his Greek relation, Anastatius. Convinced that of his vices, heartlessness, and self-conceit, one half may be fairly attributed to the government under which he had the misfortune to be placed, we lose sight of him with regret, alleviated only by a hope that his biographer will soon enable us to renew an acquaintance so agreeably commenced.—Of Hajji's military adventures, that which follows is the most pleasing. He has just set out on a reconnoitring expedition, with a small detachment under his command, when our extract commences.—

## YUSUF THE ARMENIAN.

It was scarcely dawn of day when we reached the bridge of Ashtarek, still obscured by the deepest shade, owing to the very high and rocky banks of the river, forming, as it were, two abrupt walls on either side. The village itself, situated on the brink of these banks, was just sufficiently lighted up to be distinguished from the rocks among which it was built; whilst the ruins of a large structure, of heavy architecture, rose conspicuous on the darkest side, and gave a character of solemnity and grandeur to the whole scenery. This, my companions informed me, was the remains of one of the many Armenian churches so frequently seen in this part of Persia. The river dashed along through its dark bed, and we could perceive the foam of its waters as we

began to cross the bridge. The rattle of our horses' hoofs over its pavement had alarmed the village dogs, whose bark we could just distinguish; the shrill crow of a cock was also heard, and most of our eyes were directed towards the houses, when one of our men, stopping his horse, exclaimed, 'Ya, Ali! (oh, Ali!) what is that?' pointing with his hand to the church: 'do not you see, there, something white?' 'Yes, yes,' said another, 'I see it; it's a *ghol*! without doubt it's a *ghol*! 'This is the true hour: it is in search of a corse. I dare say it is devouring one now.' I also could see that something was there, but it was impossible to make it out. We halted upon the bridge, looking up with all our eyes, every one being satisfied that it was a supernatural being. One called upon Ali, another upon Hossein, and a third invoked the Prophet and the twelve Imams. None seemed inclined to approach it, but every one suggested some new mode of exorcism. 'Untie the string of your trowsers,' said an old Iraki, 'that's the way we treat our ghol's, in the desert near Ispahan, and they depart instantly.' 'What good will that do?' answered a *delikhan* (a hare-brained youth;) 'I'd rather keep the beast out than let it in.' In short, what with joking, and what with serious talk, the morning broke sufficiently to convince us that the apparition must have been an illusion of our senses, for nothing now was to be seen. However, having passed the bridge, the said *delikhan*, shivering in his stirrups, and anxious to gallop his horse, exclaimed, 'I'll go and find the ghol,' drove his horse up a steep bank, and made towards the ruined church. We saw him return very speedily, with intelligence, that what we had taken for a ghol was a woman, whose white veil had attracted our notice, and that she, with a man, were apparently hiding themselves among the deep shades of the broken walls. Full of anxiety for whatever might throw a light upon the object of my duty, I lost no time in proceeding to the ruin, in order to ascertain why these people hid themselves so mysteriously, and ordering five men to follow me, I made the rest halt near the bridge. We saw no one until turning the sharp angle of a wall we found, seated under an arch, the object of our search. A woman, apparently sick, was extended on the ground, whilst a man, leaning over, supported her head, in an attitude of the greatest solicitude. Enough of daylight now shone upon them, to discover that they were both young. The woman's

face, partially hid by her veil, notwithstanding the deadly paleness, was surprisingly beautiful; and the youth was the finest specimen of strength, activity, and manliness that I had ever seen. He was dressed in the costume of Georgia; a long knife hung over his thigh, and a gun rested against the wall. Her veil, which was of the purest white, was here and there stained with blood, and torn in several places. Although I had been living amongst men inured to scenes of misery, utter strangers to feelings of pity or commiseration, yet in this instance I and my companions could not fail being much interested at what we saw, and paused with a sort of respect for the grief of these apparently unfriended strangers, before we ventured to break the silence of our meeting. 'What are you doing here?' said I: 'If you are strangers, and travellers, why do you not go into the village?' 'If you have the feelings of a man,' said the youth, 'give me help, for the love of God! Should you be sent to seize us by the Serdar, still help me to save this poor creature who is dying. I have no resistance to offer; but pray save her.' 'Who are you?' said I. 'The Serdar has given us no orders concerning you. Where do you come from? Whither going?' 'Our story is long and melancholy,' said the young man: 'if you will help me to convey this poor suffering girl where she may be taken care of, I will relate every thing that has happened to us. She may recover with good and kind usage; she is wounded, but I trust not mortally, and with quiet may recover. Thanks to Heaven, you are not one of the Serdar's officers! Perhaps you may befriend me, and my lamentable tale may perhaps induce you to take us under your protection.' His appeal to my feelings was unnecessary: the countenance and appearance of the youth had excited great interest in my breast, and I immediately lent myself to his wishes, telling him that we would, without delay, convey his sick friend to the village, and then, having heard his story, settle what to do for him. She had to this moment said nothing, but gathered her veil round her with great precaution, now and then uttering low groans, which indicated pain, and venting the apparent misery of her mind by suppressed sighs. I ordered one of my followers to dismount from his horse; we placed her upon it, and immediately proceeded to the village, where, having inspected the interior of several houses, I pitched upon that which afforded the best accommodation, and whose owner appeared obliging and humane; there we deposited her,

giving directions that she should be nursed with the greatest care. An old woman of the village, who had the reputation of skill in curing wounds and bruises, was sent for, and she undertook her cure. I learnt from the youth that he and his companions were Armenians ; and as the inhabitants of Ashtarek were of the same persuasion, they very soon understood each other, and the poor sufferer felt that she could not have fallen into better hands.

Feeling refreshed by two hours' sound sleep, upon awaking I sent for the Armenian youth ; and whilst the good people of the village served us a light breakfast, of which we were both much in need, I requested him to relate his adventures, and particularly what had brought him into the situation in which he had been discovered. Refreshed with rest and food, the morning sun enlightening the spot we occupied, the manly features of the youth exhibited all their beauty ; and, as he spoke, their animation and earnestness helped wonderfully to convince me that all he said was the truth. He spoke as follows :

I am an Armenian by birth, and a Christian : my name is Yusuf. My father is chief of the village of Gavmishlu, inhabited entirely by Armenians. In the middle of a verdant country, full of the richest pasturage, and enjoying a climate celebrated for coolness and serenity, we are a healthy and a hardy race ; and, notwithstanding the numerous exactions of our governors, we are happy in our poverty. We live so far within the mountains, that we are more distant from the tyranny usually exercised upon those who abide nearer great towns, the residences of governors ; and secluded from the world, our habits are simple, and our modes of life patriarchal. About two years ago, when securing our harvest, I had gone out long before the dawn to reap the corn of one of our most distant fields, armed and prepared as usual. I perceived a Persian horseman, bearing a female behind him, and making great speed through a glen that wound nearly at the foot of a more elevated spot, upon which I was standing. The female evidently had been placed there against her will, for as soon as she perceived me she uttered loud shrieks, and extended her arms. I immediately flew down the craggy side of the mountain, and reached the lowermost part of the glen time enough to intercept the horseman's road. I called out to him to stop, and seconded my words by drawing my sword, and putting myself in an attitude to seize his bridle as he passed. Embarrassed by the burden behind

him, he was unable either to use his sword or his gun slung at his back, so he excited his horse to an increased speed, hoping thus to ride over me; but I stood my ground, and as I made a cut with my sabre, the horse bounded from the load with so sudden a start, that the frightened woman lost her hold and fell off. The horseman, free of his incumbrance, would now have used his gun; but seeing mine already aimed at him, he thought it most prudent to continue his road, and I saw nothing more of him. I ran to the assistance of the fallen woman, whom by her dress I discovered to be an Armenian. She was stunned and severely bruised: her outward veil had already disengaged itself, and in order to give her air, I immediately pulled away the under veil which hides the lower part of her face (common to the Armenians), and to my extreme surprise, beheld the most beautiful features that imagination can conceive. The lovely creature whom I supported in my arms was about fifteen years of age. Oh! I shall never forget the thrill of love, delight, and apprehension, which I felt at gazing upon her. I hung over her with all the intenseness of a first passion; a feeling arose in my heart which was new to me, and, forgetting every thing but the object immediately before me, I verily believe that I should have been for ever riveted to that spot, had she not opened her eyes, and began to show signs of life. The first words she spoke went to my very soul; but when she discovered where she was, and in the hands of an utter stranger, she began to cry and bewail herself in a manner that quite alarmed me. Little by little, however, she became more composed; and when she found that I was one of her own nation and religion, that I was, moreover, her deliverer, she began to look upon me with different feelings: my vanity made me hope that, perhaps, she was not displeased at the interest she had awakened in me. One thing, however, she did not cease to deplore, and to upbraid me with,—I had withdrawn her veil;—there was no forgiveness for me—that indulgence which even a husband scarcely ever enjoys, that distinguishing emblem of chastity and honour, so sacred in the eyes of an Armenian woman,—every sense of decency had been disregarded by me, and I stood before her in the criminal character of one who had seen all her face. In vain I represented, that had I not relieved her mouth and nose from the pressure of the lower band, she must have suffocated; that her fall having de-



prived her of all sensation, had she not inhaled the fresh air, death would have been the consequence. Nothing would convince her that she was not a lost woman. However, the following argument had more effect upon her than any other ; no one but myself was witness to her dishonour (if such she must call it) ; and I swore so fervently by the Holy Cross, and by St. Gregorio, that it should remain a profound secret in my heart as long as I had one to keep it in, that she permitted herself at length to be comforted. I then requested her to give me an account of her late adventure, and to tell me from whom it had been my good fortune to liberate her.

‘As for the man,’ said she, ‘all I know of him is, that he is a Persian. I never saw him before, and know of no object that he could have had in carrying me off, excepting to sell me for a slave. A few days ago a skirmish took place between a detachment of Persian cavalry and Georgians. The latter were driven back, and the Persians made some prisoners, whom they carried away in great triumph to Erivan. Our village had been occupied by the Persian troops some days before this affray, and I suppose then my ravisher laid his plan to carry me off, and make me pass for a Georgian prisoner. I had just got up in the morning, and had gone to the village-well with my pitcher, to bring home water, when he darted from behind a broken wall, showed his knife, threatened to kill me if I did not follow him without noise, and made me mount behind him on his horse. We galloped away just as some other of the village maidens were proceeding to the well, and my only hope of being saved was from the alarm which I knew they would instantly spread. We were out of sight in a few minutes, for we rode furiously over hill and dale, and cut across parts of the country unfrequented by travellers. At length seeing you on the brow of the hill, I took courage, and gave vent to my cries, notwithstanding the threats of the Persian. You know the rest.’

She had scarcely finished speaking, when we discovered several persons, one on horseback, the rest on foot, making towards us in great haste ; and as they approached, and were recognized by my fair one, it was delightful to watch her emotions. ‘Oh ! there is my father,’ exclaimed she, ‘and my brothers ! there is Ovanes, and Agoop, and Aratoon ! and my uncle too !’ As they came up, she embrac-

ced them all with transports of delight. I was in agonies of apprehensions lest some youth should appear, who might have excited other feelings in her heart ; but no, none but relations were there. Having thanked God and St. Gregory for her escape, after some hesitation, in a most embarrassed manner, she pointed me out as her deliverer. The attention of the whole party was then directed to me. ' Whose son are you,' said the old man, her father. ' I am the son of Coja Petros,' said I, ' the chief of the village of Gavmishlu.' ' Ah ! he is my friend and neighbour,' answered he ; ' but I do not know you ; perhaps you are the son who was educating at the Three Churches for a priest, and who came to the help of your family ?' I answered in the affirmative, and then he said, ' You are welcome. May your house prosper ! You have saved our daughter, and we own you eternal gratitude. You must come with us, and be our guest. If ever it were necessary to kill a lamb, to eat and be merry, it is now. We, and all our families, will carry you upon our heads ; we will kiss your feet, and smooth your brow, for having saved our Mariam, and preserved her from dragging out her existence the slave of the Mussulman.' I then received the congratulations and kind speeches of her brothers and uncle, who all invited me to their village in so pressing a manner, that, unable to resist, and propelled by my anxiety to see Mariam, I accepted their offer, and we forthwith proceeded in a body. When near the village we discovered that all its inhabitants, particularly the women and children, had been watching our steps down the slope, anxious to know whether Mariam had been retaken ; and when they saw her safe, there was no end to their expressions of joy. The story of her flight and of her rescue was soon told, and carried from one mouth to another, with such rapidity and with such additional circumstances, that at length it came out that she had been carried away by a giant, who had an iron head, claws and feet of steel, and scales on his back, mounted upon a beast that tore up the ground at every bound, and made noises in its rapid course over the hills like the discharges of artillery. They added to this, that of a sudden an angel, in the shape of a ploughboy, descended from the top of a high mountain in a cloud, and as he wielded a sword of fire in his hand, it frightened the horse, threw Mariam to the ground, and reduced the giant and his steed to ashes ; for when she re-

covered from her fright, they were no longer to be seen. I was pointed out as the illustrious ploughboy, and immediately the attention of the whole village was turned towards me; but, unfortunately, when about receiving nearly divine honours, a youth, whom I had frequently met tending cattle in the mountains, recognized me, and said, 'He is no angel—he is Yusuf, the son of Coja Petros, of Gavmishlu;' and thus I was reduced to my mortality once more. However, I was treated with the greatest distinction by every body, and Mariam's relations could not sufficiently testify their gratitude for the service I had rendered. But, all this time, love was making deep inroads in my heart. I no longer saw Mariam unveiled; that happy moment of my life had gone by; but it had put the seal to my future fate. 'No,' said I to myself, 'nothing shall separate me from that beautiful maid; our destinies forthwith are one: Heaven has miraculously brought us together, and nothing but the decrees of Providence shall disunite us, even though to gain her I should be obliged to adopt the violence of the Persian, and carry her away by force.' We met now and then, Mariam and I; and although our words were few, yet our eyes said much, and I knew that my passion was returned. Oh! how I longed to have met and engaged another, ay, twenty more Persians, to prove my love! but I recollected that I was nothing but a poor Armenian, belonging to a degraded and despised nation, and that the greatest feat which I could ever expect to perform would be to keep the wolf from my father's flocks, or to drive the marauder from our fields.

I remained the whole of that eventful day at Geuklu (the name of the village), where the promised lamb was killed, and a large caldron of rice boiled. I returned on the following day to my parents, who had been alarmed at my absence, and who listened to the history of my adventures with all the earnestness and interest that I could wish. I was so entirely absorbed by my love, that I could think of nothing else; therefore I determined to inform them of the situation of my affections. 'I am of an age now,' said I to them, 'to think and act for myself. Thanks to God, and to you, I have strong arms, and can work for my bread: I wish to marry, and Providence has prepared the way for me.' In short, I said so much, that at length they were persuaded to make the necessary overtures to the parents of Mariam;

and it was fixed, that in the course of a few days my father, my uncle the priest, and one of the elders of the village, should proceed to Geuklu, and ask her in marriage for me. In the meanwhile, I myself had been there almost every day upon one pretext or another, and I had had several opportunities of informing her of my intentions, in order that she and her family might not be taken unawares. My father and his colleagues were very well received by the parents of my intended. Having talked over the matter, and seizing this opportunity of drinking some more than usual glasses of arrack, they agreed that we should be united as soon as the marriage articles should have been agreed upon, and the forms of the *nam zed* (the ceremony of betrothing) should have been gone through. I was anxious to be already on my road to Erivan, where the marriage clothes were to be bought; for there was no place nearer than that city in which a bazar was to be found. But as I was ignorant of the arts of buying, and particularly ill versed in woman's dresses, it was decided that my mother should accompany me, mounted on our ass, whilst I followed on foot. Having reached the heights of Aberan, we discovered an immense camp of white tents; one of which belonging to the chief, was of a magnificent size. A horseman whom we met informed us, that the Serdar of Erivan was encamped there with a considerable body of cavalry; and it was supposed posted there to watch the motions of the Russians and Georgians, who, it was expected, were likely soon to move their forces forwards to the attack of Persia. My mother and I returned to our village by the same road we came, but not with quite so much speed; for the ass was laden with our purchases, and, in addition to my arms, I also carried a considerable share of the burden. The Serdar's camp was still in the same place, and we passed on without hindrance or any occurrence worth relating, until we reached the high ground that overlooks Gavmishlu. The sight of a tent first struck my mother, and she stopped.

'What is that, Yusuf,' she cried out to me: 'see, there is a tent.' I, who had no thoughts in my head but those that concerned my wedding, answered, 'Yes, I see; perhaps they are making preparations for an entertainment for us. 'My husband's beard with your entertainment,' exclaimed she; 'what is become of your wits? Either Russians or Persians are there, as sure as I am a Christian; and in either case it

is bad for us.<sup>2</sup> We pushed on towards our dwelling with the greatest anxiety; and as we approached it, found that my mother had judged right. The village had been just occupied by a small detachment of Russian infantry, composed of fifty men, commanded by a *penjah bashi*, or a head of fifty, who, it seems, formed the advanced posts of an army quartered at a day's distance from us. Every house in the village had been obliged to lodge a certain number of men, and ours, as the best, and belonging to the chief, was taken up by the captain. You may conceive our consternation on finding this state of things, and in particular, how wretched I was from the apprehension that my wedding must be put off to an indefinite time, when perhaps ruin would have overwhelmed us, and left us naked and destitute fugitives. However, a fortnight had elapsed since our return, and nothing had happened. We were upon excellent terms with our guests the Russians, and as they were quiet and inoffensive, infinitely more so than Persians would have been under similar circumstances, we became very intimate. They were Christians as well as we; they made the sign of the cross; prayed at our church; eat pork and drank wine; all circumstances producing great sympathy of feeling, and strengthening the bonds of friendship between us. Their captain was a young man of great worth, and of such unpresuming manners that he gave universal satisfaction. He kept the strictest discipline among his troops, and was himself the soberest of mankind. He was curious to instruct himself in our manners and customs, and encouraged us to converse with him upon every thing that interested our family. This brought on a full exposition of our situation in regard to my wedding, to which he listened with a degree of interest so great, as to make him my friend for life. He said, 'But why should it not take place now! There is nothing to hinder it: we are here to protect you, and whatever we can give or lend, I promise that I will procure. The Persians do not show the least sign of moving, and our array must wait for reinforcements from Teflis before it can advance farther; therefore you will have all the necessary time to perform your ceremonies in quiet and happiness, and perhaps with more splendour than if we had not been here. And thus it was settled that I should wed. The evening before the wedding-day, the clothes and other articles, placed upon trays borne upon men's heads, and preceded by

singers and musicians (of which some are to be found in every village) were sent to my bride. On the following day, the day of my long expected happiness, I and all my family arose betimes in the morning. The weather was serene but sultry; there had been a tendency to storm for several days before, and heavy clouds stood in threatening attitudes with their white heads in the horizon. But nature was beautiful, and refreshed by a shower that had fallen in the night.

By the time the ceremony was over, daylight had entirely disappeared, and the weather, which had threatened a storm, now became very lowering. The sky was darkened, rain fell, and distant thunders were heard. This circumstance put an end to the entertainment given by my father earlier than it otherwise would have done; and when our guests had retired, the hour at length arrived which was to make me the happiest of men.—

Oh! shall I stop here to recollect all the horrors of that night—or shall I pass on, and not distress you by relating them; you must conceive my bride lovely as the morning star—innocent as an angel, and attached to me by the purest love: and you may imagine what I felt at that moment,—I who had looked upon my union as impossible, and had thought of my awaiting happiness as a bright spot in my existence, to which I expected never to attain. But, in order to give a right impression of the scene which I am about to describe, you must know that the villages in Georgia, and in our part of Armenia, are built partly under ground, and thus a stranger finds himself walking on the roof of a house when he thinks that he is on plain ground, the greatest part of them being lighted by apertures at the top. Such was the house in which my family lived, and in which my wedding was celebrated. My nuptial chamber had one of these apertures, which had been closed on the occasion, and was situated with its door leading at once into the open air.

It is the custom among the Armenians for the bridegroom to retire first. His shoes and stockings are then taken off by his wife; and, before she resigns her veil, has the task of extinguishing the light. The storm had just broke,—thunders were rolling over our heads,—the lightning flashed,—torrents of rain were pouring down with fearful noise,—there seemed to be a general commotion of the elements, when my Mariam, unveiling herself, extinguished

the lamp. She had scarcely laid herself down when we heard an unusual violent noise at the aperture in the ceiling; sounds of men's voices were mingled with the crash of the thunder; trampling of horses was also distinctly heard; and presently we were alarmed by a heavy noise of something having fallen in our room and near our bed, accompanied by a glare and a smell of sulphur.—'Tis a thunderbolt, by all that is sacred! O Heaven protect us!' cried I. 'Fly, my soul, my wife, escape!'—She had just time to snatch up her veil, and to get without the door, when an explosion took place in the very room, so awful, so tremendous, that I immediately thought myself transported to the regions of the damned. I fell senseless, amidst the wreck of falling stones, plaster, and furniture. All I can recollect is, that an immense blaze of light was succeeded by an overpowering sulphureous smell,—then a dead silence.

I lay there for some time, unconscious of what was passing, but by degrees came to myself, and when I found that I could move my limbs, and that nothing about my person was materially hurt, I began to consider how I had got there. As for my wedding, that appeared to me a dream: all I heard about me now was the firing of muskets, loud and frequent explosions, cries and shouts of men,—of men wounded and in pain,—of men attacking and putting others to death,—the trappings of horses, the clashing of arms. 'What, in the name of Heaven, can all this be?' said I. I still thought myself transported into another planet, when the shriek of a woman struck my ear. 'It is Mariam! It is she, by all that is sacred! Where, where, shall I seek her?' I was roused: I disencumbered myself of the weight of rubbish that had fallen upon me, and, once upon my legs again, I sallied forth in search of her. The scene which presented itself was more terrible than language can express; for the first object which struck my sight was a Persian rushing by me, with a drawn sword in one hand, and a human head, dripping with blood, in another. The blackness of the night was lighted up at rapid intervals by vivid flashes of lightning, which, quick as the eye could glance, now discovered the hideous tragedy that was then acting, and now threw it again into darkness, leaving the imagination to fill up the rest. By one flash I saw Persians, with uplifted swords, attacking defenceless Russians, rushing from their beds: by another, the poor villagers were dis-

covered flying from their smoking cottages in utter dismay. Then an immense explosion took place, which shook every thing around. The village cattle, loosened from their confinements, ran about in wild confusion, and mixed themselves with the horrors of the night : in short, my words fall short of any description that could be made of this awful scene of devastation ; and I must bless the mercy of that Almighty hand which hath spared me in the destruction that surrounded me. I knew not where to turn myself to seek for my wife. I had heard her shrieks ; and the shivering of despair came over me, when I thought it might have been her death groans which had struck my ear. I threw myself into the midst of the carnage, and, armed with a fire-brand, snatched from my burning nuptial chamber, I made my way through the combatants, more like a maniac at the height of his frenzy, than a bridegroom on his wedding-night. Getting into the skirts of the village again, I thought I heard the shrieks of my beloved. I ran towards the direction, and a flash of lightning, that glanced over the adjoining hill, showed me two horsemen making off with a woman, whose white veil was conspicuously seen, mounted behind one of them. Heedless of every thing but my wife, I followed them with the swiftness of a mountain goat ; but as the storm subsided, the lightning flashed no more, and I was left in utter darkness at the top of a hill, not knowing which path to take, and whether to proceed or not. I was almost naked. I had been severely bruised. My feet, otherwise accustomed to the naked ground, had become quite lacerated by the pursuit I had undertaken, and altogether I was so worn with grief, so broken-hearted, that I laid myself down on the wet earth in a state of desperation that was succeeded by a torpor of all my senses. Here I lay until the first rays of the morning glared in my eyes, and brought me gradually to a sense of my situation.

‘What has happened?’ said I : ‘Where am I ? How came I here ? Either the demons and wicked angels of another world have been at work this night, or else I am most grossly abused. To see that glorious orb rising in that clear uncloudy sky ; to mark the soothing serenity of nature, the morning freshness, the song of the birds, the lowing of yon cattle, and the quiet and seclusion of my yonder paternal village, I ought to suppose that the images of horror, of indescribable horror, now floating in my mind, must be those



of a diseased imagination. Is it possible, that in this secluded spot, under this lovely sky, in the midst of these bounteous gifts of nature, I could have seen man murdering his fellow-creature, the blazing cottage, the mangled corse, the bleeding head; and, O cruel, O killing thought, that I should have been bereft of my dear, my innocent wife?—and then, then only, was I restored to a full possession of every occurrence that had taken place; and tears which before had refused to flow now came to my assistance, and relieved my burning temples and my almost suffocating bosom. I got up, and walked slowly to the village. All was hushed into quiet; a slight smoke was here and there to be seen; stray cattle were grazing on the outskirts; strangers on horseback seemed to be busily employed in preparations of some kind or other, and the wretched peasantry were seen huddled together in groups, scartely awake from the suddenness of the destruction which had visited them, and uncertain of the fate which might still be in reserve. As for me, the loss which I had already sustained made me expect every other attendant misfortune. I had made my mind up to find my relations dead, to see the total ruin of our house, and to know that I was a solitary outcast on the face of the world, without a wife, without a home, without parents, without a friend. But no, imagination had worked up the picture too highly; for one of the first persons I met on entering our village was my poor mother, who, when she saw me, recollecting all the trouble she had been at to secure my happiness, fell on my neck, and shed a torrent of tears. When her first grief had subsided, she told me that my father had suffered much from bruises, and from a blow received on the head; but that the rest of the family were well; that our house had been considerably injured, many of our things pillaged; and that my nuptial room in particular, had been almost totally destroyed. She informed me that the good Russian captain had been the first to sell a sacrifice to the attack of the Persians; for almost immediately after the explosion in my room, he had rushed out to see what had happened, when two Persians seized him, one of whom at once decapitated him: this was the head that I saw brandished before me, when first I sallied forth. She then took me to a place of shelter, and put on me what clothes could be found.

The Persians, having completed their deeds of horror,

had retired from the scene of action, leaving to our unfortunate villagers the melancholy task of burying the dead bodies of thirty wretched Russians, who had fallen victims to their treacherous attack, and whose heads they had carried off with them as trophies.

After I had visited my father, and left my home in as comfortable a situation as I could, under the existing circumstances, I determined instantly to set out in pursuit of my wife. It was evident that she had been carried away by some of those who had attacked our village, and that she must have been taken to Erivan, as the nearest market for slaves, for such was no doubt the purpose for which she had been seized. My sword, pistols, and gun, which had formed part of the ornamental furniture of my bridal chamber, were found buried in its ruins, and with these for my protection, and with some pieces of silver in my purse, I bid adieu to Gavmishlu, making a vow never to return until I had found my Mariam. I travelled with hurried steps, taking the shortest cuts over the mountains to Erivan, and as I crossed a branch of the high road I met two horsemen, well mounted and equipped, who stopped me, and asked whither I was going, and upon what errand. I did not hesitate to tell them my wretched tale, hoping they might give me some hint which might throw light upon the fate of my wife. This they did indeed, but in a manner so cruel, that their words awakened the most horrid suspicions, and almost to a certainty convinced me that my poor innocent, my hitherto unspotted, though wedded wife, had fallen into the power of a most licentious tyrant. I hastened my steps, without knowing why or wherefore.—I was now near the camp at Aberan, where I knew the Serdar in person was settled, and, hoping to hear some favourable intelligence, I made towards it, but receiving no account of my lost Mariam, it was plain that, if in the power of the Serdar, she was within the walls of his seraglio at Erivan. Thither then I bent my steps, hoping that something might turn up for my advantage.

Upon my arrival there, I posted myself at the bridge over the Zengui, from whence I had a full survey of that part of the Serdar's palace which contains his women; and as the troops were crossing it at the same time in constant succession, I was unnoticed, and passed for one of the camp followers. The building is situated upon the brink of a precipice of hard rock, at the foot of which flows the Zengui, a

clear and rapid stream, foaming through a rocky bed, the stony projections of which form white eddies, and increase the rush of its waters. A bridge of three arches is thrown over it just at the foot of the precipice, and forms part of the high road to Georgia and Turkey. The principal saloon of the palace, in a corner of which the Serdar is usually seated, opens with a large casement on the river, and overlooks the precipice. At some distance on the same surface of building are the windows of the women's apartments, distinguished by their lattices, and by other contrivances of jealousy. However, I observed they were not so well secured, but that objects passing and repassing the bridge might well be seen from them; and I imagined that if Mariam was a prisoner there, she might perchance make me out as I stood below. 'But if she did, what then?' said I to myself in despair; 'seeing me there would only add to her torture, and to my desperation.' To escape from such a height appeared impossible, for a fall would be instant death; and excepting a willow tree, which grew out of the rock immediately under one of the windows, there was nothing to break the descent. However, having remained in one spot so long in meditation, I feared to be observed; and left my post for the present, determining to return to it at the close of day, and indeed at every hour when I could appear without suspicion.

I had been watching the windows of the seraglio in this manner for more than a fortnight, and had not ceased to parade up and down the bridge at least three times every day, when one evening as the day was about to close, I saw the lattice of the window over the willow tree open, and a female looking out of it. I watched her with breathless suspense. She appeared to recognise me. I extended my hand; she stretched forth hers. 'It is she!' said I; 'yes, it must be her! it is my Mariam!' Upon which, without a moment's hesitation, without thinking of the consequences, I plunged into the river, and having waded through it, stood at the foot of the precipice, immediately under my beloved wife. She stretched her arms several times towards me, as if she would have thrown herself out. I almost screamed with apprehension; and yet the hope of pressing her to my heart made me half regret that she had not done so. We stood there looking wistfully at each other, fearing to speak, yet longing to do so. At length, she shut the lattice, sud-

denly, and left me in an attitude and in all the horrors of suspense. I kept my post for some time without seeing any thing more of her, when again suddenly the lattice opened, and she appeared, but with looks that spoke intense agitation. I scarcely could tell what was about to happen, but waited in dreadful anxiety, until I saw her lean forward, retreat, lean forward again—then more and more, until, by a sudden effort, I beheld her fair form in the air, falling down the giddy height. My legs refused to perform their office, my eyes were obscured by a swimming, and I should have probably sunk under the intenseness of my feelings, when I saw her half suspended, half falling from a branch of the willow tree. I bounded up, and in an instant had mounted the tree, and had clasped her senseless in my arms. I seemed to be impelled by new vigour and strength : to reach the ground, to recross the river, to fly with my precious burden from the inhabited outskirts into the open country, appeared but the business of a second. I was perfectly drunk with the thousand feelings which agitated me ; and although I acted like one bereft of his senses, yet every thing I did was precisely that which I ought to have done. Nature guided me ; the animal acting only from instinct would have done like me. I had saved that which was most precious to me in this world.

When I had worn out my first efforts of strength, and had felt that my hitherto senseless burden showed some symptoms of life, I stopped, and placed her quietly on the ground, behind some broken walls. She was terribly bruised, although no bone had been broken. The branches of the tree, upon which she had alighted, had wounded her deeply in several places, and the blood had flown very copiously. But she was alive ; she breathed ; she opened her eyes, and at length pronounced my name. I was almost crazy with joy, and embraced her with a fervour that amounted to madness. When she had reposed herself a little, I snatched her up again, and proceeded onwards with all the haste imaginable, in the determination to strike at once into the mountains ; but recollecting that I had the river of Ashtarek to cross, and that with her in my arms it would be impossible to do so except by the bridge, I at once directed my steps thither. We were reposing at the foot of the bridge, when I heard the footsteps of your horses. Although nearly exhausted with my previous exertions, I

still had strength enough left to clamber up the bank, and take refuge in the ruined church, where you first discovered us ; and there I watched your motions with the greatest anxiety, concluding that you were a party sent in pursuit of us by the Serdar. Need I say after this, that if you will protect us, and permit us to seek our home, you will receive the overflowing gratitude of two thankful hearts, and the blessings of many now wretched people, who, by our return, will be made supremely happy ? Whoever you are, upon whatever errand you may be sent, you cannot have lost the feelings of a man. God will repay your kindness a thousand times ; and although we are not of your faith and nation, still we have prayers to put up at the Throne of Grace, which must be received when they are employed in so good a cause.—

The Armenian youth here finished his narrative, and left me in astonishment and admiration at all he had related. With my permission he then quitted me to visit his wife, and promised to return immediately with the report of her present state, and how she felt after her repose.

I kept turning over in my mind whether I should release him or not, and was fluctuating in great perplexity when Yusuf returned. He told me that his Mariam was considerably refreshed by repose ; but, weak from loss of blood, and stiff by the violence of the contusions she had received, it would be impossible for her to move for several days ; ‘except indeed we were pursued by the Serdar,’ added he, ‘when I believe nothing but force could hinder us from proceeding.’ He said that not until now she had had strength enough to tell him her own adventures from the time she left him at Gavmishlu. It appears, that the instant she had darted from the nuptial chamber, only covered by her veil, she had been seized by a Persian, who discovering by the glare of the lightning that she was young and handsome, ran off with her some distance, and there detained her, until, with the assistance of another, she was mounted on a horse and taken forcibly away ; that these two men carried her straight to the camp at Aberan, and offered her for sale to the Serdar ; who having agreed to take her, ordered her to be conducted to his seraglio at Erivan, and there put into service ; that the horrid plight in which she stood, when exhibited to the Serdar, her disfigured looks, and her weak and drooping state, made her hope that she would

remain unnoticed and neglected; particularly when she heard what was his character, and to what extent he carried his cruelties on the unfortunate victims of his selfishness. Mariam alluding to herself, then said, 'Hoping, by always talking of myself as a married woman, that I should meet with more respect in the house of a Mussulman, than if I were otherwise, I never lost an opportunity of putting my husband's name forward; and this succeeded—for little or no notice was taken of me, and I was confounded with the other slaves, and performed the different tasks of servitude which were set me. But, unfortunately, I did not long keep my own counsel: I confided my story to a Persian woman who pretended to be my friend; hoping by that means to soften her heart so much as to induce her to help me in regaining my freedom; but she proved treacherous; she made a merit of relating it to the Serdar, who immediately forced me to confirm my words with my own lips, and then the extent of my imprudence became manifest. He announced his intention to avail himself of my situation, and ordered me to prepare for receiving him. Conceive then what were the horrors of my position. I turned over in my mind every means of escape, but all avenues to it were shut. I had never before thought of looking over the precipice upon which the windows of our prison opened; but now I seriously thought of precipitating myself rather than submit to the tyrant. But a few hours after I had had the blessing to discover you on the bridge, I had been ordered to hold myself in readiness to receive him; and it was then that I had positively determined in my own mind to throw myself headlong out, either once more to be joined to you or to die in the attempt. When I shut the lattices in haste, several women had just come into the room to conduct me to the hot-bath previously to being dressed; and when I had made some excuse for delaying it, and had sent them out of the room, it was then that I opened the lattice a second time, and put my resolution into practice.'

Yusuf having finished the recital of his and his wife's adventures, was very anxious to know what part I would take, and earnestly entreated me to befriend him by my advice and assistance. The morning was far spent. My men were already mounted, and ready to proceed on our reconnoitring expedition, and my horse was waiting for me, when a thought struck me which would settle every difficulty with

regard to the young Armenian and his wife. I called him to me, and said, 'After what you have related, it will be impossible to leave you at liberty. You have, by your own account, run off with a woman from the Serdar's seraglio, a crime which you perhaps do not know, in a Mussulman country is punished with death, so sacred is the harem held in our estimation. If I were to act right, I ought not to lose a moment in sending you both back to Erivan: but that I will not do, provided you agree to join us in our present expedition, and to serve us as guide in those parts of the country with which you are best acquainted.' I then explained to him the nature of my office, and what was the object of the expedition. If you are zealous in our cause,' said I, 'you will then have performed a service which will entitle you to reward, and thus enable me to speak in your favour to the Serdar and to my chief, and, *Inshallah!* please God, to procure your release. In the meanwhile, your wife may remain here, in all safety, in the hands of the good folks of this village; and by the time we return, she will, I hope, have been restored to health.' The youth, upon hearing this language, took my hand and kissed it, agreed to every thing I had said, and having girt on his arms, he was ready to attend us. I permitted him to go to his wife, to give her an account of this arrangement, and to console her, with proper assurances, that they would soon be restored to each other. He again thanked me; and, with the agility of an antelope, had already gained the summit of the first hill, before we had even begun to ascend it.

We proceeded towards the Georgian frontier, shaping our track over unfrequented parts of the mountains, in which we were very materially assisted by Yusuf. We were not far from Hamamlu when I became anxious to acquire some precise intelligence concerning the numbers and the dispositions of the enemy. A thought struck me as I pondered over the fate of my Armenian protegee—'I will either save this youth or lose him,' thought I, 'and never was there a better opportunity than the present. He shall go to Hamamlu: if he brings me the intelligence we want, nothing can prevent me from procuring both his pardon and his wife for him—if he proves a traitor, I get rid of him, and demand a reward from the Serdar, for restoring his fugitive slave.' I called him to me, and proposed the

undertaking. Quicker than thought he seized all the different bearings of the question, and without hesitation accepted of my proposal. He girt himself afresh, he tucked the skirts of his coat into his girdle, putting his cap on one side, and slinging his long gun at his back, he darted down the mountain's side, and we very soon lost him amid the sloping woods.

About an hour after midnight when the moon was about going down, a distant shout was heard—presently a second more distinctly and nearer to us. We were immediately upon the alert, and the shouts being repeated we could no longer doubt but that the Armenian was at hand. We then shouted in return, and not very long after we saw him appear. He was almost exhausted with fatigue, but still strong enough to be able to relate his adventures since he had left us. He informed me, that having reached Hamamlu he was recognized by some of the Russian soldiers who had escaped the attack of the Persians upon his village, and who immediately introduced him into the fort, and treated him very kindly. He was taken before the commanding officer, who questioned him narrowly upon the object of his visit; but the ready pretext which he advanced, of seeking his wife, answered every difficulty; besides which the ruin of his village, the destruction of his family property, and the acquaintance which he had on the spot, furnished him with so much matter of conversation, that no suspicion of his designs could be entertained. He was then permitted to walk about the fort, and by asking his questions with prudence, and making his own observations, was enabled to furnish me with the information I required on the strength and position of the enemy, with some very good conjectures on the nature and probability of their future operations. He then managed to slip away unperceived before the gates of the place were closed, and regained the mountains without the smallest impediment.—Having permitted Yusuf to refresh himself with food and rest, and being now perfectly satisfied that his story was true, and that all confidence might be placed in his integrity, I ordered my party to hold themselves in readiness to return to Erivan. He was permitted to ride behind either of the horsemen when tired with walking, and in this manner taking the shortest cuts over the mountains, we regained the village of Ashtarek. While we stopped here to refresh ourselves and horses, and



to gain intelligence of the movements of the Serdar, and the chief executioner, I permitted the youth to visit his wife. He returned beaming with joy, for he had found her almost cured of her bruises, and full of thanks for the kindness and hospitality with which she had been treated. The Serdar and the chief executioner had moved from Erivan, and were now encamped close to the residence of the Armenian patriarch ; and thither we bent our steps.—As we approached the monastery, I called Yusuf to me, and told him to be in readiness whenever he should be called for, and be prepared to confirm any oath that I might think it necessary to take for his interests. He was particularly enjoined, when he came to talk of the services he had rendered, to deviate from the truth as much as he chose, to set forth every sort of danger he had or had not incurred, and in particular to score up an account of sums expended, all for the use and advantage of the Serdar, and of the Shah's government. 'I hope at that rate,' said I to him, 'your accounts may be balanced by having your wife restored to you ; for which, after considerable difficulty, you may agree to give a receipt in full of all demands.'

Yusuf was ushered in with the shoves and thrusts by which a poor man of his nation is generally introduced before a Persian grandee ; and he stood in face of the assembly as fine a specimen of manly beauty as was ever seen, evidently creating much sensation upon all present by the intrepidity of his appearance. The Serdar, in particular, fixed his eyes upon him with looks of approbation ; and, turning round to the executioner in chief, made signs, well known among Persians, of his great admiration. 'Say, fellow,' exclaimed he, 'have you stolen my slave or not?' 'If I am guilty,' said the youth, 'of having taken aught from any man save my own, here am I, ready to answer for myself with my life. She who threw herself out of your windows into my arms was my wife before she was your slave. We are both the Shah's *rayats*, and it is best known to yourself if you can enslave them or no. We are Armenians, 'tis true, but we have the feelings of men. It is well known to all Persia, that our illustrious Shah has never forced the harem of even the meanest of his subjects ; and secure in that feeling, how could I ever suppose, most noble Serdar, that we should not receive the same protection under your

government? You were certainly deceived when told that she was a Georgian prisoner; and had you known that she was the wife of one of your peasantry, you never would have made her your property.'—The Serdar apparently struck by language so unusual to his ears, instead of appearing angry, on the contrary, looked delighted (if the looks of such a countenance could ever express delight); and, staring with astonished eyes upon the youth, seemed to forget even the reason of his having been brought before him. Of a sudden, he stopped all future discussion by saying to him, 'Enough, enough; go take your wife, and say no more; and, since you have rendered us a service at Hamamlu, you shall remain my servant, and wait upon my person. Go, my head valet will instruct you in your duties; and when attired in clothes suited to your situation; you will return again to our presence. Go, and recollect that my condescensions towards you depends upon your future conduct.' Upon this Yusuf, in the fullness of his heart, ran up to him with great apparent gratitude, fell upon his knees, and kissed the hem of his garment, not knowing what to say, or what countenance to keep upon such unlooked-for good fortune—Every one present seemed astonished.—All congratulated the Serdar upon his humanity and benevolence, and compared him to the celebrated Noushirwan. *Barikallah* and *Mashallah* was repeated and echoed from mouth to mouth, and the story of his magnanimity was spread abroad, and formed the talk of the whole camp. I will not pretend to explain what were the Serdar's real sentiments; but those who well knew the man were agreed, that he could be actuated by no generous motive.

My chief and the Serdar having acquired all the information which Yusuf and I could give them upon the force and position of the Muscovites, it was determined that an attack should immediately be made, and the army was ordered to march upon Hamamlu. I must not omit to say, that before the march began I received a visit from the Armenian. He was no longer, in appearance the rude mountaineer, with his rough sheep-skin cap, his short Georgian tunic, his sandalled feet, his long knife hung over his knee, and his gun slung obliquely across his body; but he was now attired in a long vest of crimson velvet, trimmed, with gold lace and gold buttons, a beautiful Cashmerian shawl was tied gracefully round his waist; his small cap, of Bokhara

lamb-skin, was duly indented at the top, and the two long curls behind his ears were combed out with all proper care. He had now more the appearance of a woman than a man, so much were his fine limbs hid by his robes ; and as he approached me, he could not help blushing and looking awkward at the metamorphosis. He thanked me with expressions that indicated much gratitude, and assured me, that so far from having expected this result to his interview with the Serdar, he had, in fact made up his mind to the loss of both his wife and life, and therefore had spoken with the boldness of one determined to die. 'But,' said he, 'notwithstanding this great change in my fortunes, this new existence of mine will never do. I cannot endure the degradation of being a mere idle appendage to the state of the Serdar ; and be not angry if, ere long, I decline the honour of his service. I will submit to every thing as long as my wife is not in a place of safety ; but when once I have secured that, then adieu. Better live a swineherd, in the Georgian mountains, naked and houseless, than in all these silks and velvets, a despised hanger-on, be it even in the most luxurious court of Persia.' I could not help applauding such sentiments, although I should have been happy had he made any one else his confidant, conscious that if he did run away I should in some measure be made answerable for him.

I afterwards heard that when the Armenian had accomplished his project, the Serdar sent a party of men to Gavnishlu, to seize and bring before him Yusuf's parents and kindred, with every thing that belonged to them ; to take possession of their property, and to burn and destroy whatever they could not bring away : but the sagacious and active youth had foreseen this, and had taken his measures with such prudence and promptitude, that he had completely baffled the tyrant. He, his wife, his wife's relations his own parents and family, with all their effects, had concerted one common plan of migration into the Russian territory. It had fully succeeded, as I afterwards heard, for they were received with great kindness, both by the government and by their own sect ; lands were allotted, and every help afforded them for the re-establishment of their losses.

## BOCCACCIO.\*

## ANDREUCCIO OF PERUGIA.

THERE lived, as I have heard, at Perugia, a young man named Andreuccio di Pietro, a dealer in horses, who, hearing of a good market at Naples, put five hundred florins of gold into his purse; and, having never been from home before, went with some other dealers, and arrived thither on a Sunday in the evening: and, according to the instruction he had received from his landlord, he went into the market next morning, where he saw many horses to his mind; cheapening their price as he went up and down, without coming to any bargain. But to show people that he came with an intent to buy, he unadvisedly pulled out his purse on all occasions; insomuch that a certain Sicilian damsel (who was at every one's service for a small matter) got a sight of it, as she was passing along, without being observed by him: and she said to herself, 'Who is there that would be my betters, if that purse were mine?' and passed on. Along with her was an old woman, of Sicily likewise, who, as soon she saw Andreuccio, ran to embrace him; which the young woman observing, without saying a word, stepped aside to wait for her. He immediately knew her, to her great joy, and without much discourse there, she having promised to come to his inn, he went on about his business, but bought nothing all that morning. The young woman taking notice first of the purse, and then of the old woman's knowledge of him and contriving how to come at all or part of the money, began to enquire of her, as cautiously as might be, if she knew who that man was, or whence he came, or what was his business, and also how she happened to know him: which she answered in every particular as fully as he himself could have

\* JOHN BOCCACCIO, one of the revivers of literature in Europe, was the son of a Florence merchant, and born in 1313. He died at Certaldo, in 1375, leaving behind him a variety of works in verse and prose, Latin and Italian, among which his *DECAMERON* has been by far the most popular, and the one, in fact, which has permanently established his name. The 'Hundred Novels' that compose it have furnished the groundwork for many of the most celebrated fictions in modern literature.

done, having lived a long time with his father in Sicily, and afterwards at Perugia; telling her also the cause of his coming thither, and when he was to return. Thinking herself now sufficiently instructed, both concerning his kindred, and their names, she grounded her scheme upon it in the most artful manner possible; and going home she sent the old woman out upon business for the whole day to hinder her returning to him; and in the meantime, toward the evening, she despatched a young woman, well trained for such services, to his lodgings, who found him, by chance, sitting alone at the door, and inquiring of him whether he knew such a person, he made answer, that he was the man; upon which she took him a little aside, and said, 'Sir, a gentlewoman of this city would gladly speak with you, if you please.' On hearing this, he began to consider the matter; and, as she seemed to be a creditable girl, he held it for granted that the lady must be in love with him; thinking himself as handsome a man as any in Naples; he answered, therefore, that he was ready, and demanded where and when the lady would speak with him. The girl replied, 'She expects you at her own house as soon as it is agreeable to you.' Without saying a word then to the people of the inn, he bade her show him the way; and she brought him to her house, in a certain street famous for such sort of guests; but he knowing nothing of the matter, nor at all suspecting, but that he was visiting a place of repute, and a lady that had taken a fancy to him, went into the house, and going up stairs (whilst the girl called aloud to her mistress, telling her that Andreuccio was there), found her at the top waiting for him. She was young and beautiful enough, and very well dressed. Seeing him appear, therefore, she ran down two or three steps with open arms to meet him; and taking him about the neck, she stood some time without speaking a word, as if prevented by her overgreat tenderness: at last, shedding abundance of tears, and kissing him over and over, she said (her words being interrupted as it were with transport) 'O my Andreuccio! you are heartily welcome.' He (quite astonished at being caressed in such a manner) replied, 'Madam, I am proud of the honour to wait upon you.' She then took him by the hand, and led him, without saying a word more, through a large dining-room into her own chamber, which was perfumed with roses, orange-flowers, and other costly odours, where was also a fine bed,

and other rich furniture, far beyond what he had ever seen before, which convinced him that she was some great lady : and sitting down together upon a couch at the bed's feet she addressed herself to him in this manner. ' Andreuccio, I am very sure you must be under great astonishment both at my tears and embraces, as being unacquainted with me, and perhaps never having heard of me before : but you will now hear what will surprise you more, namely, that I am your sister : and I assure you, that since God has indulged me with the sight of one of my brethren, as I wished to have seen them all, I could die contented this very moment : if you be unacquainted with the particulars of my story, I will relate them. Pietro, my father and yours, as I suppose you must know, lived a long time at Palermo, where he was much respected for his behaviour and good nature (and may be so still) by all that knew him. Amongst others that liked him on that account was my mother, a widow lady ; who, notwithstanding the regard due to her father and brothers, as well as to her own honour, cohabited with him, till at length I was born, and am now what you see. Having occasion afterwards to retire from Palermo, and to return to Perugia, he left me there an infant, with my mother, and from that time, as far as I can learn, took no more notice either of me or her ; which, were he not my father, I could blame him for ; considering what ingratitude he showed to my mother, to omit the love he owed to me his child, begotten of no vile prostitute, who, out of her abundant love, had put herself and all her wealth into his hands, without having any further knowledge of him. But to what purpose ? Ill actions, done so long since, are easier blamed than amended : yet so it was ; he left me, as I said, at Palermo, an infant, where, when I grew up, my mother, who was rich, married me to one of the family of the Gergenti ; who, out of regard to me and her, came and lived at Palermo, where, falling into the faction of the Guelphs, and having begun to treat with our King Charles, he was discovered by Frederick, king of Arragon, before his scheme could take effect, and forced to fly from Sicily, at a time when I expected to have been the greatest lady in the island. Taking away what few effects we were able (I call them few, with regard to the abundance we were possessed of), and leaving our estates and palaces behind us, we came at length to this place, where we found King Charles so grateful, that he has made up to

us, in part, the losses we had sustained on his account, giving us lands and houses, and paying my husband, and your kinsman, a pension besides, as you will hereafter see: thus live I here where, thanks be to Heaven, and not to you, my dearest brother, I now see you.' Which, when she had said, she wept and embraced him again.

Andreuccio hearing this fable so orderly, so artfully composed, and related without the least faltering or hesitation; remembering, also, that his father had lived at Palermo, and knowing, by his own experience, how prone young fellows are to love; beholding too her tears and affectionate caresses, he took all she had said for granted; and when she had done speaking, he made answer and said, 'Madam, it should not seem strange to you that I am surprised: for, in truth, (whether it was that my father, for reasons best known to himself, never mentioned you nor your mother at any time; or, if he did, that I have forgot it,) I have no more knowledge of you, than if you had never been born. And it is the more pleasing to me to find a sister here, as I the less expected it, and am also alone: nor is there any man, of what quality soever, who would not value you; much more, therefore, shall I, who am but a mean trader. But one thing I beg you would clear up to me, viz. How came you to know that I was here?' When she replied in this manner: 'A poor woman, whom I often employ, told me so; for she lived, and she informed me, with our father a considerable time, both at Palermo and Perugia; and were it not that it appeared more reputable that you should come to me at my house, than I go to you at another person's, I had come directly to you.' She then inquired of him particularly, and by name, how all their relations did? To all which he answered her fully, believing more firmly, when there was the more reasons for suspicion. Their discourse lasting a long time, and the season being sultry, she ordered, in Greek, wine and sweetmeats for him; and he making an offer afterwards to depart, because it was supper-time, she would by no means suffer it; but seeming to be under great concern, she embraced him and said, 'Alas! now I plainly see how little account you make of me; that, being with a sister whom you never saw before, and in her house, which you should always make your home, you should yet think of going to sup at an inn. Indeed you shall sup with me; and though my husband be abroad, which I am

much concerned at, I know, as a woman, how to pay you some little respect.' He, not knowing what answer to make, said, 'I love you as much as it is possible for me to love a sister; but it will be wrong not to go, because they will expect me to supper all the evening.' She immediately replied, 'We have a present remedy for that; I will send one of my people to tell them not to expect you: but you would favour me more, and do as you ought, if you would send to invite your company hither to supper, and afterwards, if you chose to go, you might all of you depart together.'<sup>2</sup> He said he should not trouble her that evening with his companions, but she might dispose of him as she pleased. She now made a pretence of sending to his inn, to tell them not to expect him to supper; and, after much other discourse, they sat down, and were elegantly served with a variety of dishes, which she contrived to last till it was dark night, and rising then from table, he offered to go away; but she declared, that she would by no means suffer it, for Naples was not a place to walk in when it was dark, especially for a stranger; and, as she had sent to the inn concerning his supping with her, so had she done the like about his bed. He believing this to be true, and glad also of being with her, was easily prevailed upon. After supper, their discourse lasted a long time, being lengthened out on purpose; and, as it was now midnight, she left him in her own chamber to take his repose, with a boy to wait upon him; and she, with her companions, retired into another room. It was sultry hot, on which account Andreuccio, seeing himself alone, stripped into his doublet, and pulling off his breeches, he laid them under his bolster, and having occasion to retire, he was shown by the boy to a corner of the room where there was a door, and desired to enter it. He went in without the least suspicion, and setting his foot upon a board, the rafter, on which it was laid straight flew up, and down he went headlong.

Heaven was so merciful to him, however, he got no harm, though it was a great height from which he fell, but was grievously daubed with the filth, of which the place was full. Finding himself at the bottom, he called in great distress to the boy; but he, the moment he heard him fall, ran to tell his mistress, who hastened to his chamber, to see if his clothes were there, and finding both them and the money, which he, out of a foolish mistrust, always carried about him (and for



the sake of which she had laid this snare, pretending to have been of Palermo, and the sister of this Perugian,) she took no farther care, but made the door fast, out of which he passed, when he fell. Finding the boy made no answer, he called out louder, but to no purpose; and now perceiving the trick when it was too late, he climbed up the wall which parted that place from the street, and getting down from thence, he came again to the door, which he knew full well; there did he knock and call in vain for a long time; lamenting much, and seeing plainly his calamity; 'Alas! (quoth he) in how little a time have I lost five hundred florins, and a sister besides! And using many other words, he now began to batter the door, and to call out aloud; and he continued doing so, till he raised many of the neighbours, and, among the rest, one of the women where he had been, pretending to be half asleep, opened the casement, and called out, 'Who makes that noise there?'—'Oh!' cried he, 'don't you know me; I am Andreuccio, brother to Madam Fiordaliso;' when she replied, 'Prithee, honest fellow, if thou hast had too much liquor, get thee to bed, and come to-morrow, I know nothing of Andreuccio, nor what thy idle tale means; but go about thy business (I say once again) and let us rest.'—'What!' said he, 'don't you know what I say? You know well enough, if you will: but if our Sicilian relationship be so soon forgotten, give me my clothes which I left with you, and I'll go with all my heart.' She then replied, with a sneer, 'The man is in a dream;' and shut the window at the same time.

Andreuccio, convinced of his loss, through his great grief became outrageous; and, resolving to recover by force, what he could not by fair words, took a great stone, and beat against the door harder than ever; which many of the neighbours hearing who had been awaked before, and supposing that he was some spiteful fellow, that he did this to annoy the woman, and provoked at the noise which he made; they called out, one and all (in like manner as dogs all join in barking at a stranger,) 'It is a shameful thing to come to a woman's house at this time of night, with thy idle stories: get thee away, in God's name, and let us sleep, and if thou hast any business with her, come to-morrow, and do not disturb us now.' Encouraged, perhaps, by these last words, a bully in the house, whom he had neither seen nor heard of, came to the window, and with a most rough and

terrible voice, called out, 'Who is that below?' Andreuccio, raising up his head at this, beheld an ill-looking rascal, with a great black beard, yawning and rubbing his eyes, as if he was just risen from bed, and awakened out of his sleep. He made answer, therefore, not without a good deal of fear, 'I am brother to the lady within:' but the other (never waiting to let him make an end of his speech) replied, 'I'll come down and beat thee, until thou canst not stand, for a troublesome drunken beast as thou art, disturbing every body's rest in this manner;' and he clapt too the window. Hereupon some of the neighbours, who knew more of the fellow's disposition and character, called out softly to Andreuccio, and said, 'For Heaven's sake, honest man, go away, unless thou hast a mind to lose thy life; it will be much the best for thee.' Terrified therefore with his voice and aspect, and persuaded also by these people, who seemed to speak out of mere good will, Andreuccio, quite cast down, and out of all hopes of receiving his money, now directed his course towards that part of the city, from whence he had been led by the girl the day before (without knowing whither he was going) in order to get to his inn. But being offensive to himself, on account of the scent he carried about him, and desirous of washing into the sea, he turned to the left, through a street called Catalana, and went towards the highest part of the city, where he saw two people coming with a lantern, and (fearing that they were the watch, or some ill-disposed persons) stepped into an old house that was near, to hide himself. It happened that these people were going into the very same place; and one of them having laid down some iron tools there, which he carried upon his neck, they had some discourse together about them. And as they were talking, said one to the other, 'There is the most confounded stink (whatever be the meaning of it) that ever I smelt in my life.' When, holding up the lantern, they saw wretched Andreuccio, and, in a good deal of amaze, demanded who he was? He made no answer; and drawing nearer with the light they asked what he did there in that condition! He then related to them his whole adventure; and they, easily imagining the place where the thing had happened, said to one another, 'This must certainly have been in the house of Scarabon Firebrand;' and then, turning towards him, proceeded thus: 'Honest man, you ought to be very thankful that you fell down, and could not

return into the house, for otherwise you would certainly have been murdered as soon as ever you went to sleep, and so have lost your life as well as your money. But what signifies lamenting? You may as soon pluck a star out of the firmament, as recover one farthing; nay, you may chance to be killed, should the man hear that you make any words about it.

Having admonished him in this manner, they said, 'See, we have pity on you, and if you will engage in a certain affair with us, which we are now about, we are very sure that your share will amount to more than you have lost.' He, like a person in despair, told them he was willing.—That day was buried the Archbishop of Naples, whose name was Signor Phillippo Minutolo, in rich pontifical robes, and with a ruby on his finger worth upwards of five hundred florins of gold; whom they proposed to strip and rifle; and they acquainted him with their intention. He then, more covetous than wise, went along with them; and, as they were going towards the cathedral, he smelt so strong, that one said to the other, 'Can we contrive no way to wash this man a little, to make him sweeter?' And the other made answer, 'We are not far from a well, where there are usually a pulley and a great bucket; let us go thither, and we may make him clean in an instant.' Coming there, they found the rope, but the bucket was taken away; they therefore agreed to tie him to the rope, and to put him down into the well, and when he had well washed himself, he was to shake the rope, and they would draw him up. Now it happened that, after they had let him down, some of the watch, being thirsty with the heat of the weather, and having been in pursuit of some persons, came to that well to drink, and as soon as the two men saw them they took to their heels; the watch, however, saw nothing of them. Andreuccio now having washed himself at the bottom of the well, began to shake the rope; they therefore laid down their clothes and halberds upon the ground, and began to draw the rope, thinking the bucket was fastened thereto, and full of water: and when he found himself at the top, he let go the rope, and clung fast to the edge of the well. They immediately threw down the rope on seeing him, and ran away, frightened out of their wits; which greatly surprised him; and had he not held fast, he had fallen to the bottom, and perhaps lost his life. Getting out in this manner, and beholding their weapons, which he

new belonged not to his companions, he wondered the more; and being in doubt what the meaning of it could be, he went away without touching any thing, lamenting his fate, and not knowing whither. As he was walking along, he met with his companions, who returned to help him out of the well; and they were surprised to see him, inquiring of him who had helped him out. He replied, that he could not tell them; and related the whole affair, and what he had found by the well-side: upon which they perceived how it happened, and laughing heartily, they acquainted him with the reason of their running away, and who they were that had drawn him up. Without making more words, it being now midnight, they went to the great church, into which they found an easy admittance, and passed directly to the tomb which was of marble, and very magnificent; and with their levers raised up the cover, which was very heavy, so high that a man might go under, and propped it; which being done, said one, 'Who shall go in?'—'Not I,' cried the other, 'but Andreuccio shall.'—'I will not go in,' quoth Andreuccio; then they both turned towards him, and said, 'What! won't you go in? We will beat your brains out this moment, if you don't.' Terrified at their threats, he consented, and being now within, he began to consider with himself in this manner: 'These fellows have certainly forced me in here to deceive me, and therefore, when I have given them every thing, and am endeavouring to get out again, they will certainly run away, and I shall be left destitute.' For which reason he resolved to make sure of his part, beforehand; and remembering the ring of value which he had heard them speak of, as soon as ever he got into the vault he took it off the Archbishop's finger, and secured it, giving them afterwards the pastoral staff, mitre, and gloves, and stripping him to his shirt, he told them there was nothing else. But they affirming that there was a ring, bid him seek every where for it, whilst he assured them that he could no where find it, and, pretending to look carefully about, he kept them some time waiting for him: at length they, who were fully as cunning as himself, calling to him to search diligently, suddenly drew away the prop which supported the cover, and left him shut up in the vault.—Which, when he perceived, you may easily suppose what condition he was in. Many a time did he endeavour with his head and shoulders to raise it up, but in vain; till, over-

come with grief, he fell down at last upon the dead body; and whoever had seen him at that time, could scarcely have said, whether there was more life in one than the other. But when he came to himself he lamented most bitterly, seeing that he was now brought to the necessity of one of these two evils, namely, to die there with hunger, and the stench of the dead carcase, if no one came to help him out; or, if that should happen, and he be delivered, in that case to be hanged for a thief. As he was in this perplexity, he heard the noise of many persons in the church, whom he supposed were come to do what he and his companions had been about, which added greatly to his fear; but after they had raised up the lid and propped it, a dispute arose which should go in; and none caring to do it, after a long contest, said a priest, 'What are you afraid of? Do you think he will eat you? Dead men cannot bite; I will go in myself.' And immediately clapping his breast to the edge of the vault, he attempted to slide down with his feet foremost: which Andreuccio perceiving, and standing up, he caught fast hold of one of his legs, as if he meant to pull him in. The priest upon this making a most terrible outcry, got out immediately; and the rest being equally terrified, ran away, leaving the vault open, as if they had been pursued by a hundred thousand devils. Andreuccio, little expecting this good fortune, got out of the vault, and so out of the church, the same way he came in. And now day-light began to appear, he wandered with the ring on his finger, he knew not whither, till coming to the sea-side, he found the way leading to his inn: there he met with his companions and his landlord, who had been in pain all that night for him; and having related to them all that had passed, he was advised to get out of Naples with all speed; with which he instantly complied, and returned to Perugia, having laid out his money on a ring, whereas the intent of his journey was to have bought horses.

---

### 'ST. JOHNSTOUN.'

It rests with the reader to determine whether, like Sir Fretful Plagiary, we are, upon the whole, 'so unlucky as not to have the skill even to steal

with taste;' but so far as the following specimen is concerned, we would humbly venture to repel all share in that part of Sneer's criticism which charges his friend with 'gleaning from the refuse of obscure volumes, where more judicious plagiarists *have been before him.*' It is taken from ST. JOHNSTOUN,\* a work which evinces talent more nearly akin to that of the Author of Waverley, than is displayed in any of the tales founded on Scottish history which it has been our fate to encounter. We do not, indeed, meet with descriptions of localities and scenery peculiar to

The northern realms of ancient Caledon  
Where the proud Queen of Wilderness hath placed  
By lake and cataract her lonely throne,

capable of vying with those in Waverley, the Legend of Montrose, or Rob Roy; but the same practical good sense and manliness of sentiment, the same intimacy with the humour and sagacity, with the prejudices, courage, and enthusiasm which enter into the composition of Scottish character, are here found united to a similar accuracy of knowledge as to the public transactions in which the story is involved, as well as a similar acquaintance with human life, and tact for the skilful observation of human nature. Though not a small portion of this work might be branded as a failure, yet even its dullest parts are interspersed with passages of force and energy. Its greatest fault—that of being too evidently an imitation—is regarded as venial by the reader, when he finds the royal personage who figures so conspicuously in the Fortunes of Nigel, again brought forward, not only with all the recommendations of old acquaintance, but, with a fidelity which discovers many traits in his character lightly, if at all, touched upon in that work. Altogether, the delight which every reader of taste must derive from these volumes, will

\* St. Johnstoun, or John, Earl of Górwie. Edinburgh, 1824. Mac-lachlan and Stewart. 3 vols. 12mo.

induce him to hope, that their fair author (for so we are instructed to speak by that veracious lady Common Fame—who must in courtesy be allowed to ask, with Autolycus, ‘why should I carry lies abroad?’) will soon redeem her pledge, by favouring the public with a continuation of the valuable manuscript, whose discovery is so capriciously related in an ill-timed valedictory epistle of most unconseionable length.

### JAMES VI. AT HOLYROOD.

THE inhabitants of that part of the palace of Holyrood next the Park were disturbed betimes in the morning by the noise of a hundred hammers, which resounded in preparation for the performance to be exhibited in the open air, which attracting the attention of all within its hearing, quickly caused inquiries to be made as to the intent of the operations. The answers given to these questions spread with the rapidity of lightning through the city, and to the utmost limits of its suburbs. A report of the revival of their ancient May-games, by the authority of his majesty, soon sent hundreds to ascertain its truth, by becoming themselves eye-witnesses of the preparations then making for them in the King’s Park.—The ministers of Edinburgh took the alarm, and endeavoured to persuade the people to continue at their usual occupations. But it was in vain that they hurried from place to place, exhorting the timid, and threatening the obstinate. All alike joined the flood that was pouring toward the Park, and Edinburgh seemed to be emptied of its population long before the hour of exhibition.

The day was uncommonly favourable for the purpose, the air being soft and balmy, in a degree unusual to the climate at that season of the year. The sun in his cloudless progress exerted his genial influence on all around, and expanded the buds of the plane-tree and such others of early foliage as were intermixed with the stately oaks, which, with browner and graver aspect, still defied his power. The spot fixed on by the players’ performance, was an open space, nearly opposite to the back of the palace, where the new spring grass of freshest green, studded here and there with the early wild flower, presented a thick soft carpet of enamelled turf. On a perfectly level part of this space, was a

long platform, about ten feet wide, raised about five feet above the ground, to which a flight of steps gave access at each end. On the centre of this was placed the royal canopy of scarlet cloth, fringed with gold, above two chairs covered with the same materials, and elevated a step higher than two benches that run from end to end in a line with them on each side, covered with tapestry, which serving also as a carpet for the platform, fell down to the front of it to the ground. To the right and left of this were two long wooden benches, fixed on the turf, for the accommodation of such of the followers of the King and the noblemen present as were raised above the rank of menials; and from each end of them ran barriers which entered a square space from the intrusion of the spectators, sufficient for the free movements of the actors. These preparations were carried on with such vigour, that all was in readiness for the reception of their majesties before the appointed hour of two o'clock in the afternoon; and the populace were so eager for the representation to begin, that it required some exertion in the King's guard, who had been placed there at an early hour, to keep them in order.

Satisfaction and glee were painted in each face, from the burly peasant, in his garments of coarse grey, or sky blue coloured cloth, with his flat broad blue bonnet, to the richer tradesman, in a cloth of English or French manufacture. And here and there some young scape-grace of more equivocal occupation, affecting a costume between the citizen and the courtier, clad in stuff, ornamented with silk lace, with hat and short feather, rapier and cloak, might be seen urging his way to obtain next the platform a place best suited to the display of his graces, and commanding a view of the court dames, on some one of whom vanity perchance whispered that his handsome person might make a favourable impression; while he disdained not, meantime, to fish for the admiration of the simple maidens who stood around him with hair smoothly combed and neatly snooded. To this motley crowd the gay colour of the women's plaids gave animation, similar to that bestowed by the gaudy tulip, when mixed in a border of more sober-coloured flowers.

Tedious was the interval of expectation, till the hour of two sounded from the clock of the palace; which had no sooner flung its warning on the air, than a flourish of trumpets, and the twang of bagpipes, announced the approach



of their majesties. The nobles and ladies poured forth, and formed a line, reaching from the gate at which they issued, to the platform through which their majesties passed, and ascending its steps, took their seats under the canopy. A smile of exultation sat on the countenance of both, for the multitude had not disappointed their most sanguine expectation, and they looked around them with so gracious an expression, that bonnets were tumultuously thrown aloft, and the air resounded with rude shouts of gratulation and joy. The players advanced from a temporary building erected for the purpose of a tiring-room, and no sooner appeared, than profound silence reigned among the multitude. The play chosen for this occasion was the 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' from the appropriateness of the place to its general scenery, and the partiality of her majesty for the plays of Shakspeare. The Amazonian Queen, and enamoured Duke, stepped forward on the turf, and the charge of the latter, which was spoken with much animation, to

Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments,  
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth,  
And turn melancholy forth to funerals,

seemed not only literally obeyed by the Scottish youth then present, but also by the hoary head of age, who all replied to it by a simultaneous shout of revelry. But as the drama proceeded, silence again reigned; and the Earl of Gowrie was perhaps, with the exception of Agnes, the only person on whom the scene immediately following,—when Theseus questions Hermia, concerning her resolution to become a nun,—had other effects than that of amusement. And he was only roused from his profound reverie by the cheering given to Quince and his comrades, when they met to allot to each the characters for the performance of Pyramus and Thisbe. For here the delight of the populace, in a scene so calculated for their amusement, knew no bounds.

When the first act concluded, and the players retired to the tiring room, the multitude began to regale themselves with such luxuries as, in this holiday time, they had provided; and many were there who, like the Squire of La Mancha, fixed their eyes upon the heavens, while the bottoms of their ale or wine-flasks were uppermost. Nor was this most delectable amusement confined to the lower class of the audience; for a page approached his majesty with a

cup of wine, which he graciously receiving, raised to his lips, and appeared to kiss the goblet with as much fervour as any of his plebeian subjects, applying to it again and again, until the players returned, habited as fairies, and the pastime proceeded, and continued to amuse the spectators more and more as it drew toward a close. Shouts of applause attended the appearance of him who represented the Lion, and who, clad in a skin of that lordly animal, came ambling through the trees, accompanied by Moonshine. They had scarce appeared, however, and given time for this expression of pleasure in the multitude to subside, when a confused and tumultuous noise was heard in the direction of the craigs, while loud vociferations of—‘To the play-field with her, to the king with the witch!’ resounded through the air, as those who uttered them approached nearer and nearer. The attention of the crowd, which had been exclusively fastened on the actors, was now transferred to the authors of the tumult. His majesty rose from his seat, and walked forward to the front of the platform, where he perceived a number of people bearing, as in triumph, a woman seated in an arm-chair, with whom they were endeavouring to force their way into the area occupied by the players. James, one of whose principal weaknesses, it is well known was a firm belief in witchcraft, and who had a peculiar delight in examining those accused of that crime, gave orders, in a loud voice, that the people who carried the woman, should be allowed to pass with her and her accusers into the open space, and directed them forward immediately in front of his person. There they placed the chair in which the woman sat, and dragging forward a dead mastiff by a rope fastened round his neck, laid him at her side. For some moments, with looks of mingled rage and anguish, she continued to regard the animal, that, bloody and mangled, with his eyes opened and turned up towards her face, still showed his teeth, as if grinning defiance on her enemies.

There was at all times something uncommon in the appearance of old Euphan; but now seated in the midst of an assembled multitude, all of whom she considered her adversaries, her keen black eyes flashed fire, as she turned their flame of inexpressible scorn on all sides of her, and sat erect, as if feeling herself superior to all she looked upon. There was so striking an impression of fearlessness and contempt of worldly authority stamped upon her pallid countenance,

that it was impossible not to experience a degree of awe in contemplating it, as the expression of one who had survived all hope and fear. The king began to bend his attention on the old woman with a peculiar attention in his manner and countenance, which told that he was now employed to his heart's content.

'Let this woman's accusers stand forth!' said James. 'Please your majesty,' said a man, who directly answered to the summons, and who, from his dwarfish and elfish appearance, and the fiendish glee that seemed to possess him, might himself have been mistaken for an agent of the evil one,—'Please your majesty, this same auld beldame is ane o' the most pestilent witches that ever cast her cantrips ower a country-side. Lang and sair hae the people and cattle suffered for mony a mile round, frae divers strange diseases, but the ill-daer was ne'er found out or yesterday, when a callant cam to my house, and tell't me and my niebours, that, living at Musselburgh, and rising with the gray dawn, about his maister's wark, ae morning, he had nae sooner opened the door to issue forth, than he spied a mawkin away frae it, whan, thinking to fell her, he cast a stane after her, and brak ane o' her legs; but she still ran on, hirpling on the tither three; and though he made up wi' her nows and than, she aye jinked him at some odd corner; but he fallowed, and she led him through breers and through whuns, till at the last she led him up the gully yonder whaur he lost her. But now comes the clearest pruif that was e'er gi'en your majesty anent a witch; for what does he find out, but that this auld brimstane, whae has a house up there, has broken her leg, naebody kend how but hersel. Sae a'-body may ken, please your majesty, wha the mawkin was, I trow!'

'Are there nae mair witnesses against her than this man!' said the king.—'Gif there be, let them speak, that we may judge righteous judgment; for, though the evidence o' this man seemeth very clear, we wad fain examine mair deeply; and mair especially, we desire to hear the testimony o' that same callant o' whom he speakett; for, being gifted by the grace o' God wi' discernment in thae matters, we will sift this to the bottom.'

At this instant there pressed forward not less than twenty people, all eager to speak; but the boy was nowhere to be seen.

‘ Mak peace !’ cried his majesty ; ‘ we will hear that little auld woman in front first—Stand back, and let her say what she kens anent this matter !’

An old woman, the picture of squalid wretchedness, now came forward, and having told her story to the king, in language such as she was accustomed to use, mixed with the application of a title which she supposed the due of him, who, since the Pope was put down, must be the greater man, concluded with, ‘ now the randy’s tea’n haud o’, ilk ane may speak again’ her ; for it’s weel ken’d that ye are a righteous king, please your holiness, whae especially minds that ane o’ the ten commadments that says, “ Ye shanna suffer a witch to live ;” and that the lunt o’ a bleezing witch is as pleasant to your sight as a hale army o’ sodgers was ta your forbears.’

It is more than probable that his majesty did not feel any particular satisfaction in this public rehearsal of his virtues ; for he instantly silenced the speaker, and commanded, with a frown, and a voice of impatience, that those who were rushing forward with their testimony should stand back while he examined the accused.

Those who had been so anxious to testify against her, who was now become the object of public reprobation, awed by the king’s command, and his irritated manner, precipitately retreated among the crowd.

‘ Speak, woman !’ said his majesty, addressing Euphan, ‘ what hae you to say—for there is strang evidence again’ ye ?’

Euphan fixed her eyes steadily and sternly on the king ; —for, harrassed and menaced, tormented by pain, and baited by the rabble, she had become more than usually careless of life.—‘ Make ready,’ she said, ‘ your torments, for I shall say nought in my defence ; prepare your manacles and ropes, your boots, your carpie-claws, and pliriwinks, and then your stakes and faggots !—I have already been tried in the furnace seved times heated, and if I am now to ascend as a burnt-offering, what matters it ?—I shall soon be beyond the reach of a world I hate, and of a prince whose weakness I despise !’

‘ What say ye, wretched hag ?’ said the king, kindling into anger, ‘ we shall incontinent put to the proof thae vaunts, gif ye hae not somewhat to allege whilk may prove your innocence o’ the foul crime laid to your charge ; and it is o’ our great mercy and graciousness that ye are now permitted

to testify in your ain behalf, seeing that your speech hath already been that for whilk a less patient sovereign had alone condemned ye.'

'I have already said,' replied she, 'that I have nought to urge in my defence.—If ye are indeed so besotted as to believe that a poor crushed worm like me can do the things which those people have spoken, all I could say of mine innocence would not avail me ;—for I have not forgotten that ye brought to a wretched death man and woman, high and low, because when ye sailed for Denmark there was not a smooth sea, a summer sky, and soft winds, at a season when tempests are natural. Think ye then that I expect mercy at your hands ?—No ! I have not forgotten that ye condemned to the burning alive my benefactress, that honourable and good lady, the daughter of your faithful servant Lord Cliftonhall.—Ye cannot torture me as ye did her, for I have no children to leave motherless—no children to wail for me !—Na, na !' said she, overcome by her recollections, and pressing her shrivelled hands against her bosom with the intensity of despair, while her countenance lost for a while its character of high daring, and assumed a subdued look of unutterable anguish,—'they are all lost for ever, as an arrow, which parteth the air and leaveth no trace behind, but nevertheless sticketh deep in the breast that it pierceth.—The bitterness of death is past ; therefore do your pleasure, but let it be done quickly—I have nought to confess. There lies the last memorial of husband and children,' she continued, looking on the dog at her side ; 'poor old brute !—that was the play-fellow of my weans, and the guard of my lonely state !—I put more respect upon thy dead carcase, than on king and court, and people to boot !'

She ceased, and there was a dead silence ; for king and people were spell-bound by her reckless audacity. Presently recovering her erect mien, and again turning her regards on the king, in which the utmost indignation was expressed, she continued—

'Said I that I had nought to confess ?—How could I forget to tell, that I hold the same faith with your martyred mother ?—I am a Papist !—this of itself is enough to condemn me—is it not ?'—

Here she was interrupted by loud cries from the multitude, of—'away with her !—burn the Papist witch !' But as soon as the noise subsided she went on.

‘Dear sainted queen!’ she cried, lifting her hands above her head, and turning her eyes to heaven, ‘thou too didst suffer the persecution of the enemies of our faith, and what am I, that thy son should spare me, who lacked courage and a heart to save his mother!’

His majesty’s anger now became perfectly ungovernable. —‘Let the officers of justice be called!’ he cried, in a voice choked with rage, ‘and let this damned blasted witch be strictly confined till she undergo the sentence of the law.’

The crowd was now seen parting in different directions, to allow several men to pass through, who were about to bear her off, when she assumed a tone and look of authority, which, savage as they were, they instantly obeyed. While putting them back with her left hand, she drew from her bosom with the right a small leathern bag, and addressing his majesty, she said—

‘This contains what I must soon relinquish; I will therefore bestow it on you, though, in so doing, I give to your neglect that which I have all but worshipped.’

Strong curiosity now possessed the lookers-on to see what the leathern bag contained. Taking from it a small parcel, she unfolded three separate papers, and keeping their mysterious contents in the hollow of her hand, she laid it on her breast, and closed her eyes, while all the fervour of mental prayer quivered on her lips. She next raised it, and imprinted on it a fervent kiss, and then shaking it out to its full length, gave to the action of the breeze a long lock of silver hair, which, towards the end where it had been cut from the head, was strongly clotted together with blood.

‘Behold,’ she cried, ‘this hair, false Prince! which your conduct clothed with the snows of winter ere yet the autumn of her beauty had arrived! and behold the sacred blood in which is steeped—it is that of her who gave you being!’

‘The woman raves—she is horn wud!’ cried the king—‘awa wi’ her! Will ye stand there hearkening till a mad woman, when I command ye to take her awa?’

The men again approached her, and she stretched out her right hand, from which the long hair streamed like a pennon, while the strong tones of her voice were distinctly heard by all.

‘I am a dying woman, and as I hope for salvation through the Son of the Holy Virgin, and as this is a symbol of that

cross on which he suffered,' she said, making the sign upon her breast, 'I swear that this hair which I now hold in my hand was cut from the head of Mary Stuart, Queen of Scotland, after that head was severed from the body by the accursed axe.'

Conviction was forced upon James, in spite of the prejudice which he had conceived against the unhappy woman.

'And how cam into your possession sic a relic?—If that be in sooth the hair o' my parent, it maun furnish a proof o' what is alleight against ye, for it could only hae been obtained by thy dealings wi' Satan, sae strictly was the bearing away o' any memorial guarded against.—How then say ye did it come into your possession?'

'Misbelieving Prince!' she resumed, in a voice of anger—'it was giving me by one on whom I had some claim. I was the foster-mother of Mistress Jean Kennedy, afterwards the wife of the Master of your Household, Sir Andrew Melville, that was drowned, as ye weel ken, in crossing from Bruntisland, and was, as ye also know, the queen's faithful attendant, even in the last bloody scene of her murder. This hair was part of what she procured from the surgeon appointed to embalm the body, under promise of secrecy, and under such promise did I receive it; for Mistress Kennedy well knew that she could not bestow on me that which I would value as much, although she had given me houses and lands, gold and jewels.'

'Send here that braid of hair—ower valuable a relic to be possessed by sic as ye!' said James, at the same time sending the Master of Ruthven to receive it from her, who had no sooner reached the place where she sat, than folding it up once more, she placed her hand over it on her breast.

'Who are you, young man,' she said, 'to whom I am ordered to surrender my last earthly treasure?—methinks I would fain know to whose hands I give it.'

The Master had stretched forth his hand to receive the braid, but now withdrew it, and was about to speak, when one of the men who stood by the chair of old Euphan, provoked by her want of respect for his majesty, and at this abrupt question addressed to one of a family so highly honoured by the people, seized her by the shoulder, and gave her a shake—'What, brimstane!' said he, 'do you question the Master o' Ruthven, as though he were ane o' your ain degree.'

‘Desist, fellow!’ interposed the Master, ‘lay no hand on the unfortunate woman. It is the king’s pleasure, old mother,’ he continued, ‘that you deliver to me the hair which you hold in your hand.’ And he again made a motion to receive it.

‘She eyed him from head to foot.—‘Na, na,’ said Euphan, still keeping her hand pressed upon her breast—‘not to a descendant of the persecuting house of Ruthven—the enemies of God, and of the blessed Queen Mary—will I deliver this last memorial of her!—Stand back!’ she said, and with an authoritative dignity that might have become an empress, and which made the Master recede a few steps in surprise.

She cast a searching glance along the bench to the right and left of the Queen, where her majesty’s ladies sat, and relaxing somewhat the sternness of her aspect, she once more raised her voice.

‘Is there no one in that gay and courtly throng of dames,’ she said, ‘who, for the respect they bear to the memory of her, so lovely and unfortunate, will do mine errand to the king?’ and again the grey pennon streamed from her hand.

A dead silence reigned in the forms she addressed. None of the fair occupiers were ever before present at a scene of this nature, and they had bestowed upon it the most profound attention, accompanied by a thrilling interest in the unfortunate woman, whom they figured to themselves as standing on the very verge of eternity, and whose passage to it was to be effected by a death so fearful, that they shuddered but to think of it; and this feeling was naturally increased by the quick transition which had been made from mirth and amusement to a scene so impressive. But although the courtly females were deeply interested in this novel tragedy, none of them viewed it with the distracted feeling of poor Agnes. Several times during her interrogation was she upon the point of addressing the king in her behalf, but was often withheld by the fear of its being unavailing, when she heard her braving his wrath in a manner which she expected every instant would bring down the whole weight of his resentment upon her. But no sooner did the unfortunate woman appeal immediately as it were, to herself, than, rising from her seat, and drawing forward her long veil, she enveloped herself in it, and darting over the



intermediate ground, she was, with the quickness of lightning, at the side of Euphan.

‘Give me that precious relic,’ she said, ‘and I will be its bearer to the king.’

‘Most willingly,’ replied Euphan; ‘for I am persuaded, young maiden, that she who, in the face of an assembled multitude, fears not to attend the summons of a reviled and persecuted woman, is worthy to be intrusted with it, more especially if she be, as I suspect, the Lady Agnes Somerdale.’

‘I am she whom you mention,’ said Agnes; and as she stooped to receive the lock of hair, she said hastily, and a whisper, ‘Where is she to whom you gave an asylum?’

‘Content you, lady—she is safe,’ was the reply.

Lady Agnes instantly returned with the braid to the king. As she ascended the steps on the right of the king, the Earl of Gowrie met her at the foot of them, and taking her hand to lead her to his majesty, said, as they passed on, ‘Fear not for the unfortunate woman, I have thought on a scheme to remove her from immediate danger.’

‘That is kind, indeed,’ said Agnes; ‘for, strange as it may appear, those nearly connected with me have been under obligations to her, which I would fain repay. May I venture to intercede for her with his majesty, do you think?’

‘Certainly,’ returned the Earl, who had no time to say more, for they were then before the king.

Agnes threw back her veil, and kneeling, presented the braid of hair. He took it, and placing it in the palm of his hand, which trembled violently, he regarded it for some moments with intense feeling, which appeared in the workings of every muscle in his face: and then searching in his pocket, produced that same purse which he had received from the Jesuit, and enclosing it within it, returned it to his pocket. It was then that he seemed first to perceive that the Lady Agnes was still kneeling at his feet.

‘Pardon,’ he said, ‘fair lady, this neglect; that wretched wife’s extraordinary gift hath somewhat disordered us.’

‘Before I rise, let me entreat your majesty to have mercy on that poor old wretch,’ said Agnes; ‘she is certainly insane; and her great zeal for the unfortunate Queen, to whom that hair belonged, seems in part to have been the cause of transporting her beyond the bounds of reverence due to your majesty.’

‘Rise, young lady,’ said his majesty, extending his hand towards her; and continuing in a low voice, ‘confess that the faith she hauds bath somewhat prepossessed the Lady Agnes in her favour; but gif witchcraft is proved upon her, she maun suffer the penalty o’ her crime. God forbid else!’

Agnes was about to reply, when the Earl of Gowrie interposed. ‘If your majesty thinks proper to trust me with the keeping of this wretched woman, I will take order that she escapes not from the place of her confinement till your majesty’s further pleasure is known.’

‘Be it sae, gif you, my lord, will tak this trouble; for nane will suspect,’ said the king with a smile of irony, ‘my Lord o’ Gowrie to favour a Papist. And to speak sooth, she has sae interwoven her discourse wi’ mention o’ honourable names, that gif she was indeed the nursing mother o’ Sir Andrew Melville’s sponse, we shanna be sorry to find her innocent o’ the crime laid to her charge, and shall even forgie her unmannered insolence to oursel, putting it down, as this young lady sayeth, to the account o’ a disordered brain.’

On obtaining this permission, the Earl beckoned Laurence toward him, whom he met at the end of the platform. ‘That woman (pointing to Euphan) is delivered over to my keeping,’ said the Earl. ‘Make these fellows who surround her chair, remove her to my house. Place her in one of the stone apartments; look to it, that she be supplied with all necessary conveniences, and take with you a sufficient number of your fellows to secure her from insult. Suffer no one to lay a finger on her, at your own peril; and when she is safely lodged, set a watch upon the door of her apartment, that no one gain access to her. Begone—and see that my orders are strictly fulfilled.’

‘They shall, my lord,’ said Laurence: and gathering together a band of his master’s domestics, whom he caused to draw their weapons and follow him, he approached the men in whose charge Euphan then was; and ordering them, in the name of the Earl, to remove the woman to his lordship’s house in the Canongate, they proceeded with her through the crowd, who, satisfied with her being in the custody of the Earl, and anticipating her final condemnation, suffered her to pass without further molestation, save what was offered in the opprobrious epithets bestowed upon her by the rabble.

The players, who had been lookers-on from the time of the old woman's first appearance, now prepared to finish the representation. The Lion once more became a four-footed beast, and Moonshine resumed his lantern. But their majesties signified their pleasure of withdrawing from the field, and immediately all was in motion. The gallant throng of nobles and ladies, with nodding plumes and floating veils, surrounded their majesties, and moved forward, till they disappeared within the gates of the palace, from whence they had issued.

### THEODORE HOOK.\*

CONSIDERING that the English stage has of late years been indebted to France for not a few of its most successful novelties, it is somewhat surprising that none of those pieces composed with a view to illustrate the truth of proverbial sayings, have ever been brought forward in our theatres. That, however, which might little please a mixed audience in a dramatic form, has furnished the groundwork of certain performances in another department of fiction; and the alleged popularity of SAYINGS AND DOINGS seems to prove that the exemplification of a wise saw may become a source of amusement to the 'reading public.' After devouring with praiseworthy complacency the numberless tales illustrative of the customs of ancient times or of the rudeness still prevalent on this side the Tweed, the *thinking* portion of the community just mentioned would have welcomed an author who deals—not with ancient Egypt or an-

\* After distinguishing himself from 1806 to 1811, by several musical farces, dramatic sketches, &c., THEODORE EDWARD HOOK was, in 1813, appointed to the lucrative offices of Accomptant-General and Treasurer of the Island of Mauritius. For certain doings in his official capacity, Mr. H. is at present confined within the rules of King's Bench prison; and as Editor of the *John Bull* newspaper has acquired a notoriety seldom the reward of *honourable* literary exertion.

cient Rome, neither with chivalrous knights nor lawless mountaineers, but—with the manners of the times in which we live, and actors graced with all the polish of fashionable life, had he possessed that share of judgment and depth of thought requisite for rendering his work instructive as well as pleasing. But we pause not to estimate the extent of our author's popularity in the quarter alluded to; neither do we venture to expatiate on the staleness of what is intended for wit, on the inconsistency of his characters, on the cant of his sentiments, on the feebleness of his style, &c. Proceed we rather to observe that, however interesting the representation of the habits, modes of thinking, and tones of sentiment peculiar to the higher classes, may be to those who gaze at respectful distance, the humble reader will seldom, from the pictures given in these pages, be led to deplore the comparative obscurity of his lot. Their author may have had very different intentions, but the general impression derived from these performances renders it unnecessary for him to illustrate the ancient saying *omne ignotum est pro magnifico*. For, those whom we might be apt to regard as placed above the petty cares and vexations of less exalted life, are, with trifling exceptions, here exhibited, by him who speaks as one of the initiated, in no very enviable light. The heartlessness and calculating selfishness with which most of his characters perform their parts in the drama of life are sufficient to make the reader ashamed of ever having contemplated with longing eyes a sphere, which would seem to be occupied by beings as undeserving of our respect as they are incapable of turning to proper use the means put into their hands for promoting the happiness of those around them. But, believing that such a representation is far from being true to nature, we are under the necessity of concluding, that the author either looks on society through a strangely

distorting medium, or is woefully deficient in that species of knowledge on which he is so much disposed to plume himself. It were unfair, however, to conceal that a different judgment has been passed by others on these volumes. Some do not hesitate to say that, while the liveliness with which they portray existing manners deservedly entitles them to present favour, their faithfulness of delineation must render them permanently valuable:—on the accuracy of which opinion our reader may in some degree be qualified to decide after perusing the following specimen.

### DANVERS.

DANVERS was in an exceedingly good humour, and having himself been mightily pleased with the compliments which had been paid to his talents after dinner at his grace's, felt a sort of complacent disposition to dispense compliments in his turn, for, if his wife had been flattered at the marchioness's by the civilities and attentions of one half of the cabinet, the other half had been sedulously employed in winning the affections of her happy husband at the duke's. It was amusing to me, speculating as I do on the manners and ways of this world, to mark the various little by-paths which these noble and learned men took to assail the vanity and procure the esteem of this once neglected genius. Danvers, when simply Thomas Burton, Esq. Member of the Honourable Society of the Inner Temple, had written, of course 'merely for his amusement, and published at the earnest desire of his partial friends, extremely against his own inclination,'—a collection of 'Poetical Trifles,'—'a Sonnet to half a Rose-leaf,' 'Lines to Maria's Canary-bird,' 'Albert and Adeline,' 'Elegy on the Loss of a Dear Cousin,' 'Ode on Shooter's Hill,' 'The Parson and the Lawyer,' a Comic Tale, sundry Epigrams, a Song adapted to a Babylonish melody, and introduced by Miss Stephens into Guy Mannering, 'the Death-bed of Peter the Great,' 'Lines to Liberty,' and an 'Ode to the Spring;' which were printed at his own proper charge, on wove paper, displaying in the title-page a wood cut vignette of a shepherd boy playing a pipe under a tree, with the hinder parts of two fat sheep in a corner, by way of background; over whose heads, or at

least over the place where, by its relative position to their tails, their heads ought to have been, stood a little pert parish-church spire, like an extinguisher in the distance, and for motto,

—————Tenet insanabile multos  
Scribendi cacoethes.

JUV.

Of these 'poetical trifles,' as may easily be imagined, nobody heard at the time, except indeed an obscure reviewer, who, anxious at once to make a fame for himself, and break a butterfly on the wheel, ripped them up in his unread 'periodical,' and the whole sale of the work amounted to perhaps fifty. Danvers was particularly sore about the neglect of his poetical genius—the nipping in the bud which he had experienced—and always felt that he was capable of great things in the literary world; this (whether he had betrayed himself, or whether some of his friends had betrayed him, I know not) one of the 'very great' men certainly knew, and the masterly manner in which his Lordship, after an elaborate discussion on the beauties of SCOTT, BYRON, and CAMPBELL, dropped down gently and unsuspectingly upon the 'Poetical Trifles' of Mr. Thomas Burton, far excelled any thing I ever beheld in the art of making the amiable. Nothing, in short, could exceed the skill of the angler, except the avidity of the victim,—his Lordship had committed to memory two or three lines of one of the effusions, and when he repeated them with a kind of sing-song twang, expressive of a rapturous approbation, the victory was complete, and, long before the party broke up, Danvers had consented to oppose the Whig candidate in his own county, at the then rapidly approaching election.

Danvers was proposed, and as was expected, an Opposition Candidate started in the person of Sir Oliver Freeman, whose barouche was left far behind himself, and who was literally carried into the Town-Hall upon the shoulders of the PEOPLE.

Sir Oliver was a patriot; and after Mr. Danvers had been nominated and seconded amidst the most violent hootings and hissings, the worthy Baronet's name was received with cheers, only equalled by those which had followed Danvers's health the night before, under his own roof. Sir Oliver

Freeman was, as I have just said, a patriot—an emancipator of Roman Catholics, and a Slave-Trade Abolitionist. He had disinherited his eldest son for marrying a Papist, and separated from his wife on account of the overbearing violence of his temper. He deprecated the return to Cash-payments, and, while the gold was scarce, refused to receive any thing but guineas in payment of his rents. He advocated the cause of the Christian Greeks, and subscribed to Hone; he wept at agricultural distress, and never lowered his rents. He cried for the repeal of the Six Acts, and prosecuted poachers with the utmost rigour of the law; he was a saint, and had carried an address to Brandenburgh. He heard family prayers twice every day, and had a daughter by the wife of a noble Earl, his neighbour; which daughter the said noble Earl recognized and acknowledged, though by no means doubtful of her origin. He moreover spent much of his time in endeavouring to improve the condition of poor prisoners, and introduced the Treadmill into the County Jail; he subscribed for the Irish rebels and convicted poor women at Quarter Sessions of the horrible crime of mendicity; was president of a Branch Bible Society, and reduced his wife's housemaids; was a staunch advocate for Parliamentary Reform, and sat ten years for a rotten borough; made speeches against tithes, being one of the greatest lay-impropriators in the kingdom; talked of the glorious sovereignty of the people, and never missed a levee or a drawing-room in his life.

Thus qualified, Sir Oliver Freeman stood forward a son of freedom, who, on this special occasion, had declared he would spend *fifty thousand pounds* to maintain the *independence of his native county*. To what specific purpose so large a sum was to be applied, it does not become me, having a due fear of Speaker's warrants before my eyes, to suggest. Danvers at all events had five and twenty thousand already in the field, and the war commenced with the greatest activity.

At the close of the first day's poll, the numbers stood :

Barton Danvers, Esq.	- - - -	238
Sir Oliver Freeman	- - - -	196

Mr. Danvers attempted to return his thanks, but the partizan of Sir Oliver would hear nothing he had to say; hootings and hissings assailed him when he showed himself, and having worked himself semaphorically for half an hour,

our hero gave up all hope of making himself understood, and gave place to Sir Oliver, who repeated those often-uttered phrases and points, which every real man of the people has by rote. And thus, with little variation, did the contest continue through the whole period allowed by statute. At the end of the twelfth day all Danvers's ready money was gone; how, his agents, I suppose, cared little; still there were upwards of a thousand freeholders unpollled. Six hundred were resident in London and distant parts. Chaises, carriages, horses, wagons, every thing moveable, was put in requisition—the struggle was made—posters killed with fatigue, their drivers damaged, and their vehicles broken, and at the close of the poll on the fifteenth day the numbers stood :

Sir Oliver Freeman	- - - - -	2346
Burton Danvers, Esq.	- - - - -	2109
Majority for Freeman	- - - - -	237

This rare occurrence of a man of the people succeeding in an attempt upon a county, was the day after Danvers's defeat *satisfactorily* accounted for by one of his agents, who *then* informed our hero that it never was imagined by those who had solicited him to stand, that he *could possibly* succeed; and that the opposition to Sir Oliver had only been carried on to try his purse and his temper. Danvers was rather vexed at the want of candour which he thought he perceived about his aristocratic friends in London, and was more mortified at the failure of his attempt, than at the loss of upwards of thirty-three thousand pounds which had been expended in it. With respect to his wish to sit in Parliament, it was very soon gratified by the offer of an introduction to a select party of nine gentlemen, who were in the habit of returning two members, one of whom was just dead, and of which nine, six were extremely well inclined towards Burton. He accepted the proposal, and was accordingly announced in the course of the ensuing week from the Crown office, as returned to serve in the United Parliament for the Borough of Seufold.

Once in parliament, Danvers began to dream of honours and distinctions; he was conscious of his powers, he began to feel his importance, and if he could but have a son, his aim would be the peerage—to ennoble the blood of the Burtons in his person, to grace his Mary's brows with the golden circlet and Baronial pearls—it was quite charming.



For more than three weeks he was puzzling himself what title he should choose if the Minister felt inclined to offer him a choice. The session opened, and Danvers was a regular attendant at the house, night after night, constantly sitting up till dawn of day to vote; while poor Mary, worried and vexed at the complete destruction of all her little comforts, began to feel symptoms of indisposition, to which she had hitherto been a stranger. She grew thin and low-spirited—so did Danvers; he was worrying himself all day about her, and all night about politics; she was worrying herself all night about him, and all day about her children. Danvers, having screwed his courage to the sticking place, at length made a speech in Parliament; it was short but pithy, and great credit was due to him for the matter and the manner of its delivery. He anticipated seeing the next morning in the reports of debates his name and harangue, interspersed with ‘*Hear, Hear,*’ and ‘*Cheers from the Treasury Benches,*’ ‘*Laughter,*’ &c. and came down more eager for fame than breakfast. Three morning papers were on the table; he first took up the *Times*, and having just cast his eye over three columns of a speech by Brougham, and equally long reply by a much wiser man, his attention was arrested by these words,—‘An honourable member, whose name we could not catch, made a few observations, which were totally inaudible in the gallery.’—In a transport of rage he threw down the *Times*, exclaiming against its political spite in thus slurring over an able speech, because it came from the right side of the House, and snatching up the *Chronicle*, gratified himself by perusing these lines:—‘*Mr. Tanvers* coincided in opinion with the last speaker.’ ‘Worse, and worse,’ exclaimed our unfortunate member: ‘they shall be had up—I’ll move them to Newgate! Monsters! my name not even properly spelt—it is unbearable!’ With the view of soothing his feelings with some of the honey of Toryism, he unfolded the *Morning Post* in perfect security of getting all the *sides* he deserved from a judicious reporter of proper principles: that journal contained the following words. ‘*Mr. Danvers Burton* said a few words, the import of which we were quite unable to understand, on account of the noise and confusion in the House at the time.’—He was mortified beyond expression. So it is, that a man who has sufficient firmness to endure misfortune, and philosophy to bear with real calamities, suffers himself to be agitated by the slightest attack on his *amour propre*.

## MISS EDGEWORTH.

IN looking over an old Number of the Edinburgh Review, we have lighted upon some remarks on MISS EDGEWORTH, so much in unison with our own opinions, that we at once serve our purpose and gratify our indolence by extracting them.

“Miss Edgeworth belongs to a class of writers who are less liable to failures than most of those who adventure in the public pursuit of excellence or distinction. Her works are not happy effusions of fancy, or casual inspirations of genius. There is nothing capricious or accidental about them; but they are the mature and seasonable fruits of those faculties that work the surest and continue the longest in vigour,—of powerful sense and nice moral perception, joined to a rare and invaluable talent for the observation and display of human character,—tempered, in its wholesome exercise, with far more indulgence to its less glittering qualities than usually falls to the lot of those who are gifted with so quick a sense of its weakness and folly. Fortunately for mankind, these are the least precarious as well as the most important of all the faculties which belong to our frail nature; and are not only for the most part at the command of their possessor, but can seldom be called into action without diffusing their beneficial influence to others. But though Miss Edgeworth can never absolutely fail in her endeavours to excel, because she can never be either silly or absurd, it does not follow that she should always be equally successful, or that all her productions should be interesting and amusing alike. Sometimes the subjects afford but little scope either for interest or amusement;—and sometimes the moral lessons she wishes to inculcate, are of a sort which do not admit

of those embellishments which are most suited to her genius. The key, indeed, to all that is peculiar in her writings, whether in the way of excellence or defect,—that which distinguishes her from other writers of kindred powers of judgment and invention, is, that the duties of a *Moral Teacher* are always uppermost in her thoughts. It is impossible, we think, to read ten pages in any of her writings, without feeling, not only that the whole, but that every part of them was intended to do good;—and that she has never for an instant allowed herself to forget, that the great end and aim of her writing was—not to display her own talents, or to court popularity by brilliant effect—but to make her readers substantially better and happier;—not only to correct fatal errors of opinion—to soften dispositions and remove prejudices unfriendly to happiness—but to display wisdom and goodness at once in their most engaging and familiar aspects—to raise to their proper rank and importance those humbler virtues on which the felicity of ordinary life so essentially depends—and to show how easy and agreeable the loftiest principles and the highest intellectual attainments may be in practice, by representing them, as they are in truth most commonly to be found, united with the gayest temper, and the most simple and amiable manners. No nobler or more worthy end certainly could be proposed to any human endeavours; and those who are best acquainted with Miss Edgeworth's writings, will probably think most highly of her success in the pursuit of it: And yet it is to the unrelaxed intensity of this pursuit that we think almost all her faults are to be referred. It is this which has given to her compositions something of too didactic a manner,—and brought the moral of her stories too obtrusively forward,—and led her into repetitions that are somewhat wearisome, and discussions too elementary, and exaggerations too

improbable,—that has lowered the tone, in short, of her infinitely varied and original fictions to some affinity with that of ingenious apologues invented for the instruction of youth, and given at times an air of childishness and poorness to the result of the finest observations, and the profoundest views of human nature. It is wonderful, indeed, to see such works produced, under the disadvantages and restraints of so severe a method. But it is impossible to doubt that much of the freedom, the grace, and the boldness of her invention, has been sacrificed to the pithy illustration of some moral aphorism, or the importunate enforcement of some salutary truth. Nor has the effect been merely to lessen the fame of the author, and the delight of her intelligent readers;—we suspect it has, in many cases, been also to defeat, in a considerable degree, the very end to which so much has been thus resolutely sacrificed. Persons of full age revolt from instruction presented in too direct and officious a form,—and take it amiss to have a plain lesson, however much needed, driven into them in so persevering and unrelenting a manner; and the very exaggerations and repetitions which are intended to give force and effect to the warning, are apt to make it less impressive, by making it less probable. As they now stand, the greater part of her Tales may be regarded as a series or climax of instances, in which some moral or intellectual defect produces disastrous consequences—a continued succession of catastrophes, arising out of the same causes, and terminating in the same general results. In each of these stories, we have little more than an enlargement of a character conceived like one of La Bruyere's,—and illustrated by a similar train of extreme cases and striking exemplifications;—a method perfectly unexceptionable, when the object is merely to give a strong and distinct impression of the character itself, but liable to great

objection when applied to a series of adventures that are meant to be probable, and to produce their moral effect by the suggestion of truth and reality. Some of the Tales, indeed, involve this defect, if it be one, in their very structure and conception—and announce it plainly enough in the titles which they bear. The best of these is that entitled ‘To-morrow;’—the worst ‘Murad the Unlucky.’ But in all which aim at a more extended delineation of life and manners, this limitation of the interest is both unnatural and unwise. No long series of interesting occurrences ever turned, in reality, upon one vice or folly, or presented us with one flaw of character as the spring and origin of all the disasters that ensue. Nor are the moral lessons, of which such occurrences may be made the vehicle, at all more likely to be effectual, from this exclusive attention to one only of the morbid propensities, of which we may be thus agreeably admonished. The systematic teacher of ethics may find it convenient to take the vices and virtues successively and apart, and to treat of each in its order—just as the systematic teacher of grammar takes the prepositions and conjunctions. But as, when the scholar is advanced into *practice*, all the parts of speech are jumbled again together, as in ordinary discourse; so, when the object is to give practical impressions, with a view to real life, it would seem expedient to exhibit all the mingled principles of action that are found actually to govern human conduct, or to affect human felicity:—and the most useful tale for improvement, as well as the most agreeable for unimproveable readers, must be that which presents us with the greatest variety of characters, and places before us the consequences of the greatest number of peculiar propensities. Upon Miss E’s. present system, there are several of her stories which can be of use, we should think, but to a very small number of patients; and we really cannot help thinking that it was as little worth her

while to provide a corrective for gentlemen who have an antipathy to Jews, or ladies who have prejudices against French governesses, as it would be for an eminent physician to compound an infallible plaster for scratches on the first joint of the little finger exclusively. Her excessive care for the moral utility of her works has also injured them in another way. The substantial happiness of life, no doubt, depends more upon justice and prudence, than upon genius and generosity—upon ordinary and attainable qualities, in short, than on lofty and heroic ones. But the interest we take in these, as observers, is just in an opposite proportion; and Miss Edgeworth has been so fearful of misleading her readers into any unprofitable or dangerous admiration, that she has almost entirely excluded the agency of the higher passions, and applied all the resources of her genius to recommend the humbler practices of fair dealing and sincerity—industry, good temper, firmness of character, and friendly offices. She has accordingly recommended them most powerfully; and this age and the next are largely indebted to her exertions, and will long profit by their effects;—but her writings would, beyond all question, have been more attractive, if she had dealt occasionally in deeper and more tumultuous emotions, and exhibited her characters in situations more full of distress and agitation, and under the influence of feelings more vehement and overwhelming than she has generally thought it safe to meddle with. Except in the case of her Irish rustics, she has hardly ever ascribed any burst of natural passion, or any impulse of reckless generosity to her characters. The rest of her favourites are all well-behaved, considerate, good-natured people, who are never in any very terrible danger, either from within or from without, and from whom little more is required than might be expected from any other well disposed and well educated persons in the like circumstances. The greater interest and at-

traction of stronger passion cannot, of course, be disputed; but we are a little sceptical here also, as to the supposed danger or inutility of such exhibitions. It is a great thing, certainly, to make a man wise for himself; but it is still greater, and not less important, to make him understand, that there are feelings stronger than selfish feelings, and joys of more value than selfish enjoyments. One half of mankind is condemned to perpetual debasement, by never having been made to comprehend the delight of generosity, or the elevation of a devoted affection; and, to give them this sense, we must, in general, set before them some strong and even exaggerated representation of the reality. The occasions for such emotions are but of rare occurrence indeed, in ordinary life; and the habits of mind that would render them common, would no doubt be pernicious if they were to become predominant. But there is no great danger of this practical result. Pupils in this, as in every other school, always lag behind their teachers, and fall far short of their patterns. A dancing-master turns out his toes more than enough, and holds himself ridiculously erect, that his disciples may do both moderately;—and examples of extravagant generosity or imprudent affection, are likely to be imitated with the same abatements. It may often be necessary, by a strong impulse, to rouse the kinder and nobler feelings of our nature; but it can scarcely ever be requisite to suggest those selfish considerations by which they may be kept within bounds. In spite of our metaphysical moralists, we are firmly persuaded that our hearts are practically softened by being made to sympathize even with imaginary sorrow; and cannot help thinking, that the first tears which a pathetic and powerful writer draws from a rude nature, are pledges of its permanent refinement. The occasional appearance of lofty and energetic characters on the scenes of real life, is allowed to raise the general standard of sentiment

in the age and nation to which they belong, even though they should trespass in many points upon the ordinary rules of prudence and morality, and present an assemblage of qualities which it would be by no means convenient to meet in our common acquaintance. Now, the heroes of fiction stand nearly in the same predicament, and perform nearly the same functions for their reader: and we are inclined to think, that the mischief they may do by the seducing example of their extravagance, is more than compensated by the force with which they rouse our sluggish sensibility, and the feelings they so strongly impress, of a nobler use and a higher relish of life than can be found in its vulgar prosperity. In Miss Edgeworth, however, we meet with little that can be called heroic—and nothing that is romantic or poetical. She is so much afraid of seducing her pupils from the practical duties of social life, that she will not even borrow a grace from the loveliness of nature; and has neither expressed herself, nor exemplified in any of her characters, that sympathy with rural beauty, that sense of the expression of the great or majestic features of the universe, of which the author of *Waverley* and the *Antiquary* has made so admirable a use, and turned to such account even for the moral effect of his story. There is more of this feeling in one speech of Edie Ochiltree, than in all the works of the author now before us.

“ Since we have begun to notice her faults, we may as well make an end of them. Those of which we have now spoken, we ascribe to her system,—her rigid rejection of every thing that does not teach a safe and practical moral lesson. There are others which we should be disposed to refer to her sex. With all her sound sense and intelligence, it is plain that she is not at all at home in the representation of public transactions, or the actual business of men. She is not only incapable of dealing with battles



and negotiations, like the great author to whom we have just alluded; but has evidently no more than a derivative and conjectural knowledge of the way in which political intrigues, and private and public business are actually managed. She understands well enough how politicians speak in the drawing-room, and in what way their habits of business affect their manners in society; but her conceptions of the tone and temper of their actual conduct are plainly derived from conjecture alone, and often bear no very near resemblance to the reality. She has an unlucky fondness, too, for showing her acquaintance with the profession of the law, and repeatedly goes out of her way to describe as feats of great legal dexterity and acuteness, things quite puerile or impossible. The influence of sex, too, has narrowed the field of her invention, in other particulars,—where this limitation is less perhaps to be regretted;—female delicacy has prevented her from completing in all their parts those pictures of personal profligacy and its consequences, which the nature of her moral design lead her so often to portray; and female gentleness has disabled her from representing, and perhaps from conceiving, the extent of brutal ferocity of which man's nature is capable, and from which, as well as from other vices, it requires not unfrequently to be warned. It is perhaps invidious to mention other faults,—especially as we have nothing else to ascribe them to but the ordinary imperfections of human nature. But we must venture to tell Miss E., that most of her amiable young ladies are a little too wise and peremptory—and are apt, in their repartees, to be rather pert than dignified. Indeed, we cannot say we exceedingly relish her smart sayings in general,—which are sometimes neither very new nor very elegant. There are also some glaring improbabilities hazarded now and then, to bring about her catastrophes—a fault that is rendered particularly striking by the sober,

familiar, and authentic air of most of her narratives. Where the general strain of the fable is romantic and extravagant, a little excess in the marvellous does not startle or offend; but we feel it at once as a capital defect, where the great charm of the work consists in the truth and accuracy of its representations, and in that chaste and judicious invention which enables us to go along with the story without any violent suppositions, or any great effort of forgetfulness as to the realities of the world we live in.

“ Having said so much of the faults of this distinguished writer, it is scarcely necessary perhaps to add, that they are almost entirely effaced by her excellences:—nor, after what we have so often stated with regard to her, can it be requisite to say in what we think these excellences to consist. Her admirable sense—her kindness of heart—her marvellous powers of invention, that make it difficult to discover a single plagiarism, even from herself, in the forty volumes of her works—the inimitable humour, truth, and beauty of her traits of national character, displaying not only a thorough knowledge, but an affectionate love of Ireland, and a concern for her happiness, which cannot be for ever unfruitful—her intimate acquaintance and generous sympathy with the feelings and habits of the lower and middling classes of the people—her clear, indulgent, and rational views of the diversity of human character and its causes—and the rapidity, accuracy, and brevity of her sketches of all its variations; these are among the most prominent of her merits, and would be alone sufficient to place her among the most meritorious writers of the age she was destined to improve.”

### THE DUN.

COLONEL PEMBROKE had not, at the time his biographer first became acquainted with him, ‘grown familiar with falsehood;’ his conscience was not entirely callous to reproach,

nor was his heart insensible to compassion, but he was in a fair way to get rid of all troublesome feelings and principles. He was connected with a set of selfish young men of fashion, whose opinions stood him instead of law, equity, and morality ; to them he appealed in all doubtful cases, and his self-complacency being daily and hourly dependent upon their decisions, he had seldom either leisure or inclination to consult his own judgment. His amusements and his expenses were consequently regulated by the example of his companions, not by his own choice. To follow them in every absurd variety of the mode, either in dress or equipage, was his first ambition ; and all their factitious wants appeared to him objects of the first necessity. No matter how good the boots, the hat, the coat, the furniture, or the equipage might be, if they had outlived the fashion of the day, or even of the hour ; they were absolutely worthless in his eyes. *Nobody* could be seen in such things—then of what use could they be to *any body* ? Colonel Pembroke's finances were not exactly equal to the support of such *liberal* principles, but this was a misfortune, which he had in common with several of his companions. It was no check to their spirit—they could live upon credit—credit, ' that talisman, which realizes every thing it imagines, and which can imagine every thing.' Without staying to reflect upon the immediate or remote consequences of this system, Pembroke in his first attempts found it easy to reduce it to practice : but as he proceeded, he experienced some difficulties. Tradesmen's bills accumulated, and applications for payment became every day more frequent and pressing. He defended himself with much address and ingenuity, and practice perfected him in all the Fabian arts of delay. '*No faith with duns,*' became, as he frankly declared, a maxim of his morality. He could now, with the most plausible face, protest to a *poor devil*, upon the honour of a gentleman, that he should be paid to-morrow ; when nothing was further from his intentions or his power, than to keep his word. And when to-morrow came, he could with the most easy assurance *damn the rascal* for putting a gentleman in mind of his promises. But there were persons more difficult to manage than *poor devils*. Colonel Pembroke's tailor, who had begun by being the most accommodating fellow in the world, and who had in three years run him up a bill of thirteen hundred pounds, at length began to fail in complaisance, and had the impertinence to talk of his large family, and his urgent calls for mo-

ney, &c. And next the colonel's shoe and boot maker, a man from whom he had been in the habit of taking two hundred pounds worth of shoes and boots every year, for himself and his servants, now pretended to be in distress for ready money, and refused to furnish more goods upon credit. 'Ungrateful dog!' Pembroke called him; and he actually believed his creditors to be ungrateful and insolent, when they asked for their money; for men frequently learn to believe what they are in the daily habit of asserting, especially if their assertions be not contradicted by their audience. He knew that his tradesmen overcharged him in every article he bought, and therefore he thought it but just to delay payment whilst it suited his convenience. 'Confound them, they can very well afford to wait.' As to their pleas of urgent demands for ready money—large families, &c., he considered these merely as words of course, tradesmen's cant, which should make no more impression upon a gentleman, than the whining of a beggar.

One day when Pembroke was just going out to ride with some of his gay companions, he was stopped at his own door by a pale, thin, miserable-looking boy, of eight or nine years old, who presented him with a paper, which he took for granted was a petition; he threw the child half-a-crown:—'There, take that,' said he, 'and stand out of the way of my horse's heels, I advise you, my little fellow.' The boy, however, pressed closer; and without picking up the half-crown, held the paper to Colonel Pembroke, who had now vaulted into his saddle. 'O no! no! That's too much, my lad—I never read petitions—I'd sooner give half-a-crown at any time than read a petition.' 'But, Sir, this is not a petition—indeed, Sir, I am not a beggar.' 'What is it then?—Heyday! a bill!—Then you're worse than a beggar—a dun!—a dun! in the public streets, at your time of life! You little rascal, why, what will you come to before you are your father's age?'—The boy sighed—'If,' pursued the colonel, 'I were to serve you right, I should give you a good horse whipping.—Do you see this whip?' 'I do, sir,' said the boy, 'but——' 'But what? you insolent little dun!—But what?' 'My father is dying,' said the child, bursting into tears, 'and we have no money to buy him bread, or any thing.' Struck by these words, Pembroke snatched the paper from the boy, and looking hastily at the total and title of the bill, read—'Twelve pounds, fourteen—John White, Weaver'—'I know of no such person!—I have no dealings with

weavers, child,' said the colonel, laughing—'My name is Pembroke—Colonel Pembroke.' 'Colonel Pembroke—yes, Sir, the very person Mr. Close, the tailor, sent me to!' 'Close the tailor! damn the rascal, was it he sent you to dun me?—for this trick he shall not see a farthing of my money this twelvemonth. You may tell him so, you little whining hypocrite!—And hark you! the next time you come to me, take care to come with a better story—let your father and mother and six brothers and sisters be all lying ill of the fever—do you understand?' He tore the bill into bits as he spoke, and showered it over the boy's head: Pembroke's companions laughed at this operation, and he facetiously called it 'powdering a dun.' They rode off to the Park in high spirits, and the poor boy picked up the half-crown, and returned home. His home was in a lane in Moorfield, about three miles distant from this gay part of the town. As the child had not eaten any thing that morning, he was teeble, and grew faint, as he was crossing Covent Garden. He sat down upon the corner of a stage of flowers. 'What are you doing there?' cried a surly man, pulling him up by the arm; 'What business have you lounging and loitering here, breaking my best balsam?' 'I did not mean to do any harm—I am not loitering, indeed, Sir—I'm only weak,' said the boy, and hungry.' 'Oranges! oranges! fine China oranges!' cried a woman, rolling her barrow full of fine fruit towards him. 'If you've a two pence in the world, you can't do better than take one of these fine ripe China oranges.' 'I have not two pence of my own in the world,' said the boy. 'What's that I see through the hole in your waistcoat pocket,' said the woman; 'is not that silver?' 'Yes, half-a-crown, which I am carrying home to my father, who is ill, and wants it more than I do.' 'Pooh! take an orange out of it—it's only two pence—and it will do you good—I'm sure you look as if you wanted it badly enough.' 'that may be—but father wants it worse—no, I won't change my half crown,' said the boy, turning away from the tempting oranges. The gruff gardener caught him by the hand. 'Here, I've moved the balsam a bit, and it is not broke, I see; sit ye down, child, and rest yourself, and eat this,' said he, putting into his hand half a ripe orange, which he had just cut. 'Thank you!—God bless you, sir!—How good it is—but,' said the child, stopping after he had tasted the sweet juice, 'I am sorry I have

suckrd so much, I might have carried it home to father, who is ill, and what a treat it would be to him !—I'll keep the rest.' 'No—that you shan't,' said the orange woman. 'But I'll tell you what you shall do—take this home to your father, which is a better one by half—I'm sure it will do him good—I never knew a ripe China orange do harm to man, woman, or child.' The boy thanked the good woman, and the gardener, as only those can thank, who have felt what it is to be in absolute want. When he was rested, and able to walk, he pursued his way home. His mother was watching for him at the street door. 'Well, John, my dear, what news? Has he paid us?' The boy shook his head. 'Then we must bear it as well as we can,' said his mother, wiping the cold dew from her forehead. 'But look, mother, I have this half-crown, which the gentleman, thinking me a beggar, threw to me.' 'Run with it, love, to the baker's—No, stay, you're tired—I'll go myself, and do you step up to your father, and tell him the bread is coming in a minute.' 'Don't run, for you're not able, mother; don't hurry so,' said the boy, calling after her, and holding up his orange; 'See, I have this for father whilst you are away.' He clambered up three flights of dark, narrow, broken stairs, to the room in which his father lay. The door hung by a single hinge, and the child had scarcely strength enough to raise it out of the hollow in the decayed floor into which it had sunk. He pushed it open with as little noise as possible, just far enough to creep in. This room was so dark, that upon first going into it, after having been in broad daylight, you could scarcely distinguish any one object it contained—and no one, used to breathe a pure atmosphere, could probably have endured to remain many minutes in this garret. There were three beds in it—one on which the sick man lay; divided from it by a tattered rug, was another for his wife and daughter, and a third for his little boy in the furthest corner. Underneath the window was fixed a loom, at which the poor weaver had worked hard many a day and year—too hard, indeed—even till the very hour he was taken ill. His shuttle now lay idle upon the frame. A girl of about sixteen—his daughter—was sitting at the foot of his bed, finishing some plain work. 'O Anne! how your face is all flushed!' said her little brother, as she looked up when he came into the room. 'Have you brought us any money?' whispered she: 'don't

say no loud, for fear father should hear you.' The boy told her in a low voice all that had passed. 'Speak out, my dear, I'm not asleep;' said his father. 'So you are come back as you went.' 'No, father, not quite . . . there's bread coming for you.' 'Give me some more water, Anne, for my mouth is quite parched.' The little boy cut his orange in an instant, and gave a piece of it to his father, telling him at the same time how he came by it. The sick man raised his hands to Heaven, and blessed the poor woman who gave it to him. 'O how I love her! and how I hate that cruel, unjust, rich man, who won't pay father for all the hard work he has done for him!' cried the child; 'How I hate him!' 'God forgive him!' said the weaver. 'I don't know what will become of you all, when I'm gone; and no one to befriend you—or even to work at the loom.—Anne, I think if I was up . . .,' said he, raising himself . . . 'I could still contrive to do a little good.' 'Dear father, don't think of getting up; the best you can do for us, is to lie still and take rest.' 'Rest!—I can take no rest, Anne—Rest! there's none for me in this world—And whilst I'm in it, is not it my duty to work for my wife and children?—Reach me my clothes, and I'll get up.' It was in vain to contend with him, when this notion seized him, that it was his duty to work till the last. All opposition fretted and made him worse, so that his daughter and his wife, even from affection, were forced to yield, and to let him go to the loom, when his trembling hands were scarcely able to throw the shuttle. He did not know how weak he was, till he tried to walk. As he stepped out of bed, his wife came in with a loaf of bread in her hand—at the unexpected sight he made an exclamation of joy; sprang forward to meet her, but fell upon the floor in a swoon, before he could put one bit of the bread which she broke for him into his mouth. Want of sustenance, the having been overworked, and the constant anxiety which preyed upon his spirits, had reduced him to this deplorable state of weakness. When he recovered his senses, his wife showed him his little boy eating a large piece of bread—she also eat, and made Anne eat before him, to relieve his mind from that dread which had seized it—and not without some reason—that he should see his wife and children starve to death. 'You find, father, there's no danger for to-day,' said Anne, 'and to-morrow I shall be paid for my plain work, and

then we shall do very well for a few days longer, and I dare say in that time Mr Close the tailor will receive some money from some of the great many rich gentlemen, who owe him so much, and you know he promised, that as soon as ever he was able he would pay us.\* With such hopes, and the remembrance of such promises, the poor man's spirits could not be much raised; he knew, alas! how little dependence was to be placed on them. As soon as he had eaten, and felt his strength revive, he insisted upon going to the loom; his mind was bent upon finishing a pattern, for which he was to receive five guineas in ready money—he worked and worked, then lay down, and rested himself, then worked again, and so on during the remainder of the day, and during several hours of the night he continued to throw the shuttle, whilst his little boy and his wife by turns wound spools for him. He completed his work, and threw himself upon his bed quite exhausted, just as the neighbouring clock struck one.

At this hour Colonel Pembroke was in the midst of a gay and brilliant assembly at Mrs. York's, in a splendid saloon illuminated with wax lights in profusion, the floor crayed with roses and myrtles, which the dancers' feet effaced; the walls hung with the most expensive hot-house flowers; in short, he was surrounded with luxury in all its extravagance. It is said, that the peaches alone at this entertainment amounted to six hundred guineas. They cost a guinea a piece; the price of one of them, which Colonel Pembroke threw away because it was not perfectly ripe, would have supported the weaver and his whole family for a week.

Amongst the masks at Mrs. York's were three, who amused the company particularly; the festive mob followed them as they moved, and their bon-mots were applauded and repeated by all the best, that is to say, the most fashionable male and female judges of wit. The three distinguished characters were a spendthrift, a baliff, and a dun. The spendthrift was supported with great spirit and *truth* by Colonel Pembroke, and two of his companions were *great* and *correct* in the parts of the bailiff and the dun. The happy idea of appearing in these characters this night had been suggested by the circumstance that happened in the morning. Colonel Pembroke gave himself great credit, he said, for thus 'striking novelty even from difficulty,' and he rejoiced that the rascal of a weaver had sent his boy



to dun him, and had thus furnished him with diversion for the evening as well as the morning. We are much concerned, that we cannot, for the advantage of posterity, record any of the innumerable *good things*, which undoubtedly were uttered by this trio. Even the newspapers of the day could speak only in general panegyric.

Colonel Pembroke, notwithstanding his success at Mrs. York's masquerade in his character of a spendthrift, could not by his utmost wit and address satisfy or silence his impertinent tailor. Mr. Close absolutely refused to give further credit, without valuable consideration, and the colonel was compelled to pass his bond for the whole sum which was claimed, which was fifty pounds more than was strictly due, in order to compound with the tailor for the want of ready money. When the bond was fairly signed, sealed, and delivered, Mr. Close produced the poor weaver's bill. 'Colonel Pembroke,' said he, 'I have a trifling bill here—I am really ashamed to speak to you about such a trifle—but as we are settling all accounts—and as this White the weaver is so wretchedly poor, that he or some of his family are with me every day of my life dunning me to get me to speak about their little demand . . . . ' 'Who is this White?' said Mr. Pembroke. 'You recollect the elegant waistcoat pattern of which you afterwards bought up the whole piece, lest it should become common and vulgar;—this White was the weaver, from whom we got it.' 'Bless me! why that's two years ago: I thought that fellow was paid long ago!' 'No, indeed, I wish he had! for he has been the torment of my life this many a month—I never saw people so eager about their money.' 'But why do you employ such miserable, greedy creatures? what can you expect but to be dunned every hour of your life?' 'Very true, indeed, colonel; it is what I always, on that principle, avoid as far as possibly I can: but I can't blame myself in this particular instance; for this White, at the time I employed him first, was a very decent man, and in a very good way for one of his sort: but I suppose he has taken to drink, for he is worth not a farthing now.' 'What business has a fellow of his sort to drink? he should leave that for his betters,' said Colonel Pembroke, laughing. 'Drinking's too great a pleasure for a weaver. The drunken rascal's money is safer in my hands, tell him, than in his own.' The tailor's conscience twinged him a little at this instant, for he had spoken entirely at ran-

dom, not having the slightest grounds for his insinuation that this poor weaver had ruined himself by drunkenness. 'Upon my word, Sir,' said Close, retracting, 'the man may not be a drunken fellow for any thing I know positively—I purely surmised *that* might be the case, from his having fallen into such distress, which is no otherwise accountable for, to my comprehension, except we believe his own story, that he has money due to him which he cannot get paid, and that this has been his ruin.' Colonel Pembroke cleared his throat two or three times upon hearing this last suggestion, and actually took up the weaver's bill with some intention of paying it; but he recollected, that he should want the ready money he had in his pocket for another indispensable occasion; for he was *obliged* to go to Brooke's that night, so he contented his humanity by recommending it to Mr. Close to pay White and have done with him. 'If you will let him have the money, you know, you can put it down to my account, or make a memorandum of it at the back of the bond. In short, settle it as you will, but let me hear no more about it. I have not leisure to think of such trifles—Good morning to you, Mr. Close.' Mr. Close was far from having any intentions of complying with the Colonel's request: when the weaver's wife called upon him after his return home, he assured her, that he had not seen the colour of one guinea, or of one farthing, of Colonel Pembroke's money, and that it was absolutely impossible that he could pay Mr. White till he was paid himself—that it could not be expected he should advance money for any body out of his own pocket—that he begged he might not be pestered and dunned any more, for that *he really had not leisure to think of such trifles.*

For want of this trifle, of which neither the fashionable colonel, nor his fashionable tailor, had leisure to think, the poor weaver and his whole family were reduced to the last degree of human misery—to absolute famine. The man had exerted himself to the utmost to finish a pattern, which had been bespoken for a tradesman who promised upon the delivery of it to pay him five guineas in hand. This money he received; but four guineas of it were due to his landlord for rent of his wretched garret, and the remaining guinea was divided between the baker, to whom an old bill was due, and the apothecary, to whom they were obliged to have recourse, as the weaver was extremely ill. They had lit-

erally nothing now to depend upon but what the wife and daughter could earn by needle-work ; and they were known to be so miserably poor, that the *prudent* neighbours did not like to trust them with plain work, lest it should not be returned safely. Besides, in such a dirty place as they lived in, how could it be expected, that they should put any work out of their hands decently clean. The woman to whom the house belonged, however, at last procured them work from Mrs. Carver, a widow lady, who, she said, was extremely charitable. She advised Anne to carry home the work as soon as it was finished, and to wait to see the lady herself, who might perhaps be as charitable to her as she was to many others. Anne resolved to take this advice ; but when she carried home her work to the place to which she was directed, her heart almost failed her ; for she found Mrs. Carver lived in such a handsome house, that there was little chance of a poor girl being admitted by the servants further than the hall door or the kitchen. The lady, however, happened to be just coming out of her parlour at the moment the hall door was opened for Anne ; and she bid her come in, and show her work—approved of it—commended her industry—asked her several questions about her family—seemed to be touched with compassion by Anne's account of their distress—and after paying what she had charged for the work, put half a guinea into her hand, and bid her call the next day, when she hoped, that she should be able to do something more for her. This unexpected bounty, and the kindness of voice and look, with which it was accompanied, had such an effect upon the poor girl, that if she had not caught hold of a chair to support herself, she would have sunk to the ground. Mrs. Carver immediately made her sit down—‘ O Madam ! I'm well, quite well now—it was nothing—only surprise,’ said she, bursting into tears. ‘ I beg your pardon for this foolishness—but it is only because I'm weaker to day than usual for want of eating.’ ‘ For want of eating ! my poor child ! how she trembles !—she is weak indeed—and must not leave my house in this condition.’ Mrs. Carver rang the bell, and ordered a glass of wine ; but Anne was afraid to drink it, as she was not used to wine, and as she knew that it would affect her head if she drank without eating. When the lady found that she refused the wine, she did not press it, but insisted upon her eating something. ‘ O Madam !’ said the poor

girl, 'it is long, long indeed, since I have eaten so heartily; and it is almost a shame for me to stay eating such dainties, when my father and mother are all the while in the way they are. But I'll run home with the half-guinea, and tell them how good you have been, and they will be so joyful and so thankful to you! My mother will come herself, I'm sure, with me to-morrow morning—She can thank you so much better than I can!' Those only who have known the extreme of want, can imagine the joy and gratitude with which the half-guinea was received by this poor family. Half a guinea!—Colonel Pembroke spent six half-guineas this very day in a fruit shop, and ten times that sum at a jeweller's on seals and baubles for which he had no manner of use. When Anne and her mother called the next morning to thank their benefactress, she was not up; but her servant gave them a parcel from his mistress; it contained a fresh supply of needle-work, a gown, and some other clothes, which were directed for *Anne*. The servant said, that if she would call again about eight in the evening, his lady would probably be able to see her, and that she begged to have the work finished by that time. The work was finished, although with some difficulty, by the appointed hour, and Anne, dressed in her new clothes, was at Mrs. Carver's door, just as the clock struck eight. The old lady was alone at tea; she seemed to be well pleased by Anne's punctuality; said that she had made inquiries respecting Mr. and Mrs. White, and that she heard an excellent character of them; that therefore she was disposed to do every thing she could to serve them. She added, that she 'should soon part with her own maid, and that perhaps Anne might supply her place.' Nothing could be more agreeable to the poor girl than this proposal; her father and mother were rejoiced at the idea of seeing her so well placed; and they now looked forward impatiently for the day when Mrs. Carver's maid was to be dismissed. In the meantime, the old lady continued to employ Anne, and to make her presents, sometimes of clothes, and sometimes of money. The money she always gave to her parents; and she loved her 'good old lady,' as she always called her, more for putting it in her power thus to help her father and mother, than for all the rest. The weaver's disease had arisen from want of sufficient food, from fatigue of body, and anxiety of mind; and he grew rapidly better, now that he was relieved

from want, and inspired with hope. Mrs. Carver bespoke from him two pieces of waistcoating, which she promised to dispose of for him most advantageously, by a raffle, for which she had raised subscriptions amongst her numerous acquaintance. She expressed great indignation when Anne told her how Mr. White had been ruined by persons, who would not pay their just debts; and when she knew that the weaver was overcharged for all his working materials, because he took them upon credit; she generously offered to lend them whatever ready money might be necessary, which she said Anne might repay, at her leisure, out of her wages. ‘O Madam!’ said Anne, ‘you are too good to us, indeed! too good! and if you could but see into our hearts, you would know, that we are not ungrateful.’ ‘I am sure, *that* is what you never will be, my dear,’ said the old lady; ‘at least such is my opinion of you.’ Thank you, Ma’am! thank you from the bottom of my heart!—We should all have been starved, if it had not been for you. And it is owing to you, that we are so happy now—quite different creatures from what we were.’ ‘Quite a different creature, indeed, you look, child, from what you did the first day I saw you. To-morrow my own maid goes, and you may come at ten o’clock; and I hope we shall agree very well together—you’ll find me an easy mistress, and I make no doubt I shall always find you the good grateful girl you seem to be.’ Anne was impatient for the moment when she was to enter into the service of her benefactress; and she lay awake half the night, considering how she should ever be able to show sufficient gratitude. As Mrs. Carver had often expressed her desire to have Anne look neat and smart, she dressed herself as well as she possibly could; and when her poor father and mother took leave of her, they could not help observing, as Mrs. Carver had done the day before, that ‘Anne looked quite a different creature, from what she was a few weeks ago.’ She was, indeed, an extremely pretty girl; but we need not stop to relate all the fond praises, that were bestowed upon her beauty by her partial parents. Her little brother John was not at home, when she was going away; he was at a carpenter’s shop in the neighbourhood mending a wheelbarrow, which belonged to that good-natured orange woman, who gave him the orange for his father. Anne called at the carpenter’s shop to take leave of her brother. The woman was there waiting for her barrow

—she looked earnestly at Anne when she entered, and then whispered to the boy, ‘is that your sister!’ ‘Yes,’ said the boy, ‘and as good a sister she is as ever was born.’ ‘May be so,’ said the woman, ‘but she is not likely to be good for much long, in the way she is going on now.’ ‘What way?—what do you mean?’ said Anne, colouring violently. ‘O you understand me well enough, though you look so innocent.’ ‘I do not understand you in the least.’ ‘No!—Why, is not it you, that I see going almost every day to that house in Chiswell-street?’ ‘Mrs. Carver’s?—Yes.’ ‘Mrs. Carver’s indeed!’ cried the woman, throwing an orange peel from her with an air of disdain—‘a pretty come off indeed! as if I did not know her name, and all about her as well as you do.’ ‘Do you?’ said Anne, ‘then I am sure you know one of the best women in the world.’ The woman looked still more earnestly than before in Anne’s countenance; and then taking hold of both her hands exclaimed—‘You poor young creature! what are you about?—I do believe you don’t know what you are about—if you do, you are the greatest cheat I ever looked in the face, long as I’ve lived in this cheating world.’ ‘You frighten my sister,’ said the boy—‘do pray tell her what you mean at once, for look how pale she turns.’ ‘So much the better, for now I have good hope of her—then to tell you all at once—no matter how I frighten her, it’s for her good,—this Mrs. Carver, as you call her, is only Mrs. Carver when she wants to pass upon such as you for a good woman.’ ‘To *pass* for a good woman!’ repeated Anne with indignation—‘O she is, she is a good woman—you do not know her as I do.’ ‘I know her a great deal better, I tell you,—if you choose not to believe me—go your ways—go to your ruin—go to your shame—go to your grave—as hundreds have gone, by the same road, before you.—Your Mrs. Carver keeps two houses, and one of them is a bad house, and that’s the house you’ll soon go to, if you trust to her—Now you know the whole truth.’ The poor girl was shocked so much, that for several minutes she could neither speak nor think. As soon as she had recovered sufficient presence of mind to consider what she should do, she declared, that she would that instant go home and put on her rags again, and return to the wicked Mrs. Carver all the clothes she had given her. ‘But what will become of us all? She has lent my father money, a great deal of money. How can he pay

her? O, I will pay her all—I will go into some honest service, now I am well and strong enough to do any sort of hard work, and God knows I am willing.’

Full of these resolutions, Anne hurried home, intending to tell her father and mother all that happened; but they were neither of them within. She flew to the mistress of the house who had first recommended her to Mrs. Carver, and reproached her in the most moving terms, which the agony of her mind could suggest. Her landlady listened to her with astonishment, either real or admirably well affected—declared, that she knew nothing more of Mrs. Carver, but that she lived in a large fine house, and that she had been very charitable to some poor people in Moorfields—that she bore the best of characters, and that if nothing could be said against her but by an orange woman, there was no great reason to believe such scandal. Anne now began to think, that the whole of what she had heard might be a falsehood, or a mistake; one moment she blamed herself for so easily suspecting a person who had shown her so much kindness; but the next minute the emphatic words and warning looks of the woman recurred to her mind; and though they were but the words and looks of an orange woman, she could not help dreading, that there was some truth in them. The clock struck ten, whilst she was in this uncertainty. The woman of the house urged her to go without farther delay to Mrs. Carver’s, who would undoubtedly be displeased by any want of punctuality; but Anne wished to wait for the return of her father and mother. ‘They will not be back, either of them, these three hours; for your mother is gone to the other end of the town about that old bill of Colonel Pembroke’s, and your father is gone to buy some silk for weaving—he told me he should not be home before three o’clock.’ Notwithstanding these remonstrances, Anne persisted in her resolution—she took off the clothes, which she had received from Mrs. Carver, and put on those which she had been used to wear. Her mother was much surprised, when she came in, to see her in this condition; and no words can describe her grief, when she heard the cause of this change. She blamed herself severely for not having made inquiries concerning Mrs. Carver, before she had suffered her daughter to accept of any presents from her; and she wept bitterly, when she recollected the money which this woman had lent

her husband. 'She will throw him into jail, I am sure she will, we shall be worse off a thousand times, than ever we were in our worst days. The work that is in the loom, by which he hoped to get so much, is all for her, and it will be left upon hands now: and how are we to pay the woman of this house for the lodgings? . . . O! I see it all coming upon us at once,' continued the poor woman, wringing her hands. 'If that Colonel Pembroke would but let us have our own! But there I've been all the morning hunting him out; and at last, when I did see him, he only swore, and said we were all a family of *duns*, or some such nonsense. And then he called after me from the top of his fine stairs, just to say, that he had ordered Close the tailor to pay us; and when I went to him, there was no satisfaction to be got from him—his shop was full of customers, and he hustled me away, giving me for answer, that when Colonel Pembroke paid him, he would pay us and no sooner. Ah! these purse-proud tradesfolk, and these sparks of fashion, what do they know of all we suffer? What do they care for us? It is not for charity I ask any of them—only for what my own husband has justly earned, and hardly toiled for too; and this I cannot get out of their hands. If I could we might defy this wicked woman, but now we are laid under her feet, and she will trample us to death.' In the midst of these lamentations, Anne's father came in: when he learnt the cause of them, he stood for a moment in silence; then snatched from his daughter's hand the bundle of clothes, which she had prepared to return to Mrs. Carver. 'Give them to me; I will go to this woman myself,' cried he with indignation. 'Anne shall never more set her foot within those doors.' 'Dear father,' cried Anne, stopping him as he went out of the door, 'perhaps it is all a mistake, do pray inquire from somebody else before you speak to Mrs. Carver, she looks so good, she has been so kind to me, I cannot believe that she is wicked. Do pray inquire of a great many people, before you knock at the door.' He promised that he would do all his daughter desired. With most impatient anxiety they waited for his return: the time of his absence appeared insupportably long, and they formed new fears and new conjectures every instant. Every time they heard a footstep upon the stairs, they ran out to see who it was: sometimes it was the landlady—sometimes the lodgers or their visitors—at last came the person they longed



to see; but the moment they beheld him, all their fears were confirmed. He was pale as death, and his lips trembled with convulsive motion. He walked up directly to his loom, and without speaking one syllable began to cut the unfinished work out of it. 'What are you about, my dear?' cried his wife. 'Consider what you are about, this work of yours is the only dependence we have in the world.' 'You have nothing in this world to depend upon, I tell you,' cried he, continuing to cut out the web with a hurried hand,—'you must not depend on me—you must not depend on my work—I shall never throw this shuttle more whilst I live—think of me as if I was dead—to-morrow I shall be dead to you—I shall be in a jail, and there must lie till carried out in my coffin. Here take this work just as it is to our landlady—she met me on the stairs, and said she must have her rent directly—that will pay her—I'll pay all I can. As for the loom, that's only hired—the silk I bought to-day will pay the hire—I'll pay all my debts to the utmost farthing, as far as I am able—but the ten guineas to that wicked woman I cannot pay—so I must rot in a jail. Don't cry, Anne, don't cry so, my good girl—you'll break my heart, wife, if you take on so. Why! have not we one comfort, that let us go out of this world when we may, or how we may, we shall go out of it honest, having no one's ruin to answer for, having done our duty to man and God as far as we are able?' My child,' continued he, catching Anne in his arms, 'I have you safe, and I thank God for it.' When this poor man had thus in an incoherent manner given vent to his first feelings, he became somewhat more composed, and was able to relate all that had passed between him and Mrs. Carver. The inquiries which he made before he saw her sufficiently confirmed the orange woman's story; and when he returned the presents which Anne had unfortunately received, Mrs. Carver, with all the audacity of a woman hardened in guilt, avowed her purpose and her profession—declared, that, whatever ignorance and innocence Anne or her parents might now find it convenient to affect, she 'was confident, they had all the time perfectly understood what she was about, and that she would not be cheated at last by a parcel of swindling hypocrites.' With horrid imprecations she then swore, that if Anne was kept from her she would have vengeance, and that her vengeance should have no bounds. The event

showed—that these were not empty threats—the very next day she sent two bailiffs to arrest Anne's father. They met him in the street, as he was going to pay the last farthing he had to the baker. The wretched man in vain endeavoured to move the ear of justice, by relating the simple truth. Mrs. Carver was rich—her victim was poor. He was committed to jail; and he entered his prison with the firm belief, that there he must drag out the remainder of his days.

One faint hope remained in his wife's heart—she imagined, that if she could but prevail upon Colonel Pembroke's servants, either to obtain for her a sight of their master, or if they would carry to him a letter containing an exact account of her distress, he would immediately pay the fourteen pounds, which had been so long due. With this money she could obtain her husband's liberty, and she fancied all might yet be well. Her son, who could write a very legible hand, wrote the petition. 'Ah, mother!' said he, 'don't hope that Colonel Pembroke will read it—he will tear it to pieces, as he did one that I carried him before.' 'I can but try,' said she; 'I cannot believe that any gentleman is so cruel, and so unjust—he must and will pay us when he knows the whole truth.' Colonel Pembroke was dressing in a hurry to go to a great dinner at the Crown and Anchor tavern. One of Pembroke's gay companions had called, and was in the room waiting for him. It was at this inauspicious time, that Mrs. White arrived. Her petition the servant at first absolutely refused to take from her hands; but at last a young lad whom the colonel had lately brought from the country, and who had either more natural feeling, or less acquired power of equivocating than his fellows, consented to carry up the petition, when he should, as he expected, be called by his master to report the state of a favourite horse that was sick. While his master's hair was dressing the lad was summoned; and when the health of the horse had been anxiously inquired into, the lad with country awkwardness scratched his head, and laid the petition before his master, saying—'Sir, there's a poor woman below waiting for an answer; and if so be what she says is true, as I take it to be,' tis enough to break one's heart.' 'Your heart, my lad, is not seasoned to London yet, I perceive,' said Colonel Pembroke, smiling; 'why your heart will be broke a thousand times over by every beggar you meet.' 'No, no :

'I be too much of a man for that,' replied the groom, wiping his eyes hastily with the back of his hand—'not such a noodle as that comes to neither—beggars are beggars, and so to be treated—but this woman, Sir, is no common beggar—not she; nor is she begging any ways—only to be paid her bill—so I brought it as I was coming up.' 'Then, Sir, as you are going down, you may take it down again, if you please,' cried Colonel Pembroke, 'and in future, Sir, I recommend it to you, to look after your horses, and to trust me to look after my own affairs.' The groom retreated, and his master gave the poor woman's petition, without reading it, to the hair dresser, who was looking for a piece of paper to try the heat of his irons. 'I should be pestered with bills and petitions from morning till night, if I did not frighten these fellows out of the trick of bringing them to me,' continued Colonel Pembroke, turning to his companion. 'That blockhead of a groom is but just come to town; he does not know yet how to drive away a dun—but he'll learn. They say that the American dogs did not know how to bark, till they learnt it from their civilized betters.' Colonel Pembroke habitually drove away reflections, and silenced the whispers of conscience, by noisy declamation, or sallies of wit. At the bottom of the singed paper, which the hair-dresser left on the table, the name of White was sufficiently visible. 'White!' exclaimed Mr. Pembroke, 'as I hope to live and breathe, these Whites have been this half year the torment of my life.' He started up, rang the bell, and gave immediate orders to his servant, that *these Whites* should never more be let in, and that no more of their bills and petitions in any form whatever should be brought to him. 'I'll punish them for their insolence—I won't pay them one farthing this twelvemonth, and if the woman is not gone, pray tell her so—I bid Close the tailor pay them: if he has not, it is no fault of mine. Let me not hear a syllable more about it—I'll part with the first of you who dares to disobey me.' 'The woman is gone, I believe, Sir,' said the footman; 'it was not I let her in, and I refused to bring up the letter.' 'You did right. Let me hear no more about the matter. We shall be late at the Crown and Anchor. I beg your pardon, my dear friend, for detaining you so long.' Whilst the colonel went to his jovial meeting, where he was the life and spirit of the company, the poor woman returned in despair to the prison where her

husband was confined. We forbear to describe the horrible situation to which this family were soon reduced. Beyond a certain point the human heart cannot feel compassion. One day, as Anne was returning from the prison, where she had been with her father, she was met by a porter, who put a letter into her hands, then turned down a narrow lane, and was out of sight before she could inquire from whom he came. When she read the letter, however, she could not be in doubt—it came from Mrs. Carver, and contained these words :

‘ You can gain nothing by your present obstinacy—you are the cause of your father’s lying in jail, and of your mother’s being, as she is, nearly starved to death. You could relieve them from misery worse than death, and place them in ease and comfort for the remainder of their days. Be assured, they do not speak sincerely to you, when they pretend not to wish that your compliance should put an end to their present sufferings. It is you that are cruel to them—it is you that are cruel to yourself, and can blame nobody else. You might live all your days in a house as good as mine, and have a plentiful table served from one year’s end to another; with all the dainties of the season, and you might be dressed as elegant as the most elegant lady in London (which by the bye your beauty deserves,) and you would have servants of your own, and a carriage of your own, and nothing to do all day long but take your pleasure. And after all, what is asked of you ?—only to make a person happy, that half the town would envy you, that would make it a study to gratify you in every wish of your heart. The person alluded to you have seen, and more than once, when you have been talking to me of work in my parlour. He is a very rich and generous gentleman. If you come to Chiswell-street about six this evening you will find all I say true—if not, you and yours must take the consequences.’

Coarse as the eloquence of this letter may appear, Anne could not read it without emotion ; it raised in her heart a violent contest. Virtue, with poverty and famine, were on one side—and vice, with affluence, love, and every worldly pleasure, on the other. Those who have been bred up in the lap of luxury ; whom the breath of heaven has never visited too roughly ; whose minds from their earliest infancy have been guarded even with more care than their persons ; who in the dangerous season of youth are surrounded by all that the solicitude of experienced friends, and all that polished society can devise for their security ; are not perhaps competent to judge of the temptations by which beauty in the lower classes of life may be assailed. They who have never seen a father in prison, or a mother perishing for want of the absolute necessities of life—they who have never themselves known the cravings of famine, cannot form an adequate idea of this poor girl’s feelings, and of the tempta-

Vol. II.

R

tion to which she was now exposed. She wept—she hesitated—and ‘the woman that deliberates is lost.’ Perhaps those, who are the most truly virtuous of her sex, will be the most disposed to feel for this poor creature, who was literally half-famished before her good resolutions were conquered. At last she yielded to necessity. At the appointed hour she was in Mrs. Carver’s house. This woman received her with triumph—she supplied Anne immediately with food, and then hastened to deck out her victim in the most attractive manner. The girl was quite passive in her hands. She promised, though, scarcely knowing that she uttered the words, to obey the instructions that were given to her, and she suffered herself without struggle, or apparent emotion, to be led to destruction. She appeared quite insensible—but at last she was roused from this state of stupefaction, by the voice of a person with whom she found herself alone. The stranger, who was a young and gay gentleman, pleasing both in his person and manners, attempted by every possible means to render himself agreeable to her, to raise her spirits, and calm her apprehension. By degrees, his manner changed from levity to tenderness. He represented to her, that he was not a brutal wretch, who could be gratified by any triumph in which the affections of the heart have no share, and he assured her, that in any connexion which she might be prevailed upon to form with him, she should be treated with honour and delicacy. Touched by his manner of speaking, and overpowered by the sense of her own situation, Anne could not reply one single word to all he said—but burst into an agony of tears, and sinking on her knees before him, exclaimed—‘Save me! save me from myself!—Restore me to my parents, before they have reason to hate me.’ The gentleman seemed to be somewhat in doubt, whether this was *acting*, or nature; but he raised Anne from the ground, and placed her upon a seat beside him,—‘Am I to understand, then, that I have been deceived, and that our present meeting is against your own consent?’ ‘No,’ I cannot say that—O how I wish that I could—I did wrong—very wrong, to come here—but I repent—I was half-starved—I have a father in jail—I thought I could set him free with the money—but I will not pretend to be better than I am—I believe I thought, that, besides relieving my father, I should live all my days without evermore knowing what distress is—and I thought I should be happy—but now I

have changed my mind—I never could be happy with a bad conscience—I know—by what I have felt this last hour.’ Her voice failed; and she sobbed for some moments without being able to speak. The gentleman, who now was convinced, that she was quite artless, and thoroughly in earnest, was struck with compassion; but his compassion was not unmixed with other feelings, and he had hopes, that, by treating her with tenderness, he should in time make it her wish to live with him as his mistress. He was anxious to hear what her former way of life had been, and she related, at his request, the circumstances by which she and her parents had been reduced to such distress. His countenance presently showed how much he was interested in her story—he grew red and pale—he started from his seat, and walked up and down the room in great agitation, till at last, when she mentioned the name of Colonel Pembroke, he stopped short, and exclaimed,—‘I am the man—I am Colonel Pembroke—I am that unjust unfeeling wretch!—How often, in the bitterness of your hearts, you must have cursed me!’—‘O no—my father, when he was at the worst never cursed you; and I am sure he will have reason to bless you now, if you send his daughter back again to him; such as she was when she left him.’ ‘That shall be done,’ said Colonel Pembroke; ‘and in doing so, I make some sacrifice, and have some merit. It is time I should make some reparation for the evils I have occasioned,’ continued he, taking a handful of guineas from his pocket; ‘but first let me pay my just debts.’ ‘My poor father!’ exclaimed Anne—‘To-morrow he will be out of prison.’ ‘I will go with you to the prison, where your father is confined—I will force myself to behold all the evils I have occasioned.’ Colonel Pembroke went to the prison; and he was so much struck by the scene, that he not only relieved the misery of this family, but in two months afterwards his debts were paid, his race horses sold, and all his expenses regulated, so as to render him ever afterwards truly independent. He no longer spent his days, like many young men of fashion, either in dreading or in damning duns.

## LE SAGE.\*

## THE ARCHBISHOP.

IN the very zenith of my favour, we had a hot alarm in the episcopal palace: the archbishop was seized with a fit of the apoplexy; he was, however, succoured immediately, and such salutary medicines administered, that in a few days his health was re-established: but his understanding had received a rude shock, which I plainly perceived in the very next discourse which he composed. I did not, however, find the difference between this and the rest so sensible, as to make me conclude that the orator began to flag; and waited for another homily to fix my resolution. This indeed was quite decisive; sometimes the good old prelate repeated the same thing over and over; sometimes rose too high, or sunk too low: it was a vague discourse, the rhetoric of an old professor, a mere capucinade.

I was not the only person who took notice of this: the greatest part of the audience, when he pronounced it, as if they had been also hired to examine it, said softly to one another, 'This sermon smells strong of the apoplexy.' Come, master homily-critic, (said I then to myself,) prepare to do your office: you see that his grace begins to fail: it is your duty to give him notice of it, not only as the depository of his thoughts, but likewise, lest some one of his friends should be free enough with him to prevent you: in that case you know what would happen: your name would be erased from his last will, in which there is, doubtless, a

\* ALAIN RENE LE SAGE was born, according to one of his biographers, at Ruys, in Brittany, in 1677, or, according to another, at Van- nes, in 1668. He came to Paris at the age of twenty-five with a view to study philosophy, and afterwards travelled through Spain, and applied himself to the Spanish language, customs, and writers, from whom he adopted plots and fables, and transfused them into his native tongue with great facility and success. For the foundation of his 'Devil on Two Sticks' he was indebted to a work by Lewis Velez, entitled, *El Diabolo Cojuelo*, printed at Madrid in 1641. His 'Gil Blas' is the work on which his fame principally rests, and is one of the most popular novels in Europe. It has been received in all nations as a faithful portrait of life and manners.—Le Sage died in 1747; leaving behind him a character truly amiable and strictly moral.

better legacy provided for you, than the library of the licentiate Sedillo:

After these reflections, I made others of a quite contrary nature. To give the notice in question, seemed a delicate point: I imagined that it might be ill received by an author like him, conceited of his own works; but rejecting this suggestion, I represented to myself that he could not possibly take it amiss, after having exacted it of me in so pressing a manner. Add to this, that I depended upon my being able to mention it with address, and make him swallow the pill without reluctance. In a word, finding that I ran a greater risk in keeping silence than in breaking it I determined to speak.

The only thing that embarrassed me now, was how to break the ice. Luckily the orator himself extricated me from that difficulty, by asking what people said of him, and if they were satisfied with his last discourse. I answered that his homilies were always admired, but, in my opinion, the last had not succeeded so well as the rest, in affecting the audience. 'How, friend!' replied he, with astonishment, 'has it met with any Aristarchus?''\* 'No, Sir,' said I, 'by no means: such works as yours are not to be criticised; every body is charmed with them. Nevertheless, since you have laid your injunctions upon me to be free and sincere, I will take the liberty to tell you, that your last discourse, in my judgment, has not altogether the energy of your other performances. Are not you of the same opinion?'

My master grew pale at these words; and said with a forced smile, 'So then, Mr. Gil Blas, this piece is not to your taste?' 'I don't say so, Sir,' cried I, quite disconcerted: 'I think it excellent, although a little inferior to your other works.' 'I understand you,' he replied, 'you think I flag, don't you? Come, be plain; you believe it is time for me to think of retiring.' 'I should not have been so bold,' said I, 'as to speak so freely, if your grace had not commanded me: I do no more, therefore, than obey you: and I most humbly beg that you will not be offended at my freedom.' 'God forbid,' cried he, with precipitation, 'God forbid that I should find fault with it. In so doing, I should be very unjust. I don't at all take it ill that you speak your

\* Aristarchus, a great critic in the time of Ptolemy Philadelphus.



sentiment; it is your sentiment only that I find bad. I have been most egregiously deceived in your narrow understanding.'

Though I was disconcerted, I endeavoured to find some mitigation, in order to set things to rights again; but how is it possible to appease an incensed author, one especially who has been accustomed to hear himself praised? 'Say no more, my child,' said he: 'you are yet too raw to make proper distinctions. Know, that I never composed a better homily than that which you disapprove; for my genius, (thank Heaven,) hath, as yet, lost nothing of its vigour. Henceforth I will make a better choice of a confidant, and keep one of greater ability than you. Go,' added he, pushing me by the shoulders out of his closet, 'go tell my treasurer to give you a hundred ducats, and may Heaven conduct you with that sum. Adieu, Mr. Gil Blas, I wish you all manner of prosperity, with a little more taste.'

---

## GOETHE.

THOSE who found their opinion of the German language on the saying attributed to Charles V., that it was fit to be used only to horses, may well have some difficulty in conceiving how an author, employing this barbarous tongue, could ever have acquired such an enviable designation as that of the Intellectual King of Europe. Nor will their scepticism be lessened, should they proceed to consult the only one of his writings which has acquired any extensive circulation in an English garb; for, as disguised amongst us, *Werther* is, indeed, a performance unworthy of its distinguished origin. But he who is aware that GOETHE, while he stands in the first rang among poets, and is without rival as a critic on the fine arts, is also a bold and original speculator in science, may more readily agree with his countrymen in viewing him as worthy to be classed with Homer among the ancients, and with Shaks-

speare, with Dante, and the other master spirits of modern times.

Johann Wolfgang von Göthe—the most gifted of that illustrious brotherhood whose efforts, since the middle of last century, have removed from their native land the stigma of being without a national literature—was born, on the 28th August, 1749, at Frankfurth on the Maine. His father, a wealthy citizen, soon discerned those talents which have since ennobled his name; and, being himself well grounded in the learned languages and the Civil Law, as well as a dilettanti in the fine arts, encouraged his son in those diversified pursuits which stamp the universality of his genius. Thus, although Law was fixed on as his profession, poetry and the sciences, drawing and horsemanship, natural history and the drama, theology and music, English and Hebrew, were cultivated, each in its turn, long before he had entered on the studies of a regular academic life. Leipsick, Strasburg, and Wetzlar successively became the scene of that desultory mode of study to which he had been accustomed from early youth. At the time he took his degree, (1768,) he had acquired some share of reputation in the circle of his friends at Strasburg, 'Faust' being far advanced, and 'Götz of Berlichingen' fully planned. This last, a dramatic picture of German manners in feudal times, was published soon after, unmercifully criticised by Herdar, and as generously defended by Wieland and Bürger. Its flattering success, however, was trifling when compared with that which attended his next publication; for every body knows that the 'Sorrows of Werther'—to which its author still owes his reputation out of his own country, though he himself now smiles at this performance of his youth—literally 'turned the heads of all Germany.' The Duke of Saxe Weimar patronized the poet who was afterwards the companion of his travels in Italy; and, on

their return, Göthe became attached, by office, to the prince, whose little capital so well maintains its claim to be termed the German Athens. At Weimar, accordingly, he has since continued to reside, incessantly adding, even in his present advanced age, to that splendid reputation which has long made his country regard him as the first of living minds, and procured for him, in other nations,\* that fame which will be echoed back by posterity.

When told that Shakspeare, Byron, and Scott, are worshiped by the Germans with an enthusiasm scarcely inferior to that with which they are regarded amongst ourselves, England may well blush for her indifference to the literature of a people whose taste would appear to be so congenial. It might have been expected, that the selection of such a model, if it did not necessarily secure our esteem, would, at least, have prompted us to form an early acquaintance with imitations so flattering to our self-love: and how far this has been the case, few can require assistance to estimate. A different spirit, however, is beginning to be awakened, through the elegant, though, we fear, not very popular, translations of Sotheby, Taylor, Beresford, Gillies, Carey, Soane, and Gower,—not forgetting some of the earlier performances of Sir Walter Scott. But as most of these have confined their labours to the poets of Germany, we ought to feel the more grateful to the able translator of Göthe's *Meister*;† still

\* 'One of the few clouds which have passed over the sky of Göthe's literary life, was an article in the Edinburgh Review, some years ago, on his memoirs of himself. It vexed him exceedingly; but the most vexatious thing of all was, that one of his enemies at Jena immediately translated it into German, and circulated it with malicious industry.' *RUSSEL'S Tour in Germany*.—The translator would seem to have been doubtful of the reviewer's honesty, if we may judge from the pithy comment prefixed to his pamphlet, *Das heisst in England recensiren*. 'This, in England, is called reviewing.'

† *Wilhelm Meister*, a novel, from the German of Göthe, 3 vols post 8vo. Edinburgh, Oliver & Boyd, 1824. It gives us much pleasure to learn that the accomplished translator is engaged in compiling a series of tales, romances, &c. from the most celebrated German authors. Would it not be for the interest of all concerned were the publishers to place a less exorbitant price on any future translation?

read, in the original, with an enthusiasm fully equal to that which hailed its appearance in 1795, its songs and poems having long since become familiar to every German ear. It abounds with passing criticisms on every department of life and of literature, of art and of science, so acutely conceived and eloquently expressed, that, but for defects about to be noticed, it could not so long have been overlooked in other countries. It is not with its span-long sentences that we are, like some others, disposed to cavil: even a treatise *in omni scibili et de quolibet ente* composed in words 'three pages long' we should sooner encounter than that shameless pruriency of description staring us in every chapter. The translator, indeed, has omitted somewhat of its grossest offences against delicacy and good taste, but enough still remains to show that the licentiousness of incident which pollutes the whole, must ever exclude it from extensive popularity with an English public. The specimen which follows is, of course, free from all objection in this respect; besides affording a glimpse of the impassioned Mignon, whose character, unequalled; perhaps, within the whole range of fiction, has evidently suggested that of Fenella in *Peveril of the Peak*, it contains some beautiful lyrics, which, even in the translator's hands, will not suffer by comparison with those given by a more experienced 'Minstrel,' in his splendid and spirit-stirring 'Talisman.' According to Madame de Staël, 'every body in Germany knows by heart the charming lines,' commencing

Know'st thou the land where the lemon-trees bloom?  
Where the gold-orange glows in the deep thicker's gloom?  
Where a wind ever soft from the blue heaven blows,  
And the groves are of laurel and myrtle and rose?

which most readers will recognise as having been imitated by Lord Byron, in his well known introduction to the *Bride of Abydos*—

Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle  
 Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime?  
 Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle,  
 Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime!

It were unnecessary to remind the reader that such a piece as the following is any thing but a specimen of the genuine style of fiction so popular in Germany; for *diablerie* is there employed to an extent surpassing even the liberal use made of Fairyism in the machinery of Eastern romance. Nor can this surprise us when we consider that—in addition to the legends of Number Nip from the mountains of Silesia, and of demons that have haunted the Brocken, or listened to the mandates of Rübezahl amid the clefts of the Schneekoppe—every peasant has store of traditions regarding the gnomes and kobolds of Saxony and Bohemia, as well as of the watchful

‘Black spirits and white,  
 Red spirits and grey,’

guarding the concealed treasure on their loved Lilienstein; while Moravia, Thuringia, and Austria has each its characteristic traditions. The mass of legendary lore, connected with the pestilent witches of the Hartz mountains,—not a peak of which ‘rears its head’ unrecorded,—would, of itself, entitle the Germans to the enviable preeminence of being the ‘authenticated historians of Satan in all his varieties of name and attribute.’ Faithfully have they fulfilled the duties of their high office: for, that it has been no sinecure would appear from a bare enumeration of the authors who have employed their pens in discharging its functions. The graceful irony of Musäus—the wild imaginings of La Motte Fouqué—the chivalrous narrations of Veit Weber—the romantic legends collected by Ottmar and Büsching—the playful inventions of Naubert—the ghost stories of Laun—the nursery tales of Grimm—the traditions drawn by Lothar from the peasantry—the fanciful narratives of Lebrecht and Tieck—and the incredi-

ble romances of Backzo—these have all been employed in recording the deeds of the evil one ; and the list might easily be extended, but dreading the reader's *ohé, jam satis*, we once more direct his attention to the only unexceptionable, passage, of moderate length, which could be selected from Göthe's *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship*.

### THE HARPER AND MIGNON.

THE landlord entered to announce a player on the harp. ' You will certainly,' he said, ' find pleasure in the music and the songs of this man : no one who hears him can forbear to admire him, and bestow something on him.' ' Let him go about his business,' said Melina ; ' I am any thing but in a trim for hearing fiddlers, and we have singers constantly among ourselves disposed to gain a little by their talent.' He accompanied these words with a sarcastic side-glance at Philina : she understood his meaning ; and immediately prepared to punish him, by taking up the cause of the harper. Turning towards Wilhelm : ' Shall we not hear the man ?' said she ; ' shall we do nothing to save ourselves from this miserable ennui ?' Melina was going to reply, and the strife would have grown keener, had not the person it related to at that moment entered. Wilhelm saluted him, and beckoned him to come near. The figure of this singular guest set the whole party in astonishment ; he had found a chair before any one took heart to ask him a question, or make any observation. His bald crown was encircled by a few grey hairs ; and a pair of large blue eyes looked out softly from beneath his long white eyebrows. To a nose of beautiful proportions, was subjoined a flowing hoary beard, which did not hide the fine shape and position of his lips ; and a long dark-brown garment wrapped his thin body from the neck to the feet. He began to prelude on the harp, which he had placed before him. The sweet tones which he drew from his instrument very soon inspired the company. ' You can sing too, my good old man,' said Philina. ' Give us something that shall entertain the spirit and the heart, as well as the senses,' said Wilhelm. ' The instrument should but accompany the voice ; for tunes and melodies without words and meaning, seem to me

like butterflies, or finely-variegated birds, which hover round us in the air, which we could wish to catch and make our own; whereas song is like a blessed genius that exalts us towards heaven, and allures the better self in us to attend him.

The old man looked at Wilhelm; then aloft; then gave some trills upon his harp, and began his song. It contained a eulogy on minstrelsy; described the happiness of minstrels and reminded men to honour them. He produced his song with so much life and truth, that it seemed as if he had composed it at the moment, for this special occasion. Wilhelm could scarcely refrain from clasping him in his arms; but the fear of awakening a peal of laughter detained him in his chair; for the rest were already in half-whispers, making sundry very shallow observations, and debating if the harper was a Papist or a Jew. On asking about the author of the song, the man gave no distinct reply; declaring only that he was rich in songs, and anxious that they should please. Most of the party were now merry and joyful; even Melina was grown frank in his way; and whilst they talked and joked together, the old man began to sing the praise of social life in the most sprightly style. He described the loveliness of unity and courtesy, in soft, soothing tones. Suddenly his music became cold, harsh, and jarring, as he turned to deplore repulsive selfishness, short-sighted enmity, and baleful division; and every heart willingly threw off those galling fetters, while, borne on the wings of a piercing melody, he launched forth in praise of peace-makers, and sang the happiness of souls that having parted meet again in love.

Scarcely had he ended, when Wilhelm cried to him: 'Whoever thou art, that as a helping spirit comest to us, with a voice which blesses and revives, accept my reverence and my thanks! Feel that we all admire thee, and confide in us if thou wantest any thing.' The old man spoke not: he threw his fingers softly across the strings; then struck more sharply, and sang:

'What notes are those without the wall,  
Across the portal sounding?  
Let's have the music in our hall,  
Back from its roof rebounding.'  
So spoke the king, the henchman flies;  
His answer heard, the monarch cries:  
'Bring in that ancient minstrel.'  
'Hail, gracious king, each noble knight!  
Each lovely dame, I greet you!

What glittering stars salute my sight!  
 What heart unmoved may meet you!  
 Such loudly pomp is not for me,  
 For other scenes my eyes must see:  
 Yet deign to list my harping.  
 The singer turns him to his art,  
 A thrilling strain he raises;  
 Each warrior hears with glowing heart;  
 And on his loved one gazes.  
 The king, who liked his playing well,  
 Commands, for such a kindly spell,  
 A golden chain be given him.  
 The golden chain give not me;  
 Thy boldest knight may wear it,  
 Who cross the battle's purple sea,  
 On lion-breast may bear it:  
 Or let it be thy chancellor's prize,  
 Amid his heaps to feast his eyes,  
 Its yellow glance will please him.  
 'I sing but as the linnet sings,  
 That on the green bough dwelleth;  
 A rich reward his music brings,  
 As from his throat it swelleth;  
 Yet might I ask, I'd ask of thine  
 One sparkling draught of purest wine,  
 To drink it here before you.'  
 He view'd the wine, he quaff'd it up:  
 'O draught of sweetest savour!  
 O! happy house, where such a cup  
 Is thought a little favour!  
 If well you fare, remember me,  
 And thank kind Heaven, from envy free,  
 As now for this I thank you.'

When the Harper, on finishing his song, took up a glass of wine that stood poured out for him, and, turning with a friendly mien to his entertainers, drank it off, a buzz of joyful approbation rose from all the party. They clapped hands, and wished him health from that glass, and strength to his aged limbs. He sang a few other ballads, exciting more and more hilarity among the company. 'Old man,' said Philina, 'dost thou know the tune, *The shepherd deck'd him for the dance*?'\* 'O yes!' said he; 'if you will sing the words, I shall not fail for my part of it.' Philina then stood up and held herself in readiness. The old man commenced the tune; and she sang a song which we cannot impart to our readers, because they might think it insipid, or perhaps undignified.

Meanwhile the company were growing merrier and merrier; they had already emptied several flasks of wine, and

\* A song of Göthe's.



were now beginning to 'get very loud. But our friend having fresh in his remembrance the bad consequences of their late exhilaration, determined to break up the sitting; he slipped into the old man's hand a liberal remuneration for his trouble; the rest did something likewise; they gave him leave to go and take repose, promising themselves another entertainment from his skill in the evening. When he had retired, our friend said to Philina: 'In this favourite song of yours I certainly can find no merit, either moral or poetical; yet if you were to bring forward any proper composition on the stage, with the same arch simplicity, the same propriety and gracefulness, I should engage that strong and universal approbation would be the result.' 'Yes,' said Philina, 'it would be a charming thing indeed to warm one's self at ice.' 'After all,' said Wilhelm, 'this old man might put many a player to the blush. Did you notice how correctly the dramatic part of his ballads was expressed? I maintain there was more living true representation in his singing, than in many of our starched characters upon the stage. You would take the acting of many plays for a narrative, and you might ascribe to these musical narratives a sensible presence.' 'You are hardly just!' replied Laertes. 'I pretend to no great skill either as a player or a singer; yet I know well enough, that, when music guides the movements of the body, at once affording to them animation and a scale to measure it; when declaration and expression are furnished me by the composer, I feel quite a different man from what I do, when in prose dramas I have all this to create for myself; have both gesture and declamation to invent, and am perhaps disturbed in it too by the awkwardness of some partner in the dialogue.' 'Thus much I know,' said Melina, 'the man certainly may put us to the blush in one point, and that a main one. The strength of his talent is shown by the profit he derives from it. Even us, who perhaps ere long shall be embarrassed where to get a meal, he persuades to share our pittance with him. He has skill enough to wile the money from our pockets with an old song; the money that we should have used to find ourselves employment. So pleasant an affair is it to squander the means which might procure subsistence to one's self and others.

This remark gave the conversation not the most delightful turn. Wilhelm, for whom the reproach was peculiarly

intended, replied with some heat; and Melina, at no time over studious of delicacy and politeness, explained his grievances at last in words more plain than courteous. In the restless vexation of his present humour, it came into his head to go and see the old Harper, hoping by his music to scare away the evil spirits that tormented him. On asking for the man he was directed to a mean public-house in a remote corner of the little town; and, having mounted up stairs there to the very garret, his ear caught the fine twanging of the harp coming from a little room before him. They were heart-moving, mournful tones, accompanied by a sad and dreary singing. Wilhelm glided to the door; and, as the good old man was performing a sort of voluntary, the few stanzas of which, sometimes chanted, sometimes in recitative, were repeated more than once, our friend succeeded, after listening for a while, in gathering nearly this:

Who never ate his bread in sorrow,  
Who never spent the darksome hours,  
Weeping and watching for the morrow,  
He knows ye not, ye gloomy Powers.

To earth, this weary earth, ye bring us,  
To guilt ye let us heedless go,  
Then leave repentance fierce to wring us;  
A moment's guilt, an age of woe!

The heart-sick plaintive sound of this lament pierced deep into the soul of the hearer. It seemed to him as if the old man was often stopped from proceeding by his tears; his harp would alone be heard for a time, till his voice again joined it in low broken tones. Wilhelm stood by the door; he was much moved; the mourning of this stranger had again opened the avenues of his heart; he could not resist the claim of sympathy, or restrain the tears which this wo-begone complaint at last called forth. All the pains that pressed upon his soul seemed now at once to loosen from their hold; he abandoned himself without reserve to the feelings of the moment. Pushing up the door he stood before the Harper. The old man was sitting on a mean bed, the only seat, or article of furniture, which his miserable room afforded. 'What feelings hast thou not awakened in me, good old man!' exclaimed he. 'All that was lying frozen at my heart thou has melted and put in motion. Let me not disturb thee, but continue, in solacing thy own sorrows,

to confer happiness upon a friend.' The Harper was about to rise and say something; but Wilhelm hindered him, for he had noticed in the morning that the old man did not like to speak. He sat down by him upon the straw bed. The old man wiped his eyes, and asked, with a friendly smile, 'How came you hither? I meant to wait upon you in the evening again.' 'We are more quiet here,' said Wilhelm. 'Sing to me what thou plearest, what accords with thy own mood of mind, only proceed as if I were not by. It seems to me, that to-day thou canst not fail to suit me. I think thee very happy that in solitude thou canst employ and entertain thyself so pleasantly; that, being every where a stranger, thou findest in thy own heart the most agreeable society.' The old man looked upon his strings, and, after touching them softly by way of prelude, he commenced and sang:

Who longs in solitude to live,  
Ah! soon his wish will gain;  
Men hope and love, men get and give,  
And leave him to his pain.

Yes, leave me to my moan!  
When from my bed  
You all are fled,  
I still am not alone!

The lover glides with a footstep light:  
'If his love is waiting there?'  
So glides to meet me, day and night,  
In solitude my care,  
In solitude my wo:  
True solitude I then shall know  
When lying in my grave,  
When lying in my grave,  
And grief has let me go.

We might describe with great prolixity, and yet fail to express the charms of the singular conversation, which Wilhelm carried on with this wayfaring stranger. To every observation which our friend addressed to him, the old man, with the nicest accordance, answered in some melody which awakened all the cognate emotions, and opened a wide field to the imagination.

Whoever has happened to assist at a meeting of certain devout people, who conceive that, in a state of separation from the church, they can edify each other in a purer, more affecting, and more spiritual manner, may form to himself some conception of the present scene. He will re-

collect how the leader of the meeting would append to his words some verse of a song, that raised the soul, till as he wished she took wing; how another of the flock would ere long subjoin in a different tune some verse of a different song; and to this again a third would link some verse of a third song; by which means the kindred ideas of the songs to which the verses belonged were indeed suggested, yet each passage by its new combination became new and individualized, as if it had been first composed that moment; and thus, from a well known circle of ideas, from well-known songs and sayings, there was formed, for that particular society in that particular time, an original whole, by means of which their minds were animated, strengthened, and refreshed. So likewise did the old man edify his guest: by known and unknown songs and passages, he brought feelings near and distant emotions sleeping and awake, pleasant and painful, into a circulation, from which, in Wilhelm's actual state, the best effects might be anticipated.

In considering his situation and labouring to extricate himself, he fell into the greatest perplexity. It was not enough, that, by his friendship for Laertes, his attachment to Philina, his concern for Mignon, he had been detained longer than was proper in a place and a society where he could cherish his darling inclination, content his wishes as it were by stealth, and without proposing any object, again pursue his early dreams. These ties he believed himself possessed of force enough to break asunder: had there been nothing more to hold him, he could have gone at once. But, only a few moments ago, he had entered into money transactions with Melina; he had seen that mysterious old man, the engima of whose history he longed with unspeakable desire to clear. Yet of this too, after much balancing of reasons, he at length determined, or thought he had determined, that it should not keep him back. 'I must go,' he exclaimed; 'I will go.' He threw himself into a chair, and felt greatly moved. Mignon came in and asked, Whether she might help to undress him? Her manner was still and shy; it had grieved her deeply to be so abruptly dismissed by him before. Nothing is more touching than the first disclosure of a love which has been nursed in silence, of a faith grown strong in secret, and which at last.

comes forth in the hour of need, and reveals itself to him who formerly has reckoned it of small account. The bud, which had been closed so long and firmly, was now ripe to burst its swathings, and Wilhelm's heart could never have been readier to welcome the impressions of affection. She stood before him, and noticed his disquietude. 'Master!' she cried, 'if thou art unhappy, what will become of Mignon?' 'Dear little creature,' said he, taking her hands, 'thou too art part of my anxieties. I must go.' She looked at his eyes, glistening with restrained tears; and knelt down with vehemence before him. He kept her hands, she laid her head upon his knees, and remained quite still. He played with her hair, patted her, and spoke kindly to her. She continued motionless for a considerable time. At last he felt a sort of palpitating movement in her, which began very softly, and then by degrees with increasing violence diffused itself over all her frame. 'What ails thee, Mignon?' cried he; 'what ails thee?' She raised up her little head, looked at him, and all at once laid her hand upon her heart, with the countenance of one repressing the utterance of pain. He raised her up, and she fell upon his breast; he pressed her towards him and kissed her. She replied not by any pressure of the hand, by any motion whatever. She held firmly against her heart; and all at once gave a cry, which was accompanied by spasmodic movements of the body. She started up and immediately fell down before him, as if broken in every joint. It was an excruciating moment! 'My child!' cried he, raising her up, and clasping her fast; 'My child, what ails thee?' The palpitations continued, spreading from the heart over all the lax and powerless limbs; she was merely hanging in his arms. All at once she again became quite stiff, like one enduring the sharpest corporeal agony; and soon with a new vehemence all her frame once more became alive; and she threw herself about his neck, like a bent spring that is closing; while in her soul, as it were, a strong rent took place, and at the same moment a stream of tears flowed from her shut eyes into his bosom. He held her fast. She wept, and no tongue can express the force of these tears. Her long hair had loosened, and was hanging down before; it seemed as if her whole being was melting incessantly into a brook of tears. Her rigid limbs were again become relaxed; her inmost soul was pouring itself forth; in the wild

confusion of the moment, Wilhelm was afraid she would dissolve in his arms, and leave nothing there for him to grasp. He held her faster and faster. 'My child!' cried he, 'my child! Thou art indeed mine, if that word can comfort thee. Thou art mine! I will keep thee, I will never forsake thee!' Her tears continued flowing. At last she raised herself; a faint gladness shone upon her face. 'My father!' cried she, 'thou wilt not forsake me? Wilt be my father? I am thy child!' Softly, at this moment, the harp began to sound before the door; the old man brought his most affecting songs as an evening offering to our friend, who, holding his child ever faster in his arms, enjoyed the most pure and undescribable felicity.

Next morning, on looking for Mignon about the house, Wilhelm did not find her; but was informed that she had gone out early with Melina, who had risen betimes to receive the wardrobe and other apparatus of his theatre. After the space of some hours, Wilhelm heard the sound of music before his door. At first he thought it was the Harper come again to visit him; but he soon distinguished the tones of a cittern, and the voice which began to sing was Mignon's. Wilhelm opened the door, the child came in, and sang him the song which follows:

Know'st thou the land where the lemon-trees bloom?  
Where the gold-orange glows in the deep thicket's gloom:  
Where a wind ever soft from the blue heaven blows,  
And the groves are of laurel and myrtle and rose?  
Know'st thou it?

Thither! O thither,

My dearest and kindest, with thee would I go.

Know'st thou the house with its turretted walls,  
Where the chambers are glancing and vast are the halls?  
Where the figures of marble look on me so mild,  
As if thinking: 'Why thus did thy use thee, poor child?'  
Know'st thou it?

Thither! O thither,

My guide and my guardian, with thee would I go.

Know'st thou the mountain, its cloud-covered arch,  
Where the mules among mist o'er the wild torrent march?  
In the clefts of it, dragons lie coil'd with their brood;  
The rent crag rushes down, and above it the flood.  
Know'st thou it?

Thither! O thither,

Our way leadeth: father! O come let us go!\*

\* 'Goethe is an idolater of Byron, though he holds that his Lordship has stolen various good things from him.' (*Russell's Tour*) These celebrated lines, compared with the introduction to the *Bride of Abydos*, give an instance in point, and *Manfred* is throughout an imitation of Goethe's *Faust*.

The music and general expression of it pleased our friend extremely, though he could not understand all the words. He made her once more repeat the stanzas and explain them; he wrote them down, and translated them into his native language. But the originality of its turns he could imitate only from afar; its childlike innocence of expression vanished from it in the process of reducing its broken phraseology to uniformity, and combining its disjointed parts. The charm of the tune, moreover, was entirely incomparable. She began every verse in a stately and solemn manner, as if she wished to draw attention towards something wonderful, as if she had something weighty to communicate. In the third line her tones became fainter and graver; the *Know'st thou it?* was uttered with a show of mystery and eager circumspectness; her *Thither! O Thither!* exhibited a boundless longing; and *Come let us go!* she modified at each repetition, so that now it appeared to entreat and implore, now to impel and persuade. On finishing her song for the second time, she stood silent for a moment, looked keenly at Wilhelm, and asked him: '*Know'st thou the land?*' 'It must mean Italy,' said Wilhelm: 'where didst thou get the little song?' 'Italy!' said Mignon with an earnest air: 'If thou go to Italy, take me along with thee; for I am too cold here.' 'Hast thou been there already, little dear?' said Wilhelm. But the child was silent, and nothing more could be got out of her. Melina entered now; he looked at the cittern; was glad that she had rigged it up again so prettily. The instrument had been among Melina's stage-gear; Mignon had begged it of him in the morning; and then gone to the old Harper. On this occasion, she had shown a talent she was not before suspected of possessing.

## WASHINGTON IRVING.

WASHINGTON IRVING—best known, at present, as author of the ‘Sketch Book,’ but likely to be respected with posterity as author of ‘Knickerbocker’s New-York,’—was born, about 1784, in the city whose early history furnished the materials of his ablest performance. Soon after commencing his literary career by contributing theatrical criticisms to a newspaper, he recommended himself to public favour, as the conductor of the well known ‘Salmagundi,’ a series of sketches humorous and satirical, after the manner of our Citizen of the World, in which he was assisted by Verplank, little known as an author, and by Paulding, author of the ‘Backwoodsman,’ &c. Disgusted with the study of law, to which he had begun to direct his attention, he entered into mercantile life, without abandoning his pursuits as an author. ‘Knickerbocker,’ his next performance, soon acquired extensive popularity, and was succeeded by several papers, in an American magazine, on the Naval Biography of his country. Shortly after the appearance of a criticism on the poetry of Mr. Campbell, introductory to an American edition of that gentleman’s works, he became unsuccessful in business, embarked for England, and published his ‘Sketch Book,’ which procured him an instant popularity, detrimental, as is usual, to the merit of his latter publications ‘Bracebridge Hall,’ and ‘Tales of a Traveller.’

We could expatiate with delight on the originality, the ingenious allusion, the happy language, the unrivalled humour, the felicitous drollery of our beloved *Knickerbocker*, from which we have extracted the following amusing, though distorted, portrait of General Wilkinson, under the name of ‘Von Poffen-



burgh ;' we could dwell on the pathos, the wit, the unpretending poetry of the *Sketch Book* : we might say of his descriptions that—though they possess not what has been happily expressed of those of the first of novelists, that 'sternness, in the midst of their beauty and graphical exactness, which animates with the spirit of the eagle, the scenery of the eagle's dwelling-place,'\* yet—their gentle beauty and harmonious construction produce an effect allied to that of 'sounds and sweet airs ;' and we could assign abundance of reasons for saying of his '*Traveller's Tales*' that, after all the allowances that can be made, their perusal must provoke a feeling resembling that which prompted Marival, in one of Fielding's comedies, to say, 'I've sometimes seen treatises where the author put all his wit in the title-page,' for to us it appears that the inventive Geoffrey Crayon might have conducted these volumes without *travelling* far from the land of his birth : but it were idle to occupy the reader's time with remarks on writings so extensively known. Had the majority of them been less peculiarly *English* in all their bearings, we might have been justified in saying a few words on the general merits of the *American novelist*. It were doing injustice, however, to the question, as to the characteristics of this rising school, to judge from a work having so decided a resemblance to the manner of Goldsmith as that which runs through *Salmagundi* ;† and, with the ex-

\* We quote from the *London Magazine*, for January 1820, where the reader will find an article on the 'Author of the Scotch Novels,' which we do not hesitate to pronounce one of the ablest criticisms ever given on this writer. It is from the pen of the late Mr John Scott, and so honourable to his head and heart, that we can fully conceive how soothing it must have been for its author to reflect, (as, Mr. Hazlitt tells us, was actually the case,) when stretched on an untimely death-bed, that he had assisted in establishing the fame of one who has done so much for Scotland.

† Vide *Blackwood's Magazine* for January 1825. The article referred to concludes a valuable series of papers on the literature of America—being, in truth, a *catalogue raisonnee* of American books, as well as an index to the literary lives of their authors.

ception of a slight portion of their contents, those of his writings published in this country, cannot be regarded as Transatlantic either in matter or in manner. *Knickerbocker's History of New York* deals, indeed, with American manners and American history, but, to the credit of its author, is so completely a performance *sui generis*, that no production either of the American or any other press, of past or of present times, can, for a moment, be put in competition with it.

Though thus unwilling to make his name an excuse for entering into sweeping generalities regarding the literature of his country, we may be pardoned for touching on one general topic in bearing our humble testimony to the powerful aid given by Irving's works towards removing that unseemly, that unnatural, depressing, ungenerous rivalry which had too long subsisted between England and America. Well may he congratulate himself on the good he has accomplished in this respect. Before he came to visit 'the land of his fathers,' America was seldom mentioned but as the object of the slanderer's dignified contempt, or as the cause of ribald jesting from the misinformed scribbler. How has public sentiment changed within the short period that has since elapsed! If the voice of detraction is now ever heard, it proceeds from those who conceive themselves to be interested in decrying every thing connected with America, from some vague apprehension lest the contagious example there exhibiting may affect the tottering security of institutions, immaculate because originating with—the infallible wisdom of the dark ages! Let Austria with her censorship,—let Ferdinand supported by the bayonets of Frenchmen,—and let Charles, in worse than personal bondage, blinded by all the trickery of priestcraft—let the despots of the continent tremble when their outraged subjects speak respectfully of

America : it is not for England to fear for the stability of a government so firmly established in the hearts of her thousands. But if jealousy must still subsist between her and America, let it partake of that generous emulation which may incite the philosophers of these widely separated regions to strive who of them shall most usefully extend the boundaries of science,—which may inspire the poet with strains imperishable as their mutual tongue,—and unite all classes in contending which nation shall be first to free the negro from his chains, to spread among the heathen the doctrines of Christianity, and to assist other lands in obtaining that freedom which renders England the envy of the world, and stamps America as ‘a nation worthy of its origin ; giving, in the healthy vigour of its growth, the best comments on its parent stock ; and reflecting, in the dawning brightness of its fame, the moral effulgence of British glory.’\*

#### VON POFFENBURGH.

HITHERTO, most venerable and courteous reader, have I shown thee the administration of the valorous Stuyvesant, under the mild moonshine of peace, or rather the grim tranquillity of awful expectations ; but now the war drum rumbles from afar, the brazen trumpet brays its thrilling note, and the rude clash of hostile arms speaks fearful prophecies of coming troubles. The gallant warrior starts from soft repose, from golden visions, and voluptuous ease ; where, in the dulcet, ‘ piping time of peace,’ he sought sweet solace after all his toils. No more in beauty’s syren lap reclined, he weaves fair garlands for his lady’s brows ; no more entwines with flowers his shining sword ; nor through the live-long lazy summer’s day chants forth his love-sick soul in madrigals. To manhood roused, he spurns the amorous flute ; doffs from his brawny back the robe of peace, and clothes his pampered limbs in panoply of steel. O’er his dark brow, where late the myrtle waved—where wanton

\* Conclusion of Bracebridge Hall.

roses breathed enervate love—he rears the beaming casque and nodding plume; grasps the bright shield, and shakes the ponderous lance; or mounts with eager pride his fiery steed, and burns for deeds of glorious chivalry!

But soft, worthy reader! I would not have you imagine, that any *preux chevalier*, thus hideously begirt with iron, existed in the city of New Amsterdam. This is but a lofty and gigantic mode in which heroic writers always talk of war, thereby to give it a noble and imposing aspect; equipping our warriors with bucklers, helmets, and lances, and such like outlandish and obsolete weapons, the like which perchance they had never seen or heard of; in the same manner that a cunning statuary arrays a modern general, or an admiral, in the accoutrements of a Cæsar or an Alexander. The simple truth then of all this oratorical flourish is this—that the valiant Peter Stuyvesant, all of a sudden, found it necessary to scour his rusty blade, which too long had rusted in its scabbard, and prepare himself to undergo those hardy toils of war, in which his mighty soul so much delighted.

Metinks I at this moment behold him in my imagination—or rather, I behold his goodly portrait, which still hangs up in the family mansion of the Stuyvesants, arrayed in all the terrors of a true Dutch general. His regimental coat of German blue, gorgeously decorated with a goodly show of large brass buttons, reaching from his waistband to his chin. The voluminous skirts turned up at the corners, and separating gallantly behind, so as to display the seat of a sumptuous pair of brimstone-coloured trunk breeches—a graceful style still prevalent among the warriors of our day, and which is in conformity to the custom of ancient heroes, who scorned to defend themselves in rear. His face rendered exceeding terrible and warlike by a pair of black mustachios; his hair strutting out on each side in stiffly pomatumed ear-locks, and descending in a rat-tail queue below his waist; a shining stock of black leather supporting his chin, and a little but fierce cocked-hat, struck with a gallant and fiery air over his left eye. Such was the chivalric port of Peter the Headstrong; and when he made a sudden halt, planted himself firmly on his solid supporter, with his wooden leg inlaid with silver, a little in advance, in order to strengthen his position, his right hand grasping a gold-headed cane, his left resting upon the pommel of his sword; his head dressing

Vol. II.

T

spiritedly to the right, with a most appalling and hard-favoured frown upon his brow—he presented altogether one of the most commanding bitter-looking, and soldier-like figures that ever strutted upon canvas. Proceed we now to inquire the cause of this warlike preparation.

The encroaching disposition of the Swedes, on the south, or Delaware river, has been duly recorded in the chronicles of the reign of William the Testy. These encroachments having been endured with that heroic magnanimity, which is the corner-stone, or, according to Aristotle, the left hand neighbour of true courage, had been repeated and wickedly aggravated. The Swedes, who were of that class of cunning pretenders to Christianity, who read the Bible upside down, whenever it interferes with their interest, inverted the golded maxim; and when their neighbour suffered them to smite him on the one cheek, they generally smote him on the other also, whether turned to them or not. Their repeated aggressions had been among the numerous sources of vexation, that conspired to keep the irritable sensibilities of Wilhelmus Kieft in a constant fever; and it was only owing to the unfortunate circumstance, that he had always a hundred things to do at once, that he did not take such unrelenting vengeance as their offences merited. But they had now a chieftain of a different character to deal with; and they were soon guilty of a piece of treachery, that threw his honest blood in a ferment, and precluded all further sufferance.

Printz, the governor of the province of New-Sweden, being either deceased or removed, for of this fact some uncertainty exists, was succeeded by Jan Risingh, a gigantic Swede, and who, had he not been rather knock-kneed and splay-footed, might have served for the model of a Samson, or a Hercules. He was no less rapacious than mighty, and withal as crafty as he was rapacious; so that, in fact, there is very little doubt, had he lived some four or five centuries before, he would have been one of those wicked giants, who took such a cruel pleasure in pocketing distressed damsels, when gadding about the world; and locking them up in enchanted castles, without a toilet, a change of linen, or any other convenience—in consequence of which enormities, they fell under the high displeasure of chivalry, and all true, loyal, and gallant knights, were instructed to attack and slay outright, any miscreant they might happen to find, above six

feet high; which is doubtless one reason that the race of large men is nearly extinct, and the generations of latter ages so exceeding small. No sooner did Governor Risingh enter upon his office, than he immediately cast his eyes upon the important post of Fort Casimir, and formed the righteous resolution of taking it into his possession. The only thing that remained to consider, was the mode of carrying his resolution into effect; and here I must do him the justice to say, that he exhibited a humanity rarely to be met with among leaders, and which I have never seen equalled in modern times, excepting among the English, in their glorious affair at Copenhagen. Willing to spare the effusion of blood, and the miseries of open warfare, he benevolently shunned every thing like avowed hostility or regular siege, and resorted to the less glorious, but more merciful expedient of treachery.

Under pretence, therefore, of paying a neighbourly visit to General Von Poffenburgh, at his new post of Fort Casimir, he made requisite preparation, sailed in great state up the Delaware, displayed his flag with the most ceremonious punctilio, and honoured the fortress with a royal salute, previous to dropping anchor. The unusual noise awakened a veteran Dutch sentinel, who was napping faithfully at his post, and who having suffered his match to go out, contrived to return the compliment, by discharging his rusty musket with the spark of a pipe, which he borrowed from one of his comrades. The salute indeed would have been answered by the guns of the fort, had they not unfortunately been out of order, and the magazine deficient in ammunition—accidents to which forts have in all ages been liable, and which were the more excusable in the present instance, as Fort Casimir had only been erected about two years, and General Von Poffenburgh, its mighty commander, had been fully occupied with matters of much greater importance. Risingh, highly satisfied with this courteous reply to his salute, treated the fort to a second, for he well knew its commander was marvellously delighted with these little ceremonials, which he considered as so many acts of homage paid unto his greatness. He then landed in great state, attended by a suite of thirty men—a prodigious and vainglorious retinue, for a petty governor of a petty settlement, in those days of primitive simplicity; and to the full as great an army as generally swells the pomp and marches in the rear of our frontier com-

manders at the present day. The number in fact might have awakened suspicion, had not the mind of the great Von Poffenburgh been so completely engrossed with an all-pervading idea of himself, that he had not room to admit a thought besides. In fact he considered the concourse of Risingh's followers as a compliment to himself—so apt are great men to stand between themselves and the sun, and completely eclipse the truth by their own shadow.

It may readily be imagined how much General Von Poffenburgh was flattered by a visit from so august a personage; his only embarrassment was, how he should receive him in such a manner as to appear to the greatest advantage, and make the most advantageous impression. The main guard was ordered immediately to turn out, and the arms and regimentals (of which the garrison possessed full half-a-dozen suits) were equally distributed among the soldiers. One tall lank fellow appeared in a coat intended for a small man, the skirts of which reached a little below his waist, the buttons were between his shoulders, and the sleeves half way to his wrists, so that his hands looked like a couple of huge spades; and the coat not being large enough to meet in front, was linked together by loops, made of a pair of red worsted garters. Another had an old cocked-hat stuck on the back of his head, and decorated with a bunch of cock's tails—a third had a pair of rusty gaiters hanging about his heels—while a fourth, who was a short duck-legged little Trojan, was equipped in a huge pair of the general's cast-off breeches, which he held up with one hand, while he grasped his fire-lock with the other. The rest were accoutred in similar style, excepting three graceless ragamuffins, who had no shirts, and but a pair and half of breeches between them, wherefore they were sent to the black-hole, to keep them out of view. There is nothing in which the talents of a prudent commander are more completely testified, than in thus setting matters off to the greatest advantage; and it is for this reason that our frontier posts at the present day (that of Niagara for example) display their best suit of regimentals on the back of the sentinel who stands in sight of travellers. His men being thus gallantly arrayed—those who lacked muskets, shouldering spades, and pickaxes, and every man being ordered to tuck in his shirt tail and pull up his brogues—General Van Poffenburgh first took a sturdy draught of foaming ale, which, like the magnanimous More

of Morehall, was his invariable practice on all great occasions; which done, he put himself at their head, ordered the pine planks, which served as a drawbridge, to be laid down, and issued forth from his castle, like a mighty giant, just refreshed with wine. But when the two heroes met, then began a scene of warlike parade and chivalric courtesy, that beggars all description. Risingh, who as I before hinted, was a shrewd, cunning politician, and had grown grey much before his time, in consequence of his craftiness, saw at one glance the ruling passion of the great Von Poffenburgh, and humoured him in all his valourous fantasies. Their detachments were accordingly drawn up in front of each other; they carried arms, and they presented arms; they gave the standing salute and the passing salute:—they rolled their drums, they flourished their fifes, and they waved their colours—they faced to the left, and they faced to the right, and they faced to the right about:—they wheeled forward, and they wheeled backward, and they wheeled into *echelon*:—they marched and they counter-marched, by grand divisions, by single divisions, and by subdivisions—by platoons, by sections, and by files—in quick time, in slow time, and in no time at all: for, having gone through all the evolutions of two great armies, including the eighteen manœuvres of Dundas; having exhausted all that they could recollect or imagine of military tactics, including sundry strange and irregular evolutions, the like of which were never seen before or since, excepting among certain of our newly raised militia—the two great commanders and their respective troops came at length to a dead halt, completely exhausted by the toils of war. Never did two valiant trained band captains, or two buskined theatric heroes, in the renowned tragedies of Pizarro, Tom Thumb, or any other heroical and fighting tragedy, marshal their gallows-looking, duck-legged, heavy-heeled myrmidons, with more glory and self-admiration.

These military compliments being finished, General Von Poffenburgh escorted his illustrious visitor, with great ceremony, into the fort; attended him throughout the fortifications; showed him the horn-works, crown-works, half moons, and various other out-works; or rather the places where they ought to be erected; and where they might be erected if he pleased; plainly demonstrating that it was a place of 'great capability,' and though at present but a little



redoubt, yet that it evidently was a formidable fortress, in embryo. This survey over, he next had the whole garrison put under arms, exercised and reviewed, and concluded by ordering the three bridewell birds to be hauled out of the black hole, brought up to the halberts, and soundly flogged, for the amusement of his visitor, and to convince him that he was a great disciplinarian.

There is no error more dangerous than for a commander to make known the strength, or, as in the present case, the weakness of his garrison; this will be exemplified before I have arrived to an end of my present story, which thus carried its moral, like a roasted goose his pudding, in the very middle. The cunning Risingh, while he pretended to be struck dumb outright, with the puissance of the great Von Poffenburgh, took silent note of the incompetency of his garrison, of which he gave a hint to his trusty followers, who tipped each other the wink, and laughed most obstreperously—in their sleeves.

The inspection, review, and flogging being concluded, the party adjourned to the table; for among his other great qualities, the general was remarkably addicted to huge entertainments, or rather carousals; and in one afternoon's campaign would leave more *dead men* on the field, than he ever did in the whole course of his military career. Many bulletins of these bloodless victories do still remain on record; and the whole province was once thrown in amaze, by the return of one of his campaigns; wherein it was stated that though, like Captain Bobadil, he had only twenty men to back him,—yet, in the short space of six months, he had conquered and utterly annihilated sixty oxen, ninety hogs, one hundred sheep, ten thousand cabbages, one thousand bushels of potatoes, one hundred and fifty kilderkins of small beer, two thousand seven hundred and thirty-five pipes, seventy eight pounds of sugar-plums, and forty bars of iron, besides sundry small meats, game, poultry, and garden-stuff;—an achievement unparalleled since the days of Pantagruel, and his all-devouring army; and which showed that it was only necessary to let the bellipotent Von Poffenburgh and his garrison loose in an enemy's country, and in a little while they would breed a famine, and starve all the inhabitants. No sooner, therefore, had the general received the first intimation of the visit of Governor Risingh, than he ordered a great dinner to be prepared; and privately sent out a detachment of his most experienced veterans, to

rob all the hen-roosts in the neighborhood, and lay the pig-styes under contribution—a service to which they had been long inured, and which they discharged with such incredible zeal and promptitude, that the garrison table groaned under the weight of their spoils.

I wish, with all my heart, my readers could see the valiant Von Poffenburgh, as he presided at the head of the banquet. It was a sight worth beholding:—there he sat, in his greatest glory, surrounded by his soldiers, like that famous wine-bibber, Alexander, whose thirsty virtues he did most ably imitate; telling astounding stories of his hair-breadth adventures and heroic exploits, at which, though all his auditors knew them to be most incontinent and outrageous gasconadoes, yet did they cast up their eyes in admiration, and utter many interjections of astonishment. Nor could the general pronounce any thing that bore the remotest semblance to a joke, but the stout Risingh would strike his brawny fist upon the table, till every glass rattled again, throwing himself back in his chair, and uttering gigantic peals of laughter, swearing most horribly it was the best joke he ever heard in his life.—Thus all was rout and revelry and hideous carousal within Fort Casimir: and so lustily did Von Poffenburgh ply the bottle, that in less than four short hours he made himself and his whole garrison, who all sedulously emulated the deeds of their chieftain, dead drunk, in singing songs, quaffing bumpers, and drinking patriotic toasts, none of which but was as long as a Welsh pedigree, or a plea in chancery.

No sooner did things come to this pass, than the crafty Risingh and his Swedes, who had cunningly kept themselves sober, rose on their entertainers, tied them neck and heels, and took formal possession of the fort, and all its dependencies in the name of Queen Christina of Sweden; administering at the same time, an oath of allegiance to all the Dutch soldiers who could be made sober enough to swallow it. Risingh then put the fortifications in order, appointed his discreet and vigilant friend Suen Scutz, a tall, wind-dried, water-drinking Swede, to the command; and departed, bearing with him this truly amiable garrison and their puissant commander, who, when brought to himself by a sound drubbing, bore no little resemblance to a 'deposhed fish,' or bloated sea-monster, caught upon dry land.

THE END.







MAR 3 1880

OCT 3 1892

APR 4 1913

JUN 13 1921

~~DEC. 24 1931~~

~~DUE OCT 29 34~~

~~DUE DEC 7 34~~

